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Paris, 1558.

Edinb. 1634.

Dauid Lyndsay Harauld
to ye Sonosraiy lord
1531

S frend & auoyn
Douglas Rech
Jan. 1515

Gauyn bischop
of Dunkeld
1517

It Sundoy this epyphanye day wyt ye
nd of
Jan. 1522.

Zo Gubbe Shuyto
chaptay of Dunkeld

Barlow fe

SCOTISH POEMS,

REPRINTED

FROM SCARCE EDITIONS.

THE TALES OF THE PRIESTS OF PEBLIS.
THE PALICE OF HONOUR.
SQUIRE MELDRUM.
EIGHT INTERLUDES, BY DAVID LINDSAY.
PHILOTUS, A COMEDY.
GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS, A METRICAL ROMANCE.
BALLADS, FIRST PRINTED AT EDINBURGH, 1508.

WITH THREE PIECES BEFORE UNPUBLISHED.

COLLECTED BY JOHN PINKERTON,

F. S. A. PERTH, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ICELANDIC LITERATURE AT COPENHAGEN, AND OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF SCIENCES AT DRONTHEIM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN NICHOLS.

M,DCC,XCII.

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ERRATA.

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14. 17. *for* ſame kil, *read* ſamekil.
— 21. *for* ſef or, *read* ſe for.
18. 11. *for* we, *read* me.
56. 22. *for* martis, *read* Martis.
66. 2. *for* haur, *read* haue.
57. *laſt. for* woddls, *read* woddis.
122. 16. *for* thraw in, *read* thrawin.
150. *note. for* 1512, *read* 1513.
153. *laſt. for* are, *read* ane,
167. *note.* the date muſt be 1517, as Albany did not leave Scotland till that year.

TO THE

EARL OF BUCHAN.

MY LORD,

AN opportunity at length ariſes of publicly teſtifying my gratitude for attentions, and aſſiſtance, lent to my literary labours, and to this in particular. The tranſcript of Lindſay's Interludes, made under your Lordſhip's eye, is one of the ſmalleſt proofs of your laudable regard for the antiquities of your country.

On the Continent, my Lord, numerous are the noblemen who are warmly attached

to literary purſuits, and who patroniſe thoſe departments of ſcience which are ſacred to the few. Since the degrading reign of the ſecond Charles, when vice firſt became faſhionable in this country, and profligacy was the badge of a cavalier, the Britiſh Empire has formed rather a contraſt in this reſpect, tho with many great and glorious exceptions. At preſent the exorbitant ſums expended by our princes, and potentates, in the encouragement of the riſing arts of jockeyſhip, gambling, and boxing, deſervedly attract the gratitude of all literary men, whoſe exertions will doubtleſs ſecure the warmeſt applauſe of poſterity. Literature will always attend to its own intereſts; and, in truth, we have too many books: but how can even the public money be better applied, than in the encouragement of the noble ſciences abovementioned? If our antiquaries who have weight, and our philoſophers who have mettle, do not chuſe to enter the area with the pugiliſts; if our poets refuſe to exchange Pegaſus for a good race-horſe at Newmarket;

if

if our writers in general will not abandon the ink-horn for the dice-box; who is to blame? Of what account are talents, if not exerted in the proper department?

Leaving this ironical vein, into which the ſubject has betrayed me, permit me to congratulate your Lordſhip, as one of thoſe few noblemen, who confer the moſt laſting honour on themſelves, by promoting the intereſts of literature. In our northern region, in particular, this applauſe becomes the more valuable, as not only few of your exalted rank, but far from many of other ſtations, pay any regard to the ancient literature of their country. If we look into the mental treaſures of other nations, we ſhall, perhaps, find that leſs has been done for the real antiquities of Scotland, for her ancient hiſtory, poetry, laws, manners, monuments, than for thoſe of any other kingdom of Europe. It is riſible enough to hear us lamenting the loſs of our records, while we pay not the ſmalleſt attention to thoſe that remain. Nay,

ſuch is our fate, that, if a man ariſe to redeem our ancient hiſtory and poetry from neglect, thoſe who do nothing themſelves will obſtruct and revile him; and will rather delight to dwell on his ſmall errors, incident to all human works, than to approve his well-meant endeavours, or obſcure them by productions more laborious and correct. Our late ingenious friend, Dr. Stuart, has obſerved, that our antiquities are neglected, becauſe they yield no money: it is, indeed, to be regretted, that the reputation of the toilette and the drawing-room, and conſiderations of preſent gain, are by ſo many preferred to the reluctant yet perpetual fame of ſolid literature; which, like the oak, grows ſlowly, but oppoſes its ſtern branches to the ſtorms of a thouſand winters.

Yet, as the progreſs of civilization and induſtry muſt increaſe the wealth of our country, and many individuals muſt, in courſe, ariſe, who may have a patriotic attachment to our antiquities, attended by a fortune, which

which may ſeparate their ſtudies from any pecuniary conſideration, it is to be hoped, that the courſe of another century may redeem this defect. In a region, which has compenſated for the lateneſs of its literature by its rapid advances, and which boaſts of Humes, Robertſons, Smiths, Cullens, Beatties, Blairs, and of many other eminent names, it is not to be ſuppoſed, that the department of antiquities will be for ever neglected. Even now, Sir David Dalrymple may be named as an antiquary of the firſt claſs, who treats ſubjects of importance with great information and accuracy.

Hardly can any department of genius, or ſcience, be mentioned in which our countrymen have not gained fame, except epic poetry, comedy; and the laborious provinces of antiquities, and works of profound erudition. If we add to theſe, painting and ſculpture, a complete liſt of our deficiencies in the fine arts will be given; and, perhaps, a ſtimulus added for ſucceſsful attempts

tempts in theſe untrodden paths. I muſt confeſs, that the neglect of our antiquities was one great argument with me to enter that thorny field; and that it appears to me a kind of patriotiſm for a man to attempt to ſupply any branch of his native literature, which is particularly deficient. There are who regard the ſtudy of antiquities as an extravagant deſire of knowledge, or an excurſion of conjecture. Yet Common Senſe dictates, that the firſt attention ought to be paid to obſcure periods, except we mean to rival thoſe profound commentators, who only illuſtrate paſſages already clear. Narrow minds have limited views; but from the dictates of good ſenſe, and the example of great and wiſe men of ancient and modern times, a more rational curioſity cannot be entertained than that of tracing the origin, early hiſtory, poetry, manners, arts, &c. of our progenitors. But what wonder, if theſe be forgotten in Scotland, while, amid a numerous and opulent body of lawyers, no man has yet appeared to give even a genuine

edition of our ancient laws, tho many manuſcripts be extant; and it be well known that Skene's work is the moſt mutilated and diſguiſed compilation that was ever obtruded upon the public patience?

After ſuch an incredible inſtance of inattention to our moſt important antiquities, and to our national reputation, it would be vain to add other examples. Yet your Lordſhip will excuſe my barely mentioning that, as the laſt century of our literature is extremely defective, and preſents a ſtrange ſhade between the irradiation of the ſixteenth century and of this, it is to be wiſhed, that the manuſcript labours of Sir Robert Gordon, Sir John Scott, Drummond of Hawthornden, Thomas Crawford, Sir James Balfour, David Hume, David Buchanan, and other writers on our antiquities, belonging to that century, were collected and publiſhed, as a tribute of gratitude and applauſe to thoſe ingenious men, and as ſupplying a defect in the chain of

our

our literary hiſtory. It is to be hoped, that your reſpectable Society of Antiquaries may eſteem ſuch a work worthy of their attention.

It is unneceſſary, my Lord, to juſtify this addreſs, by enumerating your well-known endeavours to promote the ſtudy of our national antiquities. My particular gratitude i muſt beg leave to repeat.

I have the honour to be, with great reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's much obliged,

and moſt faithful ſervant,

JOHN PINKERTON.

PRE-

PRELIMINARIES.

AS the miſcellaneous nature of the preſent materials little deſerves the regular name of a preface, it is thought more proper to uſe this new but juſt title, inſtead of the exotic term Prolegomena. To preſerve however ſome kind of arrangement, a few remarks ſhall firſt be offered on the pieces here publiſhed; and then, as the editor regards theſe volumes as his laſt effort for the recovery and preſervation of antient Scotiſh poetry, he ſhall beg leave to ſubmit ſome ſupplemental illuſtrations on this ſubject.

The firſt piece, intituled *The Tales of the Prieſts of Peebles*, is printed from a copy belonging to Mr. Gough. My reſpectable and ingenious friend, Francis Douce, Eſq. has a fragment of this ſcarce tract, bound up with "Ane godlie Dream, compylit in Scottiſh Meter, by M. M. Gentelwoman in Culros." Edinburgh, Charteris, 1603, 4to. This is apparently the firſt edition of Lady Culros's dream,

dream, concerning which ſee "Select Scotiſh Ballads," Vol. I. p. xxxvii. edit. 2d. and "Maitland Poems," Vol. I. p. cxxvi. in which laſt ſhe is erroneouſly put among the poets of the middle of the ſeventeenth century. It ſeems very doubtful that ſhe could be the mother of Colvil the poet, who wrote it is believed about the year 1690: nor could her name be Elizabeth Melvil. The Tales of the Prieſts of Peebles appear, from internal evidence, to have been written before the year 1492, as obſerved in the Maitland Poems, p. c. becauſe the kingdom of Granada is mentioned as not yet Chriſtian. The *merie tailes*, mentioned in the title-page, are in proſe, and printed in a ſmall letter on the margin: they are taken from George Peele's Tales, and are omitted as the work of an Engliſh author, written a century after the poem. It is hardly neceſſary to remark that theſe tales of the prieſts are more moral than facetious; and that their chief merit conſiſts in a *naif* delineation of ancient manners. Conjecture may well ſuppoſe that they were partly intended to chaſtiſe the weak government of James III ſlain in 1488.

The Palice of Honour, by Gawin Douglas, is probably founded on the *Sejour d' Honneur* by St. Gelais; a work which muſt be carefully diſtinguiſhed from his *Vergier d' Honneur*, in which laſt he only gives a poetic hiſtory of the expedition of Charles VIII againſt Naples. This poem of Douglas, amid many defects, has great merit for the age in which it was written. For the edition of London, 1553, this work is indebted to the learned editor of the Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry. In the plate

plate prefixt to this volume may be found various fignatures of Gawin Douglas, taken from his letters in the Cotton Library, Caligula, B. VI. &c.

Thoſe very ſcarce pieces of Sir David Lindſay, his *Hiſtory of Squire Meldrum*,* and his *Play*, are the next in order. The theſe works have never been reprinted till now, they are doubtleſs his moſt intereſting and moſt valuable labours.

Lindſay's *Play* occupies the whole of the ſecond volume. The editor not being able to procure a perfect copy of the edition, 1602, was obliged to have recourſe to the Bannatyne MS. in the Advocates' Library, in which, as has ſince appeared, many parts of the play are omitted, and only detached interludes preſerved. Hence in the preſent publication theſe interludes are firſt given; but, from the long continuance of theſe volumes in the preſs, the editor was at length ſo fortunate as to procure from Matthew Knapp, Eſq. Shenley, Bucks, the loan of a complete copy of the edition 1602, and has thus been enabled to publiſh this curious work complete, by annexing, with references, all the paſſages omitted in the MS. Nor does he regret that he has printed the greater part from the MS. tho the order of the printed play be rightly different, and tho he would recommend to any future publiſher to follow that order, as pointed out in this edition, becauſe he has thus recovered a whole interlude, and ſome ſmaller paſſages omitted in the edi-

* The copy of this piece, 1594, 4to. bears that it was purchaſed at Edinburgh, by Thomas Arrowſmyth ſervant to Henry Bowes Eſquire, (the Engliſh envoy,) March 2d, 1597, price xxx*d.* Scotiſh, (3*d.* Engliſh).

tion,

tion, not to mention that the orthography of the MS. is more ancient, and preferable.

The date of this ſingular production may be clearly aſcertained in the following manner. The battle of Pinkey, fought in Sept. 1547, is mentioned p. 11, and elſewhere, ſo that it was compoſed after that year. From p. 19, the ſeventh day of June, in the year in which it was acted, was Whitſun Tueſday, ſo that Eaſter fell of courſe on the ſeventeenth day of April; which in no year in that century after 1547 did happen, except in 1552; in which year was alſo the war between Germany and France, mentioned in p. 97; ſo that 1552 is the fixt date of this drama.

The action of this long play began at ſeven o'clock in the morning, p. 5; and the firſt part concluded at dinner time, or about eleven o'clock, p. 216; ſo that the concluſion may have taken place about four or five o'clock. This duration ſeems to have been borrowed from the old myſteries; but the piece itſelf is of a mixt claſs, partaking nothing with the Myſteries, or dramas founded on ſcripture, and on the lives of ſaints; but mingling the plan of the Moralities, in which ideal perſonifications, virtues, vices, &c. appear, with that of the genuine drama. No Scotiſh Myſteries remain; and this production is the earlieſt effort of our dramatic muſe *.

* Pitſcottie, p. 295, mentions that Mary of Guiſe on her marriage to James V, 1538, was entertained by the town of Edinburgh with triumphs, farces, and plays. The *geſta hiſtrionum* of more ancient times were myſteries.

It

It was at leaſt twice acted; once at Coupar in Fife, and once near Edinburgh, as appears from the MS. The ſtage was only a ſpot of ground, divided from the ſurrounding audience by a ditch: in the midſt was a pavilion for the actors to retire and enter; and a chair of ſtate was placed on a high platform for the royal perſonages repreſented. All theſe particulars appear from different paſſages of the Play. This Play is doubtleſs the moſt uſeful one ever written or acted, and may be ſuppoſed to have contributed more to the reformation in Scotland, than all the ſermons of John Knox. Its ſpirit is ſo bold, as to partake much of the preſent French renovation; and it is no wonder that it was ſedulouſly neglected, or ſuppreſſed at the time of its being printed, and hence afterwards forgotten. A few obſcenities which ſtain it, and which are caſtrated in this edition, have been ridiculouſly dwelt on by ſome of our antiquaries, who knew not that in public ſpirit and utility, in many paſſages of native humour, and ſome of good poetry, in preſenting the firſt ſpecimen of our drama, this piece claims a diſtinguiſhed notice in Scotiſh literature.

The portraits of Sir David Lindſay in the plate are taken from the editions of his works, Paris, 1558, 4to; and Edinburgh, 1634, 8vo; both being wooden vignettes. From the latter a magnified engraving has lately appeared. The fac-ſimile of his ſignature is given from a curious letter in the Cotton Library, written when he was on his embaſſy to Charles V. in the year 1531; and which,

being perhaps the only one extant of this poet, ſhall h be inſerted.

Cotton Lib. Cal. B. I. fol. 298.

Autograph letter of Sir David Lindſay to the Lord Secret of Scotland.

" My lord I recommend my hartly ſeruis onto your pleſis your L. to wit, that I com to Bruſſellis the iii. of Julij, quhar I fand the Emprioun, and gat preſens his Maieſte the iii. day efter my cummin; and hes go gud expedition of the principall erands that I was ſ for; and hes gottin the auld alianſis, and confederatio confermit for the ſpace of ane hundret yeirs. The qul confirmation I haiff rafit in dowbyl form, ane to deli to the Conſervatour, and ane uther to bring with m Scotland, bayth onder the Emperor's gret ſeill; and deliverit to his Maieſte the kyng, our ſowerain's, p vnder his gracis gret ſeil, for the ſaid ſpace of ane h dret yeirs.

My lord, ye ſall underſtand that Sir Don Pedir D Cowe wes not in the court, lang tym efter that I c thair, to quham I deliuerit your L. writtinis, quhilk ſavit tham rycht thankfully, and ſchew me gret hwma for your L. ſaik; bot he gaiff me na anſwar of your v tiss, quhill I was reddy to depart furth of the Impe quhais letter ye ſall raſaiff fra this berrar. I remai the court vii. owiks, and od days, apon the materi tellyn to the marchans. Item the brut was heir, all this contre, quhen I com to the cowrt, tha

1

kyng's grace, our ſowerain was deid. For the quhilk caws the Quein of Wngare * ſend for me, and inquirit diligentlie of that mater at me, and was rycht glaid, quhen I ſchew hir the werrite of the kyngs grace our ſowerains proſperrite. It was ſchawin to me that the Empriour's Maieſte gart all the Kyrkmen in Bruſſelles pray for his gracis ſaul. Thai nowelles war ſend for werrite furth of Ingland; and war haldin for effect, ay quhill my cumin to the cowrt.

My L. it war to lang to me to writ to your L. the triwmphis that I haiff ſein, ſen my cumin to the court Imperall; that is to ſay the triwmphand Juſtynis, the terribill turnements, the feychten on fut in barras, the naymis of lords and knychts that war hurt the day of the gret towrnament; quhais circumſtans I haiff writtin at lenth, in articles, to ſchaw the Kyng's grace at my haym cuming. Item, the Empriour purpoſis to depart at the fyn of the moneth, and paſſis up in Almanye for reformation of the Luteriens: the Quein of Wngare ramainis heir Regent of all thir contres: and was confermit Regent be the iii. eſtatts in the toun of Bruſſellis, the v. day of Julii. And as for uther nowellis, I refer to the berar. Writtin with my hand, at Handwarp, the xxiii. day of ... guſt by your ſerviteur, at his power,

DAVID LYNDSAY, harauld
to our ſowerain lord."

(Directed on the back)
To my ſpecial lord,
My Lord, the gret Secretar
to our ſowerain Lord of Scotland.

* Hungary, governeſs of the Netherlands.

It may be added to the account of Lindſay's works, given in the Maitland Poems, that the edition of Edinburgh, 1568, 4to. is the moſt curious and valuable of the ancient ones. It is printed by Scott, at the expences of Henrie Charteris, who prefixes a long preface againſt the Papiſts, in which are ſome anecdotes of Lindſay; ſuch as, that he begged the king (James V.) to grant him the place of taylor to his majeſty, and upon the king's anſwering that he was no taylor, Lindſay replied that he was as fit for the place as many new-made biſhops were for their ſees: that a play of his was acted near Edinburgh, in the preſence of the Queen Regent, ſatyrizing the prieſts, the repreſentation of which laſted from nine in the morning till ſix in the evening. Charteris adds, that Lindſay had been dead not many years: and mentions the impreſſions of his works at Rowen and London. This laſt is printed for Purfoote, 1566 *, 4to. with bad wooden prints. In the King's library, Buckingham Houſe, is the edition of Paris (Rowen) 1558, complete, containing the Monarchies, &c. but none of the old editions contain the Play, or Squire Meldrum.

* That of *Copmanhouin* (Maitland 542) is probably printed at Edinburgh about 1559, ſurely before the reformation, and in Scotland, elſe the place need not have been concealed; and the badneſs, and manner of the printing, reſembling that of 1568, betray the Scotiſh preſs of that period.

In arranging Lindſay's works, the Tragedy of Beton, 1546, ſhould be placed immediately before the Monarchies, written in 1553. His other pieces (except the play) belong to the reign of James V. who died in 1542.

The

The Third Volume begins with *Philotus*, a comedy, publiſhed from two editions in Mr. Garrick's collection of old Plays, now lodged in the Britiſh Muſeum. In the Maitland Poems, p. cx, this piece is aſcribed to the reign of James V; but, from more attentive peruſals, the editor is now convinced that it belongs to the reign of James VI, and was probably written a very ſhort time before the firſt edition appeared in 1603. The arguments which formerly induced the editor to aſcribe this play to the reign of James V. were, 1. the mention of many ſaints; 2. the apparent antiquity of the language. It muſt be anſwered, that the ſaints are only mentioned in a ludicrous conjuration, and ſo irreverently as to imply that the piece was written after the public eſtabliſhment of the reformation; and that, tho the frequent rimes have often conſtrained the author to uſe old words, and the orthography be more rough than uſual at that period, yet there are many phraſes and idioms, unknown to the Scotiſh language till a late epoch, and allied to modern expreſſion. Add the improbability, that Scotland ſhould produce a comedy before England, or perhaps France, could boaſt of one, and before the date of Sir David Lindſay's Morality; and there will be every reaſon to infer that this piece was not written till near the end of the ſixteenth century.

This production therefore continues the natural progreſs of our drama from the morality to rude comedy. Sir William Alexander's tragedies ſucceed, 1603, and complete the drama of Scotland, while a ſeparate kingdom. It is ſingular that our theatre ſhould ſo little reſemble the

Engliſh, or any other. Sir Thomas Saintſerf's, and Mrs. Cockburn's plays, of the laſt century, form a mean introduction to the fame of Thomſon and Home. In comedy we are ſtill deficient; and it is a general opinion that we are ſtrangers to the Engliſh humour and wit: but theſe qualities depend ſo much on 'thinking in a language,' and a perfect uſe of all its delicate lights and ſhades, that it may be reaſonably inferred that, when the nations are blended into the ſame ſpeech and pronunciation, we may aſpire to comic fame, eſpecially as in our own dialect, written and ſpoken, much humour at times appears. The ſame cauſes may perhaps account for our ſenators yielding the palm of eloquence not only to the Engliſh, but to the Iriſh Sheridans, Grattans, Burkes, Floods, &c.

The remainder of the third volume is chiefly occupied with ſome of the oldeſt remains of our poetry, and moſt curious pieces in our language. As belonging to the middle, at leaſt, of the fifteenth century, they ought to have appeared at the head of this collection; but they were not recovered till the work had been ſome time in the preſs.

About three years ago, was preſented to the Advocates' Library, by a gentleman of Ayrſhire as is ſaid, a collection of pamphlets in the Scotiſh language, printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 12mo. while it was before believed that the Aberdeen Breviary, 1509, was the earlieſt ſpecimen of our typography. From this curious collection is given the metrical romance of *Gawan and Gologras*,

Dunbar,

Dunbar, in his Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris, ſays,

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane,
That made the aventers of Sir Gawane.

Hence it appears that this poet is the author of this romance, and alſo of that intituled Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway, printed at the end of the third volume, from a MS. undoubtedly of the time of Henry VI. and bearing intrinſic marks of being a production of the ſame author. Add to this the ſimilarity of the language and manner of theſe two pieces to that of the Houlat, alſo publiſhed in Volume III. which, as Sir David Dalrymple obſerves, muſt have been compoſed before the battle of Ancrum-muir, 1455, in which Archibald Douglas earl of Moray was ſlain, and it will be evident that all theſe poems are at leaſt as ancient as the middle of the fifteenth century. Theſe two metrical romances of chivalry, are the only remaining ſpecimens of this ſort of compoſition in the Scotiſh language. So uncouth is their ſtyle, and that of the Houlat, owing chiefly to their conſtant alliteration, that they preſent difficulties ſufficient to puzzle the moſt ſkilful commentator, or etymologiſt; and the little gloſſary at the end of this work, (ſuch as its popular intention admitted) is not a little defective in regard to the interpretation of theſe pieces, which might have required much learned labour completely to illuſtrate.

From the ſame collection of pamphlets, printed in 1508, are extracted ſome ballads, one of which, p. 128, is already publiſhed by Sir David Dalrymple in his valuable ſelection from the Bannatyne MS.

The mention of this curious collection is an inducement to give some account of its contents.

I. "The twelve virtues of ane nobilman;" wants the beginning. This piece is in prose, and begins at the middle of the Eighth Virtue, so that about six or eight leaves are lost. Virtue IX. is Clenelynes; X. Largess or bounty; XI. Sobirnes; XII. Perseverance. The conclusion is in these words, "Heir endis the Porteous of Noblenes, translatit out of Franch in Scottis, be Maister Androw Cadiou. Imprimit in the South gait of Edinburgh be Walter Chepman and Androu Millar, the xx. dai of Aperile, the yhere of God MCCCCC. & VIII. yheris." *Porteous* is a breviary or mass-book, in allusion to which title the author says,

Nobles report your maiynis in this buke,

2. Gawan and Gologras.
3. Sir Eglamour, (an English metrical Romance.)
4. Balade.
5. The Goldyn Targe.
6. "Rycht as all strings," &c, a poor piece of political poetry.
7. The Maying or Disport of Chaucer. (This is "The complaint of the Black Knight" in Chaucer's Works.)
8. Kennedy's Answer to Dunbar. (Evergreen II. 75.)
9. "Wythin a garth," &c.
10. "Devise, prowes," &c.
11. Orpheus kyng, and how he yeid to hewyn and to hel to seik his quene. A tedious fable by Henryson, with a spiritual moralization.

12. "Qi

12. "Of ferlyis of this grete confuſion."
13. Dunbar's ballad on D'Aubigny.
14. The twa mariit women and the wedo, (Maitland, Poems, p. 44); ſome of the leaves are miſplaced, and the beginning wanting, but the chief variations ſhall preſently be given.
15. Kennedy's Anſwer to Dunbar. (Evergreen).
16. Lament for the deth of the Makkaris. (Bannatyne Poems, p. 74).
17. "My gudame," &c.
18. Teſtament of Kennedy. (Evergreen).
19. Twelve leaves of Robin Hood: ends imperfectly,

There myght no man to thy truſte.

In the Lament for the Makars this edition rightly reads, in ſtanza 17, "Clerk of Tranent;" and "Hay," not "Gray:" and in ſtanza 21 "done roune."

The two firſt leaves of "The twa mariit wemen and the wedo" are wanting. As the Maitland MS. is not in the beſt condition, in the part containing this curious poem, the various readings, and words ſupplied, muſt not be omitted. The printed part begins after the middle of p. 48, in the Maitland Poems, at this line,

He will me yet all beclip, and clap me to his breiſt.

As the lines are not numbered, where the variation is in every ſucceeding line, it is mentioned without reference; but, when ſome lines are paſt, the number is ſpecified.

Page 48, *line* 18. me yet—my corſe. ſchorne—ſchaiſin. chowis me his chewal—ſchowis on me his ſchewal. hurcham—hurtheon. cheitres—chekis. even lyke ane—

as

as a. that—the. ſchent—ſchout. (paſſ. 1) bogil—bogil. (paſſ 1) finy—ſmy. ſmollat—ſmolet. *Page* 49, l. 1. gykat—gillot. ſoundis—ſound (p. 1.) mentionat—nemmyt. (1) elduring—eldnyng. (3) caſtis—cacis. trew—traw. luik—keik. indilling—eldnyng. (1) miſſeris—myſtirs. iwarne—iyerne. quhair—for. (1) Ay—And. (2) feſchov—fee gret. (2) cace—corſe. irchane—forlane. *delete* ane. kriſp or ſilk—kerſp all ther fineſt. wrocht—furrit. At the bottom of page 49 five lines wanting, after "ryche juell."

Or reſt of his rouſty raid, thoch he were redewmyod; (fie)
For all the buddis of John Blunt, quhen he abone clymis,
Methink the baid deir abouchr, ſa bawth ar his werkis.
And thus I ſell him ſolace, thoch I it ſour think.
Fra fic a ſyre God yow ſaif, my ſueit fiſteris deir!

Page 50, *line* 1. ſhe—the. laiks—latis. (1) raiket—ralyeit. wlouk—wlonk. (1) menſit—menkit. (3) ſame—ſamen. wourd—word. *lines* To ſpeik, *and* With that *tranſpoſed.* (2) beried—beild. (5) was—is. *Page* 51, *line* 2, luve—lume. lichroun—ſugeorne. ar don he—reſt it. ryd—rap. (2) For—And. brankard—brankand. ony woman—bonet on ſyde. (1) kemmit his hair is—kemmyng of his hair. (3) lyke—as. *Page* 52, *line* 4 kudling and—oldnyng or. (5) fillie—folie. (3) hewin mariit—away caſt. walloun—crandoun. to—that. myrth and—my clere. (1) thame—on a. ficht for to try—ſuth for to tell. *Page* 53, *line* 1. [e]—e. (1) am—in. behaldis—he haldis. humblie—hamelie. (6) in bed—abeid. (3) treis—leiffis. levis—bewis. at—of. perthar—pertliar. (6) ſchaw—ſchaw you. war—was. *Page* 54, *line* 3. nild—couth. deſane—deſave. halding—haldin. (1) ſoir beſowleit—forleit.

forleit. (1) in—of. (2) one—ay. avoue—anone. nocht—note. angel apperwaird—angels apperand. (3) manaris—myndis. (7) claw—keynth. *Page* 55, *line* 4. ſlok—ſloken. renoun—honour. ſua tuke joy in—ſew bot aa. Whan my auld carle—Ay quhen the ald. Than my luſtie freik—Apon the galand for. goif—goif it. (2) ſone—four. the—gude. (2) he had I—had the. (10) twitch-and in—twitchandly. *Page* 56, *line* 3. furth—fuchs. bichman—buthman. (1) foveranis—ſeveranis. (7) nocht ſit—fit. or the found of—ſecund. (1) manlie—wómanlie. the mair I him haitit—leſs of him I rakis. thoch ſichtleit me my ying leid—or I him faith gaif. as na wourds can telle—and feid ſyne for evir. cur—cure. *Page* 57, *line* 6. fonerit—ſeverit. the—his. (5) braid—all. (2) banchis—bauthles. all—all braid. (3) wyf—wyf-carl. lawbouris—werkis. laid doun—laid. mens—menſk. (3) courlaſſlie—courtaſſlie. drew—drawis. *Page* 58, *line* 1. ſueir—ſkeir. our heid—on ſyde. (1) na gay—ane gay. Two lines wanting after "lady."

Tharfor I gat him again, that ganyt him better;
He wes a gret goldit man, and of gudis riche.

be bumbart to tous—be my lumbart to lous. fre—fra me. (12) dawtie—daynte. (1) heriet—beriet. (2) forleit—forbeit. lard—lad. (1) is fay—his fa. *Page* 59, *line* 2. haint—hanyt. (9) ſcribat—ſpittit. of ſpeche—ſpreit. ye wit—weil ye wit. for he—that he. Has failyet anis—And yaleandnes. A line wanting after "haldin."

Full fruſter is his freſch array, and fairnes of perſoune. affeſt—effeir. (5) lord—leid. *Page* 60, *line* 1. my deule. Mirth—My daynté. (9) fleſche—fleiſe. (3) be my ſyde—me beſide. (3) ruſe—ruſe. (5) ronkis—clokis. (1) walteris

walteris—watteris. *Page* 61, *line* 1. a line wanting after "huſband."

Yone is a peté to emprent in a princis hart.

ſave—ſane. luik—leit. (4) device—derne. (10) fane—ſave. (3) that—the. Next line wanting. *Page* 62, *line* 1. bung—tung. (5) preſſing—paſſing. (2) blinnyng—blumming. (9) the—that. *delete* [that]. far—for. (3) ſchir—ſerf. *Page* 63, *line* 2. on—on his. (10) cative—latyne. (2) ſordane—ſovrane. perfyte—prudent. culed—culed thai (1) dauteing and chere—danteis full noble. begouth to gleme—donkit flouris. mirrie ſonne upſprong—mavis did ſing. waveand wodis—meid ſmellit. wiſtell—criſtell. *Page* 64, *line* 2. glaid—glaidit. (10) unkorth—unkouth.

Such are theſe variations; moſt, if not all, of which ſhould be adopted in any future edition, as the piece appears to have been printed under the eye of the author.

The *Appendix* to theſe volumes contains three poems before unpubliſhed; two of which are peculiarly adapted to this publication, from the identity of ſtanza and ſimilarity of language, with the romance of Gawan and Gologras; and it was thought not unuſeful to lay before the reader, in one volume, the three moſt uncouth, and difficult works, which the Scotiſh language affords, that they might reflect mutual light upon each other.

The Houlat, written by Holland, is printed from the Bannatyne MS. and, tho prolix and dull, preſents ſome curious deſcriptions of manners. This ſingular piece is written by a partizan of the family of Douglas; and, to underſtand it properly, it is neceſſary to obſerve that, in the

the year 1444, James II. added greatly to the power o that houſe, by creating Hugh and John, brothers of the Earl of Douglas, Earl of Ormond, and Lord Balveny; while their elder brother Archibald, by wedding the daughter of James Dunbar, earl of Moray, acquired that title which he loſt with his life, in battle againſt his ſovereign, in the year 1455; and his brother Ormond was at ſame time taken and beheaded. But in 1450 the favour and power of Douglas began to fail; in 1452 he was ſlain by the king: and in 1453 Moray was forced into exile. In 1454 all the brothers were forfeited. It is evident that this poem muſt have been written before the forfeiture in 1454, if not before the exile of Moray in 1453; and, as from Part III. ſtanza 27 it is in every appearance a ſatire againſt James II, it muſt have been written after the houſe of Douglas had loſt his favour in 1450. The length and nature of this poem, founded on a trite fable, and the long panegyric on the houſe of Douglas, convinced me that 'more was meant than meets the ear:' and the lines Part III. ſtanza 27,

We cum pure, we gang pure, bath KING and Comon;
Bot THOW rewll THE richtouſs, THY CROWNE ſall ourere,

certify the idea that the Houlat is no other than the king James II. a prince little deſerving ſuch a ſatire. The two lines above quoted form the very point, and concluſion, of the moral of this ſatyrical fable: and the author in the next, or final, ſtanza, informs us, that he compoſed it to pleaſe the Counteſs of Moray, *dowit* or wedded to a Doug-

a Douglas, (ſo that her huſband was yet alive), in the foreſt of Ternoway in Moray *.

The next poem, called *The Muſy Serk*, is written by Henryſon, a poet who flouriſhed about the year 1490; and has little merit, except its eaſy verſification, and ballad-ſtanza, rarely found in productions of that epoch. For copies of this, and the preceding poem, and other favours, the editor muſt expreſs his gratitude to his ingenious and worthy friend Adam de Cardonnel, Eſq.

The concluding poem is a metrical romance, called *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway*, copied many years ago, by a learned friend, from a MS. belonging to Mr. Baynes of Gray's-inn, who was a noted collector of romances of chivalry. The hand-writing was of the time of Henry VI. and the compoſition can hardly be more modern than the year 1440. There is every reaſon to conclude that this is another production of Clerk of Tranent, the author of Gawan and Gologras: but, being anciently copied by an Engliſh hand, the language is in ſome inſtances a little anglicized. Yet the original dialect is predominant, and the ſubject would of itſelf aſſign it to a Scotiſh author. This poem is curious, but the chief inducement for its inſertion was, as before mentioned, the ſame ſingular ſtanza, and uncouth language, which diſtinguiſh Gawan and Gologras; and the conſequent hope that it may receive and yield more illuſtra-

* The prophecy mentioned in this poem, p. 163, is not a little ſingular.

tion

tion in this collection, than it could otherwiſe have, if not permitted to periſh with other curious reliques of antiquity.

Having thus briefly diſcuſſed the contents of theſe volumes, the editor hopes he will be pardoned for a few miſcellaneous remarks on old Scotiſh poems; as this is moſt probably the laſt opportunity he ſhall find of making any additional obſervations on that ſubject.

One Scotiſh poem, called *Rauf Collyear*, printed at Edinburgh 1572, 12mo. he wiſhed to inſert in this collection, but could not diſcover a copy: it is mentioned in Wedderburn's Complaint of Scotland, 1549, 12mo. among the 'ſtories' or hiſtories, and 'ſlet taylis' or romances: (Maitland Poems, p. 543). For *Skail Gillenderſon*, another tale there mentioned, the reader is referred to Winton's Chronicle; and for the tale of *Sir Walter the bold Leſly* to Fordun. Many of the pieces, mentioned by Wedderburn, are publiſhed, or of little conſequence: thoſe of which the loſs is chiefly to be regretted are, beſides the two above-mentioned,

The tayl of the wolf of the warldis end.
The tayle of the reyde Eyttyn with the thre heydis.
"On fut by Forth as I could found."
The tail of the thre futtit dog of Norroway.
The tail of Floremond of Albanye.
The tail of the Pure Tynt.
The tayl of the yong Tamlene, and of the bald Braband.

Sir

Sir Egeir and Syr Gryme.

Opheus kyng of Portingale.

The tail of the thre Weird Syſtirs.

The following pieces have come to the Editor's knowledge ſince the publication of the Liſt of Scotiſh Poets in the Maitland Poems.

"Ane Treatiſe callit the *Court of Venus* dividit into four buikis. Newlie compylit be Johne *Rolland* in Dalkeith. Imprintit at Edinburgh by Johne Ros." 1575, 4to. The poet walks out on Valentine's day: hears a diſpute between a 'ſad lover and a younkeir,' for and againſt love; interſperſed with Latin texts of ſcripture: the deſcription of the dreſſes of the ſpeakers is the only part in the poem worth republiſhing. In the ſecond book the author enumerates heroes, the Ten Sybils, &c. It is a pedantic and abſurd piece. Another poem of Rolland's, the *Seven Sages*, (Maitland Poems, p. cxx.) is a tranſlation of the noted romance of Eraſtus, by ſome ſaid to have been written in the Indian language by Sandabir, but, from the names and manner, more probably compoſed by a Greek in the middle ages. In Latin it is not uncommon. Hebert, a French poet, tranſlated it into French rime in the reign of Louis VIII. as Maſſieu informs us. For further particulars concerning this performance ſee Fabricii Bibl. Gr. x. 339; Creſcimbeni, vol. I. p. 332, ſeq. An Italian tranſlation, Venice 1565, 12mo. is now before me.

"The *Hiſtory of Judith*, &c. tranſlated from the French of Du Bartas, by Thomas *Hudſon*. Edinburgh, Vautrolier, 1584," 12mo. elegantly printed.

"The

"The tragical *death of Sophoniſba* written by David *Murray*, Scoto-Britan. London, 1611," 4to. Dedicated to Henry Prince of Wales, with commendatory verſes by Michael Drayton prefixt; and about twenty-eight ſonnets ſubjoined, under the title of Cælia. This the editor has not ſeen *.

"The famous Hiſtorie of *Penardo* and *Laiſſa*, otherwiſe called the Warre of Love and Ambition, doone in heroik verſe by Patrick Gordon, Dort, 1615," 12mo. Only Book I. Rare to exceſs; nor can more than two copies be diſcovered, one in the Editor's poſſeſſion, another in that of an anonymous correſpondent in Scotland. The author was probably ſo aſhamed of it as to quaſh the edition; for it is the moſt puerile mixture of all times, manners, and religions, that ever was publiſhed: for inſtance, the Chriſtian religion is put as that of ancient Greece!

The edition of *Drummond's Poems*, 1616, (Maitland p. cxxiv.) is in the editor's hands, and bears 'the ſecond edition' in the title: but the firſt edition appears to have conſiſted only of detached poems, (ſee the author's life in the folio edition), now loſt from the fugitive form in which they appeared. At the end of this copy are his *Flowers of Sion*, or ſpiritual poems, printed 1623; and his *Cypreſs Grove*. The whole impreſſion does honour to the Scotiſh preſs of that period.

* Henryſon's Teſtament of Creſſeid, erroneouſly aſcribed to Chaucer, is printed at Edinburgh, 1611, 4to.

Niſbet in his heraldry, vol. I. p. 335, mentions a book of curious poems by *Patrick Hannay*, a Scotiſh gentleman, printed in 1622, with his portrait and arms.

Anna Hume's Triumphs of Love, Chaſtity, and Death. Edin. (about 1645) 12mo. Tranſlated from Petrarca. Decent.

The "*Flyting betwixt Montgomerie* (author of the Cherry and the Slae) *and Polwart.*" Glaſgow 1665, 8vo. This is another ſcolding, like that of Kennedy and Dunbar.

Scotiſh ſongs with the Muſic. By *John Forbes*, *Aberdeen*, 1682, 3d edition. This the editor wiſhes much to ſee.

Sir Thomas Urquhart in his Jewel mentions Drummond, *Wiſhart*, (author of the life of Montroſe?) and Ogilby, the tranſlator of Virgil and Æſop, as good Scotiſh poets.

Colville's Scotch Hudibras was printed at Edinburgh, 1695, 8vo. A Colonel *Cleland* wrote ſome poems in the ſame ſtyle. Edinb. 1697, 8vo.

Meſton's Poems, called the Knight of the Kirk, and Mother Grim's Tales. An edition titled the Sixth, tho it be doubtful if another be known, is of Edinb. 1767, 12mo. He was born in 1688, and profeſſor at Aberdeen: was a Jacobite, and in the battle of Sherif-muir, 1715. He imitates Colvil; and is a very poor poet.

The poems of Alexander *Nicol*, ſchool-maſter, Edinb. 1766, 12mo. conſiſt of Scotiſh ſongs, &c.

In the edition of Barbour's Bruce, London, 1790, vol. I. p. xx, xxi, ſome extracts are given from Winton, men-

mentioning a *Hucheon* of the *Aule Ryall*, who wrote the romances of Arthur and Gawan, and the Epiſtle of Suſanna. As from Niſbet, I. p. 389, II. 115, &c. it appears that *Huchеon* was the old Scotiſh mode of *Hugh*, a ſuſpicion ariſes that this poet is Sir Hew of Eglinton, mentioned by Dunbar as preceding Winton in time, for his 'lament' is often chronological. However this be, no other Hucheon is known in the bibliography of romances *.

David Hume, in his valuable hiſtory of the Houſe of Douglas, Edinb. 1614 †, London, 1657, folio, mentions ſome old Scotiſh poems; as that on the death of the Lord of Lidſdale, 1353.

The counteſs of Douglas—out of her bour ſhe came, &c. with three lines more, and other particulars of the ſong. (Vol. I. p. 143, laſt ed.) The ſong of Chevy Chace he obſerves, I. 195, is fictitious; and he gives the firſt ſtanza of a Scotiſh ſong on the battle of Otterburn,

It fell about the Lammas tide, &c.

* In the Liſt of Scotiſh Poets, p. lxxvi. there is a ludicrous miſtake, originating from the ſingularity of the colophon, which has alſo miſled the librarian in the title. The Romance of Triſtram is ſaid to be the work of *Seult Labonde de Cornoalle*, by which the Editor underſtood *Cornouaille*, a part of Bretagne anciently ſo called: but the colophon only implies the end of the romance of Triſtram, [and] *de Seult*, &c. "of Iſeult or Iſolda the Fair of Cornwall," his miſtreſs.

† Biſhop Nicolſon records an edition of 1617; ſurely an error, for Heriot's Hoſpital is mentioned, II. 229, which was not begun till 1624.

See alſo I. 288, the verſes on the murder of Earl Douglas, 1440. In vol. I. p. 57, he informs us that Barbour was rewarded, for his life of Bruce, by a penſion *during his life*, which he gave to the hoſpital of Aberdeen, "to which it is allowed, and paid ſtill in our days." Is the matter, thus wrapt in ſolœciſm, true?

That curious poem, *the Battle of Harlaw*, muſt from its manner have been written ſoon after the event in 1414.

In the work called Biſhop Elphingſton's Hiſtory, in the Bodleian library, there are two Scotiſh poems at the end of the reign of James I, which cloſes the volume. One is intituled "Lamentatio Delphini Franciæ pro morte uxoris," [1445.] The other a moral piece on government, "Richt as all ſtringis ar cupillit in ane harpe," &c.

The editor ſome time ago procured from a learned friend, now viſiting the claſſical ſcenes of Egypt, Syria, and Greece, a collation of the *King's Quair* of James I. publiſhed by Mr. Tytler, with the original MS. The variations exceed three hundred. The MS. is preſerved in a ſmall folio in the Bodleian Library, (Seld. Archiv. B. 24,), which volume contains ſeveral of Chaucer's poems. To extract a few of theſe variations, the φ, Canto I. ſt. iv. is a p. xi. 6, delete *my*. xii. 3, This—It. xv, 6, warldis—wawis, [wave's]. xviii, 2, doubtfulneſſe—doubilneſs. Canto II. ſt. I. 1. vere—ver. ii, 4, confort—freſchneſſe. v. 1, wevis—wawis. xvii, 3, luve—lyf. xvii, 7, one—me. xxiii, 2, out—forth. xlii, 4, to—to (too) to. xlix, 3, ze—ya. Canto III. i, 2, at—that. xxiv, 5, moyt—mo that. xxvii, 5 treue

treue—trige. xxx, 4, thir—the. xxxiv, 7, *delete* God. xxxv, 7, hir—hir grace. xxxvi, 7, doken—doken foule. xxxvii, 7, purcreſs—pere. xxxviii, 5, one goddeſſe—bene goddes. xlvi, 2, freſcheſts—freſcheſt. Canto IV. xii, 6, ſatoure—fatoure, (feator, treator). xiv, 6, gilt are—gilt. And. xxiii, 2, That zour—That all your. Canto V. v, 7, hortis—wortis (col vorts). Canto VI. v. 6, aſſort—aport. vi, 4, leſe—liſt. x, 1, ſeyne—ſeyne. xiii, 2, lyfe—luſe. xv, 5, flour—flouris. A final *e* is added to many words, when it does not occur in the MS.

It is hoped that the reader will pardon the inſertion of theſe variations, moſt of which are eſſential to the ſenſe, as the editor has abandoned his deſign of publiſhing the works of our chief Scotiſh poets, eſpecially ſince neat editions of ſome of them have appeared, printed by the Moriſons at Perth. The preſent collection affords materials to complete thoſe of Douglas and Lindſay. Drummond's poems * the editor may poſſibly publiſh at ſome future period, properly arranged, and with notes explaining his uſe of the Italian poets.

To the obſervations on *Wedderburn's Complaint of Scotland*, (Maitland Poems, p. 543), may be added that he ſeems the ſame Wedderburne who wrote *Pſalmes and Ballads of Godlie purpoſes*, mentioned in Mr. John Row's church hiſtory, and Melville's Life, MS. works of the

* A miſerable edition of theſe poems has lately appeared at London, in which the omiſſion of half a ſheet is one of the errors.

beginning of the ſeventeenth century. Of this ſingular book Lord Hailes publiſhed a ſpecimen, from a late edition by Andro Hart 1597. Many of theſe pious ſongs begin with ſcraps of profane ones: among thoſe not extracted by Lord Hailes are;

Till our gudeman, till our gudeman,
Keip faith and love till our gudeman,
For our gudeman *in hevin dois reign*, &c.

Johne cum kis me now, Johne cum kis me now,
Johne cum kis me by and by, and mak na mair ado;
The Lord thy God I am, &c.

Quho is at my windo, who, who?
Go from my windo, goe, goe!
Quha callis there, ſo like an ſtranger,
Goe from my windo, goe!
Lord I am heir, &c.

Intil ane mirthful May morning,
Quhen Phebus up did ſpringe,
Waking I lay, in a garding gay,
Thinkand on Chriſt, &c.

Downe by yond river I ran,
Downe by yond river I ran,
Thinkand in Chriſt, &c.

Gryvous is my ſorrow,
Baith at evin and morrow,
Unto myſelf alone.
Thus Chriſt, &c.

Muſing greitlie in my mind, &c.
Alace that ſame ſweit face, &c.

All

All my love leiſe mee not,
Leiſe mee not, leiſe mee not,
All my love leiſe mee not,
Thus mine allone, &c.
For love of one I make my moan,
Right ſecretlie, &c.
All my hart, ay this is my ſang,
With doubil mirth, and joy amang, &c.
My luve murnes for me, for me,
My luve that murnes for me, &c.
Allone I weip in greit diſtreſs, &c.

Several of theſe ſongs are mentioned in the Complaint of Scotland, (Select Scotiſh Ballads, vol. II. p. xxx); and, as the author of that work ſeems to incline to the Reformation, an additional argument ariſes that Wedderburn was the father of both works.

The Plates in the Second and Third Volumes of this collection are taken, in fac-ſimile, from a ſcarce French work on the dreſſes of all nations, intituled *Recueil de la diverſité des habits qui ſont de preſent en uſaige*, &c. Paris, 1562, 12mo. The figures of the Lowlanders are prefixt to Lindſay's Play, in which many alluſions are found to the dreſs of the times. Thoſe of the Highlanders are aſſigned to the third volume, containing the Houlat, in which the Iriſh bard is no inconſpicuous figure. The verſes in the original work, under each print are as follow.

1. *L'Eſ-*

1. *L'Eſcoſſois.*

Il faut, lecteur, que tout certain tu ſois,
Quant tu verras ce pourtrait de tes yeux,
Que c'eſt l'habit que porte l'Eſcoſſois,
Qui n'eſt par trop mondain, ne curieux.

2. *L'Eſcoſſoiſe.*

Si vous baiſſez l'oeil deſſus ce portrait,
Pour bien ſçavoir d'Eſcoſſoiſe la forme,
Ceſtvy cy eſt au naturel conforme,
Comme voyez qu'au vif il eſt pourtrait.

3. *La Sauvage d'Eſcoſſe.*

Si tu mets l'oeil deſſus ceſte figure,
A celle fin que certain tu en ſoys,
C'eſt la ſauvage au pays Eſcoſſoys,
De peaux veſtue encontre la froidure.

4. *Le Capitaine Sauvage.*

Vous pourrez voir, entre les Eſcoſſoys,
Tel capitaine faiſant la leur ſeiours;
Qui ſouvent font nuyſance aux Angloys.
Peu de profit leur fait faire maints tours.

It is to be regreted that the women ſeem both of mean rank; but perhaps the Scots did not permit their gallant allies to have much intercourſe with thoſe of ſuperior ſtation. The Highland dreſs may ſtagger thoſe who are advocates for the high antiquity of the tartan, and of the preſent

preſent mode; and who in their glorious reveries confound a thouſand years with one day: but it would be pleaſing to find one proof that the preſent highland dreſs exiſted before the year 1562, and the Editor learns, from moſt reſpectable authority *, that thoſe, who came from the remote highlands to the rebellion of 1715, were all dreſt in a long looſe coat only, which was buttoned above, and laced below down to the knees. The woman is here clothed in ſheep-ſkins; the chieftan is diſtinguiſhed by his freeze mantle, with fringe, in the Iriſh faſhion; his countenance is ſo characteriſtic † that there can be little doubt that the French deſigner had viſited Scotland, a country then in conſtant intercourſe with France: and tho there be many works of the kind publiſhed in Italy and Germany in the Sixteenth century, yet the Scotiſh dreſſes appear in this French work only. The lowland woman's dreſs is Flemiſh; the man's almoſt Norwegian.

* That of the patriotic George Dempſter, Eſq. of Dunichen, on the information derived from the ſon of Mr. Ferguſon, a clergyman living at the time. This dreſs is now called a *polonian*: it was of one colour, and home-made: and was, as above mentioned, the ſole covering that the body had.

† The hair ought however to have been curled, not lank.

ADDITIONS.

In the Choice Collection of Scotiſh Poems, printed
James Watſon, Edinb. 1713, 8vo. three parts, may
found two long poems of little value, written by J
Burel, 1590; and ſeveral pieces by Sir Robert Ayt
1610; with ſome of the middle of the laſt century, a
ſuppoſed, ſuch as, The Speech of a Fife Laird,
Mare of Collinton, &c. The whimſical poems on Butt
College or public-houſe, Aberdeen-ſhire, belong to
years 1699, and 1700.

The thrie Tailes of the thrie Prieſts of Peblis.

Contayning many notabill examples and ſentences and (that the paper ſould not be voide) ſupplyit with ſundrie merie tailes very pleaſant to the Reader and mair exactlie corrected than the former Impreſſion.

OVID.

Expectanda dies homini eſt, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debit.

IMPRINTED AT EDINBURGH
be Robert Charteris 1603.

CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

THE PREFACE.

IN Peblis town ſum tyme, as I heard tell,
The formeſt day of Februare, befell
Thrie Prieſts went unto collatioun,
Into ane privie place of the ſaid toun,
Quhair that they ſat, richt ſoft and unfute ſair;
Thay luifit not na rangald nor repair:
And, gif I ſall the ſuith reckin and ſay,
I traiſt it was upon Sanct Bryd's day.
Quhair that they ſat, full eaſily and ſoft;
With monie lowd lauchter upon loft.
And, wit ye weil, thir thrie thay maid gude cheir;
To them thair was na dainteis than too deir:
With thrie fed capons on a ſpeit with creiſche,
With monie uthir ſindrie dyvers meis.
And them to ſerve thay had nocht bot a boy;
Fra cumpanie thay keipit them ſa coy,
Thay lufit nocht with ladry, nor with lown,
Nor with trumpours to travel throw the town;
Both with themſelf quhat thay wald tel or crak;
Umquhyle ſadlie; umquhyle jangle and jak;
Thus ſat thir thrie beſyde ane felloun fyre,
Quhil thair capons war roiſtit lim and lyre.
Befoir them was ſone ſet a Roundel bricht,
And with ane clene claith, finelie dicht,
It was ouirſet; and on it breid was laid.
The eldeſt than began the grace, and ſaid;

And bliſſit the breid with Benedicite,
With Dominus Amen, ſa mot I the.
And be thay had drunken about a quarte,
Than ſpeak ane thus, that Maſter was in Arte,
And to his name their callit Johne was he,
And ſaid ſen we ar heir Prieſts thrie,
Syne wants nocht, be him that maid the mone,
Til us wee think ane tail ſould cum in tune.
Than ſpake ane uther, to name hecht M. Archebald,
Now, be the hieſt Hevin, quod he, I hald
To tel ane tail, methink, I ſould not tyre,
To hald my fute out of this felloun fyre.
Than ſpak the thrid, to name hecht S. Williame,
To grit elargie I can not count nor clame;
Nor yit I am not travellit, as ar ye,
In monie ſundrie land beyond the ſee.
Thairfoir me think it nouther ſhame nor ſin
Ane of yow twa the firſt tail to begin.
Heir I proteſt, than ſpak maiſter Archebald,
Ane travellit Clark ſuppois I be cald,
Preſumpteouſlie I think not to preſume,
As I that was never travellit bot to Rome.
To tel ane tail bot eirar I ſuppone,
The firſt tail tald mot be Maiſter Johne:
For he hath bene in monie uncouth land,
In Portingale, and in Civile the grand;
In fyſe kinrikis of Spane al hes he bene;
In foure chriſtin, and ane heathin, I wene.
In Rome, Flanders, and in Venice toun;
And other Lands ſundrie up and doun.

And

And for that he ſpak firſt of ane tail,
Thairfoir to begin he ſould not fail.
Than ſpeiks Maiſter Johne, now be the Rude,
Me to begin ane tail ſen ye conclude,
And I deny than had I ſair offendit.
The thing begun the ſoner it is endit.

The firſt taile tald be Maiſter Johne.

A KING thair was ſumtyme, and eik a Queene;
As monie in the land befoir had bene.
This king gart ſet ane plane Parliament,
And for the Lords of his kinrik ſent:
And, for the weilfair of his Realme and gyde,
The thrie Eſtaits concludit at that tyde.
The King gart cal to his Palice al thrie,
The Eſtaits ilkane in thair degrie.
The Biſhops firſt, with Prelats and Abbotis,
With thair Clarks ſervants, and Varlottis:
Into ane hall, was large, richt hie, and hudge,
Thir Prelats all richt luſtelie couth iudge.
Syne in ane hal, ful fair farrand,
He ludgit al the Lords of his Land.
Syne in ane Hal, was under that ful clene,
He harbourit al his Burgeſſis rich and bene.
Sa of thir thrie Eſtaits, al and ſum,
In thir thrie Hals he gart the wyſeſt cum.
And of thair mery cheir quhat mak I mair?
Thay fuir als weil as onie folk micht fair.
The King himſelf come to this Burgeſſis bene;
And thir words to them carps I wene,

And ſays, Welcum Burgeſſis, my beild and bliſ!
Quhen ye fair weil I ma na mirths mis.
Quhen that your ſhips halds hail and ſound,
In riches gudes and weilfair I abound.
Ye ar the caus of my life, and my cheir,
Out of far Lands your Marchandice cums heir.
Bot ane thing is, for ſhort, the cauſe quhy
Togidder heir yow gart cum have I.
To yow I have ane queſtioun to declair,
Quhy Burges bairns thryves not to the thrid air?
Bot caſts away it that thair eldars wan.
Declair me now this queſtioun, gif ye can;
To yow I gif this queſtioun, al and ſum,
For to declair againe the morne I cum.
Unto his Lords than cumen is the King,
Dois gladlie al he ſaid baith old and ying:
My luſtie Lords, my Leiges, and my lyfe,
I am in ſturt quhen that ye ar in ſtryfe.
Quhen ye have peace, and quhen ye have pleaſance,
Than I am glade, aad derflie may I dance.
Ane heid dow not on bodie ſtand allane,
Forout members, to be of micht and mane;
For to uphald the bodie and the heid;
And ſickerlie to gar it ſtand in ſteid.
Thairfoir, my Lords, and my Barrouns bald,
To me alhail ye ar help and uphald.
And now I will ye wit, with diligence,
Quhairfoir that I gart cum ſic confluence:
And quhy ye Lords of my Parliament
I have gart cum, I will tell my intent.

Ane queſtioun I have, ye mon declair,
That in my minde is ever mair and mair;
Quhairfoir, and quhy, and quhat is the cais,
Sa worthie Lords war in myne elders dayis;
Sa full of fredome, worſhip, and honour,
Hardie in hart, to ſtand in everie ſtour.
And now in yow I find the hail contrair?
Thairfoir this dout and queſtioun ye declair.
And it declair, under the hieſt pane;
The morne this tyme quhen that I cum agane.
THAN till his Clergie came this nobil King;
Welcum Biſhops he ſaid, with my bliſſing;
Welcum my beidmen, my bleſſe, and al my beild;
To me ye ar baith Helmeit, Speir, and Scheild.
For richt as Moyſes ſtude upon the Mont,
Prayand to God of Hevin, as he was wont;
And richt ſa, be your devoit oriſoun,
Myne enemies ſould put to confuſioun.
Ye ar the gaineſt gait, and gyde, to God;
Of al my Realme ye ar the rewl and rod.
It that ye dome think it ſould be done;
Quhen that ye ſhrink I have one funyie ſone.
Thus be yow ay ane example men tais:
And as ye ſay than al and ſundrie ſayis:
It that ye think richt, or yit reſſoun,
To that I can nor na man have cheſſoun.
And that ye think unreſſoun, or wrang,
Wee al and ſundrie ſings the ſamin ſang.
Bot ane thing is I wald ye underſtude,
The cauſe into this place for to conclude,

Quhairfoir and quhy I gart yow hidder cum,
My Clargie, and my Clarks, al and ſum;
To yow I have na uther tail, nor theame,
Exceptand to yow Biſhops a probleame;
Quhilk is to me ane queſtioun and dout;
Out of my mind I wald ye put it out.
That is to ſay, Quhairfoir and quhy
In auld times and days of anceſtry,
Sa monie Biſhops war, and men of kirk,
Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk.
And throw thair prayers, maid to God of micht,
The dum men ſpak; the blind men gat their ſicht;
The deif men heiring; the cruikit gat thair feit;
War nane in bail bot weill thay culd them beit.
To ſeik folks, or into ſairnes ſyne,
Til al thay wald be mendis, and medecyne.
And quhairfoir now in your tyme ye warie;
As thay did than quhairfoir ſa may not ye;
Quhairfoir may not ye as thay did than?
Declair me now this queſtioun, gif ye can.

To the Burgeſſis.

VPON the morne, efter ſervice and meet,
The King came in, and ſat doun in his ſait,
Into the hal, amang the Burges men;
With him ane Clark, with ink, paper, and pen.
And bad them that thay ſould, foroutin mair,
His queſtioun reid, aſſolye, and declair.
And the Burgeſſis, that this queſtioun weil knew,
Hes ordaned ane wyſe man, and ane trew,

The

The queſtioun to reid foroutin fail.
And he ſtude up, and this began his tail.

The anſweir to the firſt queſtioun.

EXCELLENT hie, richt michty prince, and King!
Your Hienes heir wald faine wit of this thing,
Quhy burges bairnis thryvis not to the thrid air;
Can never thryve bot of al baggis is bair.
And ever mair that is for to ſay,
It that thair eldars wan thay caſt away?
This queſtioun declair ful weill I can:
Thay begin not quhair thair fathers began.
Bot, with ane heily hart, baith doſt and derſt,
Thay ay begin quhair that thair fathers left.
Of this mater largelie to ſpeik mair,
Quhy that thay thryve not to the thrid air;
Becaus thair fathers purelie can begin;
With hap, and halfpenny, and a lambs ſkin.
And purelie ran fra toun to toun on feit;
And than richt oft wetſhod, werie, and weit.
Quhilk at the laſt, of monie ſmals, couth mak
This bonie pedder ane gude fute pak.
At ilkane fair this chapman ay was fund;
Quhil that his pak was wirth fourtie pund.
To beir his pak, quhen that he feillit force,
He bocht ful ſone ane mekil ſtalwart hors.
And at the laſt ſo worthelie up wan,
He bocht ane eart to carie pot and pan;
Baith Flanders coffers, with counters and kiſt;
He wox a grand rich man or anie wiſt.

And ſyne unto the town, to ſel and by,
He held a chop to ſel his chaffery.
Than bocht he wol, and wyſelie couth it wey,
And efter that ſone ſaylit he the ſey;
Than come he hame a verie potent man;
And ſpouſit ſyne a michtie wyfe richt than.
He ſailit over the ſey ſa oft and oft
Quhil at the laſt ane ſemelie ſhip he coft.
And waxe ſa ful of warldis welth and win;
His hands he wiſh in ane ſilver baſin.
Foroutin gold or ſilver into hurde,
Wirth thrie thouſand pund was his cophurde.
Riche was his gounis with uther garments gay;
For ſonday ſilk, for ilk day grene and gray.
His wyfe was cumlie cled in ſcarlet reid.
Scho had na dout of derth of ail nor breid.
And efter that, within a twentie yeir,
His ſone gat up ane ſtelwart man, and ſtein.
And efter that this burges we of reid
Deit, as we mon do al indeid.
And fra he was deid than come his ſone,
And enterit in the welth that he had wone.
He ſteppit not his ſteps in the ſtreit,
To win this welth; nor for it was he weit.
Quhen he wald ſleip, he wantit not a wink
To win this welth: na for it ſweit na ſwink.
Thairfoir that lichtlie cums wil lichtlie ga.
To win this welth he had na work, nor wa.
To win this gude he had not ane il houre;
Quhy ſould he have the ſweit had not the ſoure?

pon his fingers with riche rings on raw,
is mother not tholit the reik on him to blaw.
nd wil not heir, for very ſhame and ſin,
hat ever his father ſald ane ſheip ſkin.
e wald him ſayne with Benedicite
uha ſpak of onie degrading of his degrie.
/ith twá men and ane varlot at his bak;
nd ane libberly ful lytil to lak;
/ith ane wald he baith wod and wraith
uha at him ſpeirit how ſald he the claith?
t haſard wald he derflie play at dyſe;
nd to the taverne eith he was to tyſe.
hus wiſt he never of wa, bot ay of weil,
uhil he had ſlielie ſlidden fra his ſeil;
yne to the court than can he mak repair,
nd fallow him ſyne to ane Lords air.
e weips nocht for na warld's welth, nor win,
uhil drink and dyce have pourit him to the pin.
e can not mak be craft to win ane eg;
uhat ferlie is thoch burges bairnes beg?
nd, Sir, this is the caus, as I declair,
uhy burges bairnes thrives not to the thrid air.
/eil, quod the King, thow ſerves thy rewaird;
or wyſelie hes thow this queſtioun declaird.
r Clark, tak ink, with pen on paper wryte;
nd as he ſaid thow dewlie put on dyte.
HAN to his Lords cum is this nobil king,
eſyrand for to wit the ſolyeing
f this queſtioun, this probleame, and this dout,
he quhilks Lords had al than round about,

Advyſetlie,

Advyſetlie, as weil it ſould accord,
Thair language laid upon ane agit Lord.
The quhilk ſtude up, and rich wyſelie did vail
Unto the King, and this began his taill.

The anſwere to the ſecond queſtioun.

EXCELLENT hie, richt michty Prince and ſure
Ay at your call we ar, under your cure.
And now ſen ye have gart us hither cum,
This dout for to declair, baith al and ſum,
That is to ſay, the cauſe quhairfoir and quhy
Sic worthie Lords war in dayis gane by;
Sa ful of fredome, worſhip, and honour,
Hardie in hart, to ſtand in everie ſtour:
And now in us, ye meine ay mair and mair
Into your tyme ye find the hail contrair?
Sir, this it is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy:
Your Juſtice ar ſa ful of ſucquedry;
Sa covetous, and ful of avarice,
That thay your Lords impaires of thair pryce.
Thay dyte your lords, and heryis up your men:
The theif now fra the leillman quha can ken?
Thay wryte up leill, and fals, baith al and ſum;
And dytes them under ane pardoun.
Thus, be the huſbandman never ſa leil,
He dytit is, as ane theif is to ſtell.
Thay luke to nocht bot gif ane man have gude;
And it I trow man pay the Juſtice fude:
The theif ful weill he wil himſelf overby;
Quhen the leill man into the lack wil ly.

The leil man for to compone wil nocht conſent,
Becaus he waits he is ane innocent.
Thus ar the huſbands dytit al but dout;
And heryit quyte away al around about.
Sumtyme, quhen huſbandmen went to the weir,
Thay had ane jack, ane bow, or els ane ſpeir:
And now befoir quhair thay had ane bow,
Ful faine he is on bak to get ane fow.
And, for ane jak, ane raggit cloke hes tane;
Ane ſword, ſweir out, and rouſtie for the rane.
Quhat ſould ſic men to gang to ane hoiſt,
Lyker to beg than enemies to boiſt?
And your Lords, fra thair tennantes be puir,
Of gold in kiſt na koffer has na cuir.
Fra thay be al puir that ar them under;
Thoch tha be puir your Lords is na wonder:
For ritch huſbands, and tenants of grit micht,
Helps ay thair Lords to hald thair richt.
And quhen your Lords ar puir, this to conclude,
Thay ſel thair ſonnes and airs for gold and gude;
Unto ane mokrand carle, for dereſt pryſe,
That wiſt never yit of honour, nor gentryſe.
This worſhip, and honour of linage,
Away it weirs thus for thair diſparage.
Thair manheid, and thair menſe, this gait thay murle;
For mariage thus unyte of ane churle.
The quhilk wiſt never of gentrie, na honour,
Of fredome, worſhip, vaſſalage, nor valour.
This is the cauſe dreidles, for withoutin dout,
Fra al your Lords how honour is al out.

And

And thus my Lords bade me to yow ſay,
How honour, fredome, and worſhip, is away.
THAN ſpak the King, your concluſion is quaint;
And thairattour ye mak to us a plaint:
And in your ſentence thus ye meine to ſay
Leil men ar hurt, and theifis gets away.
And thus methink ye meine juſtice is ſmuird;
Your tennants, and your leill huſbands, ar puird
And, quhan that thay ar puird, than ar ye pure.
The quilk to yow is baith charge and cure;
That ye for gold baith wed and wage;
Ye ſel your ſones and aires mariage
To cairls of kynde; and, bot for thair riches,
In quhom is na nurture, nor nobilnes,
Fredome, worſhip, manheid, nor honour,
The quhilk to us and yow is diſhonour.
In ſame kil thus ſhortly I conclude,
As ye that ar diſcendand of our blude,
For the quhilk thing I will ye underſtand,
With God's grace, wee tak it upon hand,
To ſef or this as reſſoun can remeid;
In tyme to cum thairof thair be na pleid.
With our Juſtice thair ſal pas ane Doctour,
That lufis God, his ſaul, and our honour.
The quhilk ſal be ane Doctour in the Law,
That ſal the faith of veritie weil knaw:
And fra hence furth he ſal baith heir and ſe
Baith theif puneiſt, and leil men live in lie.
For weil I wait thair can be na war thing
Than covetyce, in Juſtice, or in King,

Efter this tail in us ye fal not taint;
Nor yit of our Juſtice to mak ane plaint.
And afterward ſa did this King but cheſſoun;
On him micht na man plenie of reſſoun.
Syne bad his Clark, but onie variance,
Wryte this in his buik of remembrance.
THAN to the Clergie came this nobill king
Of his queſtioun to heir the abſolving.
And thay, as men of wiſdome in al wark,
Had laid thair ſpeich upon ane cunning clark.
The quhilk in vaine in ſcule had not tane grie;
In al ſcience ſevin he was an A per ſe:
And in termes ſhort, and ſentence fair,
The queſtioun began for to declair.
That is to ſay quhairfoir and quhy,
In auld times and dayes of anceſtry,
Sa monie Biſhops war and men of kirk
Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk;
And throw thair prayers, maid to God of micht,
The dum men ſpak; the blind men gat thair ſicht;
The deif men heiring; the cruikit gat thair feit;
Was nane in bail bot weil thay could them beit.
And quhairfoir now al that cuir can warie,
Methink ye mene quhairfoir ſa may not we?
And thus it is your quodlibet and dout,
Ye gave to us, to reid, and gif it out.

The anſwer to the thrid queſtioun.

THIS is the caus, richt michtie King! at ſhort,
To your Hienes as we ſal thus report.

The

The lawit folkes this law wald never ceis
But with thair uſe, quhen Biſhops war to cheis
Unto the kirk thay gadred, auld and ying,
With meik hart, faſting and praying;
And prayit God, with words not in waiſt,
To ſend them wit doun, be the halie Gaiſt,
Quhan them amang was onie Biſhop deid,
To ſend to them ane Biſhop in his ſteid.
And yet amang us ar fund wayis thrie
To cheis ane Biſhope, after ane uther die.
That is to ſay the way of the halie Gaiſt,
Quhilk takin is of micht and vertue maiſt.
The ſecond is, by way of electioun,
Ane Parſone for to cheis of perfectioun,
In that cathedral kirk, and in that ſe,
In place quhair that Biſhope ſuld choſen be:
And gif thair be nane abil thair that can
That office weil ſteir, quhat ſal thay than
Bot to the thrid way to ga forthi?
Quhilk is callit (via ſcrutavi)
That is to ſay, in al the realme and land,
Ane man to get for that office gainand.
Bot thir thrie wayis, withoutin ony pleid,
Ane ſould we cheis after ane uther's deid.
Bot, ſir, now the contrair wee find,
Quhilk puts al our heavines behind.
Now ſal thair nane, of thir wayis thrie,
Be choſen now ane Biſhope for to be;
Bot that your micht and Majeſtie wil mak
Quhatever he be, to loiſe or yit to lak;

Than heyly to ſit on the rayne-bow.
Thir Biſhops cums in at the north window;
And not in at the dur, nor yit at the yet:
Bot over waine and quheil in wil he get.
And he cummis not in at the dur,
God's pleuch may never hald the fur.
He is na Hird to keip thay ſely ſheip;
Nocht bot ane tod in ane lambſkin to creip.
How ſould he kyth mirakil, and he ſa evil?
Never bot by the dyſmel, or the devil.
For, now on dayes, is nouther riche nor pure
Sal get ane kirk, al throw his literature.
For ſcience, for vertew, or for blude,
Gets nane the kirk; bot baith for gold and gude.
Thus, greit excellent King! the halie Gaiſt
Out of your men of gude away is chaiſt:
And, war not that doutles I yow declair,
That now as than wald hail baith ſeik and ſair.
Sic wickednes this world is within,
That ſymonie is countit now na ſin.
And thus is the caus, baith al and ſum,
Quhy blind men ſicht, na heiring gets na dum.
And thus is the caus, the ſuith to ſay,
Quhy hâlines fra kirkmen is away.
Than, quod the King, well underſtand I yow.
And heir to God I mak ane aith and vow;
And to my crown, and to my cuntrie to;
With kirk-gude ſal I never have ado,
It to diſpone to lytil or to large;
Kirkmen to kirk ſen they have al the charge.

Than had this nobil King lang tyme and ſpace;
And in his tyme was mekil luk and grace.
His Lords honourit him efter thair degrie;
The Huſbands peice had and tranquilitie;
The Kirk was frie quhil he was in his lyfe;
The Burges ſones began than for to thryfe.
And efter long was never king more wyſe:
And levit, and deit, and endit in God's ſerviſe.
And than ſpak al that fellowſhip, but fail,
God and Sanct Martyne quyte yow of your tail.
And than ſpak Maiſter Archebald fallis we
Gude tail or evil, quhider that ever it be.
Thus, as I can, I ſal it tel but hyre,
To hald my fute out of this felloun fyre.

The ſecond taill tald be M. Archebald.

A KING thair was ſumtyme, and eik a Queene,
As monie in the land befoir had bene.
The king was fair in perſoun, freſh and fors;
Ane feirie man on fute, or yit on hors.
And nevertheles feil falts him befell:
Hee luifit over weil yong counſel:
Yong men he luifit to be him neiſt;
Yong men to him thay war baith Clark and Preiſt.
Hee luifit nane was ald, or ful of age;
Sa did he nane of ſad counſel nor ſage.
To ſport and play, quhyle up, and quhylum dou
To al lichtnes ay was he redie boun.
Sa ouir the ſey cummin thair was a clark,
Of greit ſcience, of voyce, word, and wark:

And dreſſit him, with al his beſynes;
Thus with this king to mak his recidens.
Weil ſaw he with this king micht na man byde,
Bot thay that wald al ſadnes ſet on ſyde.
With club, and bel, and partie cote with eiris,
He feinyeit him ane fule, fond in his feiris.
French, Dutche, and Italie yit als,
Weil could he ſpeik, and Latine feinye fals.
Unto the kirk he came, befoir the king,
With club, and cote, and monie bel to ring.
Dieu gard, ſir king, I bid nocht hald in hiddil;
I am to yow als ſib as ſeif is to ane riddil.
Betwixt us twa mot be als mekil grace,
As froſt and ſnaw fra Yule is unto Pace.
Wait yee how the Frenche man ſayis ſyne,
Nul bon, he ſayis, *monſieur ſans pyne*.
With that he gave ane loud lauchter on loft:
Honour, and eis, ſir, quha may have for nocht?
Cum on thy way, ſir king, now for Sanct Jame,
Thow with me, or I with the, gang hame.
Now be Sanct Katherine, quod the king, and ſmyld,
This fule hes monie waverand word, and wyld.
Cum hame with mee: thow ſal have drink ynouch.
Grand mercy, quod the fuill agane, and leuch.
Now quod the king, fra al dulnes and dule
Wee may us keip, quhil that wee have this fuil.
He feinyeit him a fuil in deid and word;
The wyſer man the better can be bourd.
Quhil at the laſt this fuil was callit alway
Fuil of fuiles, and that ilk man wald ſay,

Thus was this fuil ay ſtil with the King,
Quhil he had weil conſidderit, in al thing,
The conditions, uſe, manner, and the gyſe,
And coppyit weil the king on his beſt wyſe.
Sa fel it on a day this nobil king
Unto ane cietie raid for his ſporting:
This fuil perſavit weil the King wald pas.
Unto ane uther cietie, as it was,
He tuke his club, and ane table, in his hand,
For to prevene the tyme he was gangand.
Sa be the way ane woundit man fande he;
And with this fuil war runners, twa or thrie,
Sum of the court, and ſum of the kitchene,
And ſaw ane man, but Leiche or Medycene,
Sa ſair woundit micht nouther ga ner ſteir:
At him this fuil con al the caus ſpeir.
He anſwered, and ſaid, rever and theif,
Thou hes me hurt, and brocht me in miſcheif.
With that his wounds war fillit ful of fleis,
As ever in byke theair biggit onie beis.
Than ane of them, that had pitie, can pray
That he mot ſkar they felloun fleis away.
Than ſpak the fuil and ſaid, lat them be now m
For thay ar ful; the hungry wil cum than.
For thir dois nocht bot ſits, as thou may ſe;
For thay ar als ful as thay may be:
Be thir away it is evil, and na gude,
The hungrie fleis wil cum and ſouk his blude.
The ofter that thir fleis away be cheiſt,
The new fleis will mair of his blude waiſt:

And draw his blude, and ſouk him ſine ſa ſair;
Thairfoir ſat them alane; ſkar them na mair.
The ſair man him beheld, and him he demes,
And ſaid he was not ſik a fuil as he ſemes.
Sone, after that ane lytil, came the King,
With monie man can gladelie ſport and ſing;
Ane cow of birks into his hand had he,
To keip than weil his face fra midge and fle.
For than war monie fleand up and doun,
Throw kynd of yeir, and hait of that regioun.
Sa lukit he ane lytil by the way,
He ſaw the woundit man, quhair that he lay.
And to him came he rydand, and can fraine,
Quhat ailit him to ly and ſairly graine?
The man anſwered, I have ſik ſturt,
For beith with theif and rever I am hurt.
And yit, ſuppois I have all the pyne,
The falt is yowris, ſir King, and nathing myne.
For, and with yow gude counſal war ay cheif,
Than wald ye ſtanche weill baith rever and theif.
Have thow with the, that can weil dance and ſing,
Thow taks nocht thocht thi realms weip and wring.
With that the King the bob of birks can wave,
The fleis away out of his woundis to have:
And than began the woundit man to grane,
Do nocht ſa, ſir, allace I am ſlane.
How ſayis thow, thow tell me quod the King,
Quhy thow ſayis ſa I ferly of this thing?
And ſa ſaid al his men, that ſtude about,
Thow wald be haill and thay war chaſit out.

The ſair can ſay, be him that can us ſave,
Your fule, ſir King, hes mair wit than ye have.
And weil I ken, be his phiſnomie,
He hes mair wit nor al your cumpanie.
My tung is ſweir, my bodie hes na ſtrenth,
Frane at your fule he can tel yow at lenth;
I am but deid, and I may ſpeik na mair,
Adew, ſir, for I have ſaid: weil mot ye fair.
Fra this ſair man now cummin is the King,
Havand in mynd great murmour and moving;
And in his hart greit havines and thocht;
Sa wantonly in vane al thing he wrocht.
And how the cuntrie throw him was misfarne,
Throw yong counſel; and wrocht ay as a barne.
And yit, as he was droupand thus in dule,
Of al and al he ferleit of his fule:
Quhat kynde of man this fuil with him ſould be;
And quhat this ſair man be this fuil micht ſe.
And quhat it is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy,
He was wyſer than al his cumpany.
Quhan cummin was the king to that citie,
Full faſt than for his fule frainit he.
And quhan the king was ſet doun to his meit,
Unto his fuil gart mak ane ſemely ſeit;
Ane Roundel with ane cleine claith had he,
Neir quhair the king micht him baith heir and ſe
Than, quod the king, a lytil wie, and leuch,
Sir fuill, ye ar lordly ſet aneuch:
Quhan ye ar ful, quhat cal thay yow and how
Sa hamely as ye ar with me now?

Sir to my name thay cal me fule Fictus,
Befoir yow as ye may ſe me ſit thus;
And of this cuntrie certes am I borne,
With luk, and grace, and fortoun me beforne.
Schir fuill, tell me gif that ye ſaw this day
Ane woundit man ly granand by the way?
Ye, ſir, forſuith ſik ane man couth I ſie:
And in his wound was monie felloun flie.
Now, quod the king, ſir fuill, to me ye ſay
Quhy ſkarrit ye not thay flies al away?
Thocht ye it was ane deid of charitie,
In ſeik mans wound for to leife ane flie?
Sir, trow me weill, full ſuith it is I ſay,
Better was ſtil thay fleis, than ſkarrit away;
For gif ſa be the fleis away ye ſkar;
Than efter them cums hungriar be far.
Thairfoir war better let them be, but dout,
For the full fleis halds the hungrie out.
The hungrie flie, that never had been thair,
Scho ſouks the mans wound ſa wonder ſair;
And quhen the fleis ar ful than byde thay ſtil,
And ſtops the hungrie beis to cum thairtil.
Bot, ſir, allace, methink ſa do not ye;
Ye ar ſa licht and ful of vanitie:
And ſa weil lufis al new things to perſew;
That ilk ſeſſioun ye get ane ſervant new.
Quhat wil the ane now ſay unto the uther?
Now ſteir thy hand myne awin deir brother;
Win faſt be tyme; and be nocht lidder:
For wit thou weil, Hal binks ar ay ſlidder.

Thairfoir now, quhither wrang it be or richt,
Now gadder faſt, quhil we have tyme and micht.
Se na man now to the King eirand ſpeik,
Bot gif we get ane bud; or ellis we ſal it breik.
And quhan thay ar full of ſic wrang win,
Thay get thair leif: and hungryar cums in.
Sa ſharp ar thay, and narrowlie can gadder,
Thay pluck the puir, as thay war powand hadder.
And taks buds fra men baith neir and far;
And ay the laſt ar than the firſt far war.
Juſtice, Crounar, Sariand, and Juſtice Clark,
Removes the auld, and new men ay thay mark.
Thus ſla thay al the puir men belly flaucht;
And fra the puir taks many felloun fraucht:
And ſteirs them, and wait the tyde wil gang,
Syne efter that far hungrier cums than.
And thus gait ay the puir folk ar at under:
This world to ſink for ſin quhat is it wonder?
Thairfoir now, be this exampil we may ſe,
That ane new ſervant is lyke ane hungrie ſle.
Than, quod the King, quhat ſay ye to our fule,
Suppois that he had bene ane clark at ſcule?
To God now, quod the King, I mak ane vow,
Ye ar not ſik ane fule as ye let yow.
Thus wonderit al, the King that ſat about,
And of this fule had ferly, dreid, and dout.
Thoch he was fule in habit, in al feiris.
Ane wyſer ſpeik thay hard never with thair eiris.
Thus ferlyit al thair was, baith he and he,
Quhat maner of ane thing micht this be:

And lyke to ane was nocht into Rome,
Yit than his word was ful of al wiſdome.
For he as fule began guckit and gend,
And ay the wyſer man neirar the end.
And thus the King, and al his cumpany,
Upon this fuil had wonder and ferly.

Of the ſlaying of the man.

SYNE efter this ane gentleman percace
Had ſlane ane man, al throw his rakleſnes.
And to the court he come, and tald this thing
Unto ane man was inward with the King:
And ſaid, ſir, lo I am in the King's grace!
That hes ane man ſlane in my fault, allace!
And wil ye gar the King to that conſent,
For it I ſal yow pay, and content.
This courteour held on this to the king;
And tald him al this tail to the ending.
And than the king, for his lufe and inſtance,
Bad bring the man that happened that miſchance.
Unto the king his taill quhen he had tald;
Ful ſharplie to this man he could behald:
Ane ſemelie man of mak ſa ſemit he.
To ſlay that man he thocht ane greit pitie.
And bad him paſſe quhair he lykit to ga;
And be gude man and efter ſla na ma.
Sone efter that, within half a yair,
Ane uther man he ſlew withoutin weir.

Of the ſecond ſlayne man.

THAN to the court he cummin is agane,
Unto this man befoir his gold had tane;
And ſaid, ſir, I have ſlane, allace!
Ane uther man, throw misfortune and cace.
And wald ye help me, befoir as ye have done,
Ane ſowme of ſilver ye ſould have ful ſone:
Another ſowme I ſall give to the king;
Me hartlie to forgive into this thing.
Help me now, for God's owin deid:
Nane uther buit at yow bot I get remeid.
This courteour him anſwered thus agane,
This deid to do I am uncertane.
Quhen that thow ſlew bot ane, throw rakleſnes,
Of that thow micht have gotten forgivenes:
Sa may it nocht, quhen thow hes ſlane thus twa,
Notwithſtanding I wil for the ga;
The for to help I ſal get ſik aſſay;
And for the do alſmekil as I may.
Unto the king than come this courteour,
And lukit weil baith to his tyme and hour:
He lukit quhan the King was blyth and glad,
And nocht quhen he was heavie nor ſad.
Ful lawlie ſet he doun upon his kne,
Lo, ſir, he ſaid, ane thing of greit pitie!
The man that ye forgave, lyne halfe ane yeir,
Another man now hes he ſlane but weir.
Ane certane ſowme of gold thus ſal ye get,
And ye wald all your crabitnes foryet.

He wepes, and he ſichs now ſa ſair,
That he ſik miſſe will efter do na mair:
In all your realme thair is na wichter man;
Greit pitie is it for to tyne him than.
Ye may him have, and of his gold and geir,
He will ſtand yow in ſteid in tyme of weir.
Suppois he hes ſlane twa, better it is that ye
Have twa men ſlane, than thus for to ſla thrie.
Thairfoir heir I beſeik yow in this cace
That ye wald tak him in your gudelie grace.
The King bad than bring him to his preſence,
And him forgave all fault and offence:
And bad him ga, and do ſik miſſe na mair;
Thus tuke this man his leif and hame can fair.
Syne efterward this man that we of reid
The thrid man hes he ſlane yit indeid.

Of the thride ſlayne man.

THAN to the court agane maid his repair,
Sik grace to get agane as he did air.
Sa come hee to the courteour to tell
His fortoun, and his cace how it befell.
This courteour to ſpeik wald not ſpair,
For yow forſuith, ſir, dar I ſpeik na mair:
Sa oft and oft ye have done ſik miſcheif;
I dar not ſpeik it to the king for greif.
Now be my ſaul, and ſa mot I do weill,
Is na remeid, als far as I can feill,
Or quhither that ye ſal live the land, allace,
Or put yow yit into the King's grace.

This

This courteour agane unto the King
Now cummin is, and tald hail this thing;
And how the man, befoir the twa had ſlane,
The thrid man thus hes he ſlane agane.
With that the King, quhen that he hard the tai
In grit greif than wox he wan and pail.
And ſweith he ſaid, bring him now heir to me
Sal neyther gold nor gude let him to die.
Get he my pitie, than God put me out of my
And he wald gif me all the Golden Inde.
Syne gart he bring to him the ſamyn man,
Set doun to judge, to heid or to hang.
This man, that was ſa cumbred of this cace,
On kneis fel, and aſkit the Kings grace:
The king plainly all grace can him deny;
And tald to him the caus, and reſſoun quhy.
With that upon ane lytil bony ſtule
Sat Fictus, that was the Kings fule,
And ſaid, now an ye gar not heid or hang
This man, for them that he ſlew, it war wran
The firſt man, weil I grant, he ſlew;
The uther twa in faith them ſlew yow.
Had thou him puneiſt, quhan he ſlew the firſt,
The uther twa had bene levand I wiſt:
Thairfoir, allace, this tail, ſir, is over trew
For in gude faith the laſt twa men ye ſlew.
The Pſalmes ſayis David war and wyſe
Bliſt mot thay be that keips law and juſtice:
Thairfoir I wald that ye ſould not preſume
Na to have count, upon the day of Dome,

For mans body thair to give ane yeild,
Quhome to ye ſould be ſickar ſpeir, and ſheild,
Of all the realme, quhom of ye beir the croun,
Of lawit, and leirit; riche, pure; up and doun;
The quhilk, and thay be ſlane with mans hand,
Ane count thairof ye ſall gif I warrand;
Leſſe than it be throw ſum grit negligence,
Quhairin his mercy or in his defence.
And on the day of Dome, be Sanct Paull,
The Biſhops mon ay anſwer for the ſaull;
Gif it be loſt, for fault of preiſt or preiching,
Of the richt treuth it haif na cheſing;
In ſa far as the ſaull is forthy
Far worthier is than the blait body;
Many Biſhops in ilk realme wee ſee:
And bot ane King into ane realme to be,
Thus hes the ſaull mair work and cure
Than the body, that is of na valure.
Be this was ſaid, the King ſayis, wa is mee!
For I am fule of fules weill I ſee.
I ſe weill I have lytil part of ſcule,
That thus ſould be informit with ane fule:
I ſe weil be this taill this fule can tel
That I had greitly neid of wyſe counſell.
To ſend for all my Lords I conſent;
I deſyre this to be in Parliament.
And it be trew my fule hes ſaid me heir,
I ſal weil rewaird him withouttin weir:
And be it fals, and ful of fantaſy,
Ane fule he is, and fule him hald ſal I.

And, throw this fule, this man-ſlayer did get
Unto the Parliament perfyte reſpet.
And efter quhan thir Lords al can cum
Unto this Parliament, baith al and ſum,
Be al the thrie Eſtaits it was found,
Conſiderand al the mater, crop and ground,
This Fictus, that was callit the fule,
Was wyſe in word, thocht he was clark in ſcule.
The King bad al the thrie Eſtaits that thay
Sould ſit doun al, and ſic a ganand way,
Quhat men in hous war meit with him to dwell,
Of wiſdome for to gif him counſel;
And for to mak, be his Eſtaits thrie,
Into this realme concordant unitie.
And quhen that al this deid was dewlie done,
The King ſweir, be his ſceptour and his croun,
That he ſould never gif mercie to nane
That ſlauchter in his realme committit than
Aganis his will, bot throw his negligence,
Or ellis that it be fund in his defence.
And ſik ane rewll maid he into his land,
That luck and grace in it was ay growand.
And than this nobill King all lichtnes left;
All bot ane thing that was not fra him reft.
The quhilk for ill toungs long had bene:
Ane ſtill ſtrangenes betwixt him and his Queen
He beddit nocht richt oft, nor lay hir by,
Bot throw lichtnes did lig in lamenry.
SA happenit throw cace, into the toun,
Unto ane burges innis he maid him boun;

Ane lytill wie befoir the feiſt of Yule,
In cumpanie bot fyveſum, and his fule.
This burges had ane dochter to him deir,
Ane bonie wenche ſhe was, withoutin weir:
The King on hir he caſts his luſtie eine,
And with hir faine wald in ane bed haif bene.
Hee wiſt full weill that nane had hee
That was ſa ſubtill as Fictus was, and ſlee;
He callit him, and privilie can ſay,
Sik fanteſie hes put me in effray,
I am ſa ful of luſt and fanteſy,
With this madyn, on benk that ſits me by,
For gold, for gude; for wage, or yit for wed;
This nicht I wald have hir to my bed.
Than, quod the fuill, I underſtand yow weill;
I tak on hand to do it everie deill.
Sit ſtill now, ſir, wil ye let me allane;
Be mee this eirand ſall be undertane.
Sone efter, quhan thay war at ſport and play,
The fule came to this bonie prettie may;
And ſaid, Madyn wiſt ye of the degrie
How pleſant it is to God virginitie?
Tak exampill S. Margaret and Katrine;
And monie uther ſants that ar ſine:
In Hevins bleſſe that hes ſik joy and grie,
With crown on heid, for thair virginitie.
I wait, for all the gold into this toun,
Of madynheid ye wald not tyne the croun.
Bot ay the King went he had beſie bene
Of the mater that was thir twa betwene:

And to the virgine yong thus ſpak the King,
Quhat my fule ſayis a trow be na leving.
Sir, quod ſho, his ſaw was ſuffiſand;
And as he ſayis I ſall do God willand.
Be that the kings Stewart cummin is
To have the king to his ſupper, I wis;
The king ſaid to his fule in privatie
Of the eirand, Fictus, how ſal it be?
Now hard yow not hirſelf conſent thairto,
That as I ſaid to yow ſho hecht to do?
Bot ane thing have I hecht ſickerly
That nane ſal cum about hir, ſir, bot I.
The virgine is bot yong, and thinks ſhame;
And is full laith to cum in ane ill name.
And quhan the kings ſupper was at end,
Fictus the fule unto the Queene can wend;
And to hir ſaid, do my counſel, madame,
To yow it ſall be nouther ſin nor ſhame.
A burges dochter, to hir father deir,
This nicht the King thinks to have but weir,
And tald hir all the cace, and maner how
Hir for to have he gart the King weil trow;
Bot that, be God, that with his blude us bocht,
With hir to gar him ſin was never my thocht.
The King commands to his chief Chalmerlane
Quhan ever I cum with hir I be intane;
And in his bed ſal prively in creip,
Quhil that the king ſal cum thair and ſleip;
And privelie thus, be the day agane,
Away with me the madyn ſal be tane.

Thairfoi

Thairfoir, madame, for God be not agaſt,
About your heid your cloke clenlie caſt:
Quhairfoir ſould ye dout or be a drad?
Is nane bot ye ſould bruik the King's bed.
The warſt may fall, ſuppoſe it wittin war,
Methocht he hang yow wil he never ſkar.
And thus is my counſel, Madame, ye do.
In faith, quod ſho, and I conſent thairto.
All thus and thus befoir as ye have hard
The Queene is brocht unto the king's bed;
The quhilk all nicht in uthers arms lay;
Quhat man to tel of al thair ſport and play?
The king thocht never nicht to him ſo ſhort;
Sa lykit he that nichts play and ſport.
And on the morne, a lytil befoir day,
The fule came in and tuke the Queene away.
And thus and thus, efter nichts thrie,
With his awin Queene grit gaming had and glie;
And weſt he wend that it had bene but weir
That with him lay the burges dochter deir;
Quhome throw he had ſik joy and ſik pleſance,
Quhilk maid him ay the fule for to avance.
Sa was the King ſa amorat of his fule,
Beſyde himſelf ay ſat upon a ſtule.
Was never yet mair joy and pleſance ſene
Than the king hes in bed with his awin queene.
And that was na grit ferly to befal,
For ſho was fair, and gude, and yong withal.
And thus the fule, quhen he perſaving had
How that the king ſa joyful was and glade,

Unto the king he came in privitie,
And ſaid, now, ſir, ane thing that ye tel me;
Quhairfoir it is the cace fane wit wald I
Quhy that ye have in yow ſik fantaſy
To ly with wemen, and of law degrie,
Aganis your Quen's wil and majeſtie?
Conſiderand weil that ſho is fair and gude,
With ilkane uther bewtie to conclude.
Or quhy at hir ye have al this deſpyte?
And quhy ye find in uthers ſik delyte?
Or quhat pleſance ye had thir nichts thrie,
With your awin Queene in bed than mair to be?
The king anſwered, and ſaid, now ſickarly
I cannot tel the reſſoun, caus, nor quhy,
Fictus, my fule, with the na mair to flyte,
Bot wantonlie ay followes my appetyte.
And quhan that my delyte is upon uther,
Than mony folk wil cum, and with me fludder;
And ſum wil tel il tailes of the Queene,
The quhilk be hir war never hard nor ſene.
And that I do thay ſay al weil is done.
Thus fals clatterars puts me out of tone:
And thus, becaus I am licht of feirs,
And heirs evil tailes, and lichtly lendis my eiris.
And thus of hir I have na appetyte,
And of al others ay have I grit delyte.
Sir, quod the fule, wil ye not conſent
Thir thrie nichts that ye war weil content?
Ye that I grant, be God that is of micht,
Had never nane mair pleſance on the nicht.

God,

God, quod the King, ſend my fortoun had bene
Sen ſho I had thir nichts thrie war Queene!
Quhat wil ye gif me, than ſpeiks the fule,
Suppoſe I be na cunning clark in ſcule,
Within thrie dayes to mak it weil ſene,
With God's law for to mak hir your Queene?
And thair to do ſal na man ſay agane;
And do I not my heid ſal be the pane.
Than, quod the King, thairto I hald my hand,
Thow ſal have gude gold, lordſhips, and land.
Or caſt fra the thy cote, and be thow wyſe,
Ane biſhoprik ſal be thy benefyſe.
Than, quod the fule, without feinyeing or fabil,
Hald up your hand to hald this firme and ſtabil.
The King thairto ſware oft and oft,
And thair he has his hand haldin on loft.
And now, quod the fule, it fallis to na King
To brek his vow, or yit his obliſſing:
And it that I have hecht thus ſone ſal be;
Scho is your Queene ye had thir nichts thrie.
That, quod the king, be him that deid on rude,
Sir fule, I trow ye may not mak that gude.
Sir I pray yow be not evil payit nor wraith,
Efter ſa ſtrait ane obleſſing and aith.
And gif that ſhe pleſit yow thir nichts thrie;
Fra hyneforth now quhairfoir may not ſa be?
Richt now ye wald have had hir to your wyfe;
And thairin now with me ye mak ane ſtryfe.
Quhat, quod the king, be him that was borne in Yule,
Thou art ane auld ſcoller at the ſcule.

I farly quhair ſik ſophine thou hes fund,
That with my awin band thou hes me bund.
Notwithſtanding I am hartly content
To my awin Queene I wil hartly conſent;
And mair attour, I ſweir the be the hevin,
I ſal hir never diſpleis for od nor evin,
With thy that ſhe may preif that it was ſho,
Thir nichts thrie with quhom I had ado.
And with that word, foroutin mair carping,
Unto the Queene's chalmer come the King,
And ſimply to hir preſence can perſew,
And tempit hir with tokens gude and trew;
And ſickarly he fand that it was ſho
With quhome thay nichts thrie he had ado.
Than joyful was he in his hart's ſplene,
Of the pleſance he had with his awin Queene,
Than on his kneis he aſkit forgivenes
For his licht laytes, and his wantones:
And ſho forgave him meiklie this ful tyte
That he had done throw lichtnes of delyte;
For weil ſho ſaw that al was fanteſy
That he uſit, and richt greit foly.
And thus the King and Queene, into this cace,
Thankit thair God for thair weilfair and grace.
And ſyne this fule thay thankit of al,
That cauſed ſik concord amang them fal.
And off his coate thay tirlit be the croun,
And on him keſt ane ſyde clarkly goun;
And quhen this ſyde goun on him micht be,
Ane cunning clark and wyſe than ſemit he.

Syne

Syne efter ſone ane Biſhop thair was deid,
Ful ſone was he maid Biſhop in his ſteid.
And to the King and Queene he was ful leif;
And of thair inwart counſell ay maiſt cheif.
And God ſend ſik examples ay wer ſene
To ilkane King that luifit nocht his Queene!
God gif us grace and ſpace on eird to ſpend!
Thus of my tail now cummin is the end.
And than ſpak al the fallowſhip thus ſyne,
God quyte yow, ſir, your tail, and ſant Martyne.
Sir Williame than ſayis, now fallis me
To tel ane tail; thoch I be of yow thrie
The febilleſt, and leiſt of literature;
Yit than, with all my diligence and cure,
To tell ane taill now ſik ane as I have:
Of me methink you ſould na uther crave.

The thrid taill tald be Maiſter Williame.

A KING thair is, and ever mair will be,
Thairfoir the KING of kings him call we.
Thus he had a man, as hes mony,
Into this land, als riche as uther ony.
This man, that we of ſpeik, had freinds thrie;
And luſit them nocht in ane degrie.
The firſt freind, quhil he was laid in delf,
He luſit ay far better than himſelf:
The nixt freind than alſweil luifit he,
An he himſelf luifit in al degrie:
The thrid freind he luifit this and ſwa
In na degrie like to the tother twa;

Suppois he was ane friend to him in name,
To him as freind yit wald he never clame.
The tother twa his freindis war indeid
As he thocht quhen that he had onie neid.
Sa fell it on ane day ſone efter than
This [King] he did ſend about this rich man;
And ſent to him his officer, but weir,
Thus but delay befoir him to compeir.
And with him count and give reckning of all
He had of him al tyme baith grit and ſmal.
With that this officer paſt on gude ſpeid,
And ſummond this riche man we of reid;
And al the cace to him he can record,
That he in haiſt ſould cum to his awin Lord.
This rich man be he had hard this tail
Ful ſad in mynd he wox baith wan and pail.
And to himſelfe he ſaid, ſickand ful ſair,
Allace how now! this is ane haiſty fair!
And I cum thair, my tail it wil be taggit;
For I am red that my count be ovir raggit.
Quhat ſal I do, now may I ſay, allace:
A cumbred man I am into this cace.
I have na uther help, nor yit ſupplie,
Bot I wil pas to my freinds thrie:
Twa of them I luifit ay ſa weil,
But ony fault thair freindſhip wil I feil.
The thrid freind I leit lichtly of ay;
Quhat my he do to me bot ſay me nay?
Now wil I pas to them, and preif them now,
And tel them al the caus and maner how.

To the firſt friend.

THVS came he to his freind that he
Lufit better than himſelf in al degrie.
And ſaid, lo freind my hart thow ever had;
And now, allace, I am ful ſtraitly ſtad.
To me the King his officer hes ſend;
For he wil that my count to him be kend:
And I am laith, allane, to him to ga,
Without with me ane freind be ane or twa.
Thairfoir I pray yow that ye tel me now to
In this mater quhat is the beſt ado?
And thus anſwered this freind agane, that he
Over al this warld lufit as A per C,
The devill of hell, he ſaid, now mot me hing,
And I compeir befoir that crabit King!
He is ſa ful of juſtice, richt, and reſſoun,
I lufe him not in ocht that will me cheſſoun.
He lufis not na riches, be the Rude,
Nor hilenes in hart, nor evil won gude.
Than evil won gude to gar men gif agane
Thair may be na war uſe now in ane.
Agane him can I get na gude defence;
Sa juſt he is, and ſtark in his conſcience.
And al things in this warld that I call richt,
It is nocht worth an eg into his ſicht:
And it that is my lyking and my eis
To him alway will neither play nor pleis:
And that to me is baith joy and gloir,
As fantaſys judgit him befoir.

And thus he is aganis me ay and ever;
And weill I wait thairfoir he lufit me never.
He hes na lyking lufe, nor luſt of me,
Na I to him quhill the day I die.
Quhairto thairof ſould mak ony mair?
I cum nocht to the King, I the declair.
Fra tyme that thow art under now areiſt
Of the, in faith, I have but lytle feiſt.
Be me I trow, thow art but lytill meind:
Pas on thy way and ſeik another freind.
Now is this man ſair murnand in his mynde,
Sayand, allace my freind is over unkynde!
Quhome I wend was ſupport and ſupplie,
And now, allace, the contrair now I ſie!
Away he wend, ſayand in wordis wylde,
I grant be God that I am all begylde.

The ſecound friend.

VNTO this tother friend cummin is this man,
That as himſelfe befoir he lufit than.
And ſaid, lo freind, the King hes ſend for me
His officer; and biddis that I be
At him in haiſt; and cum ſone to his call:
And to him mak my count of grit and ſmall,
That I of him in all my dayis had.
And I ſie richt I am ſtraitlie ſtad!
Now, as my freind, I hidder come to the
Quhome as myſelfe I lufe in al degre.
For quhen I am in ſtryfe, or yit in ſturt,
Into my hart methink thow ſould be hurt.

Thairfoir

Thairfoir I pray that thow wald underta
With me unto yon King that thow wald ga.
This freind anſwered, and ſaid to him agane,
I am diſpleiſit, and ill payit of thy pane;
Bot I am nocht redie, in onie thing,
With the for to compeir befoir that king.
Thoch he hes ſend for the his officer;
I may not ga with the quhat wil thow mair?
Sa with the I bid nocht for to lane;
I am ful red that I cum never agane.
Quha ſal me mend, and of my bail me beit,
To tak the ſower and for to leif the ſweit?
Quhat I have heir daylie in faith I ſeill;
And that quhat I ſall have I weit not weill.
Thairfoir this tail is trew into al tyde,
Quhair ane feiris weil the langer ſould he byde.
Thairfoir, methink that I ſould be to ſweir
Befoir yon king with yow for to appeir.
Bot a thing is to ſay in termes ſhort,
With yow my freind I wil ga to the port:
Truſt weil of me na mair of myne ye get,
Fra ye be anis in at the king's yet.
And thus ſhortly, with yow for to conclude,
Mair nor is ſaid of me ye get na gude.
With that the man that thus charged his freind,
He ſaid, allace I may na longer leind!
Sen I my twa beſt freinds couth aſſay:
I can nocht get a freind yit to my pay,
That dar now tak in hand, for onie thing,
With me for to compeir befoir yon king.

Quhaſaever may vennome or poiſoun taiſt,
That be the hand in quhom thair traiſt is maiſt.
Me to begyle quha hes mair craft and gin
Than thay in quhome my traiſt ay maiſt is in?
Quhat ferly now with nane thoch I be meind,
Sen thus falſly now failyes me my freind?
Now weil I ſe, and that I underta,
Than feinyeit freind better is open fa.
Als ſuith it is as ſhips faillis over watters,
And weil I wait al is not gold that glitters.
Now is over lait to preif my freind indeid,
Quhan that I have ſik miſter, and ſik neid:
Better had bene be tyme I had overtane,
To preif my freind, quhen miſter had I nane.
Allace, quhat ſal I ſay? quhat ſal I do?
I have na ma freinds for to cum to.
Bot ane the quhilk is callit my thrid freind;
With him I trow I will be lytil meind.
To ga to him I wait bot wind in waiſt,
For in him I have lytil trouth or traiſt;
Becaus to him I was ſa oft unkinde;
And as my freind he was not in my mynde;
Bot helelie and lichtlie of him leit,
And now to him thus mon I ga and greit,
How ſould I mourne, or mak my mane him to?
Befoir with him I had ſa lytil ado.
Suppois to me he was ane freind in name,
Yit than as friend to him wald I never clame,
Of him I had ful lytil joy or feiſt;
Of al my freinds in faith I lufit him leiſt.

Quhat ferly is I be not with him meind;
I held him nocht bot for a quarter freind.

To the thrid freind.

NOW cummin the man that we of reid
Unto this thrid freind, quhen he had neid,
And tald him the maner, and the cace,
How on him laid an officer his mace,
And ſummond him, and bad he ſould compeir
Befoir the King, and gif ane count perqueir;
And to him mak ane ſharp count of al
He had into his lyfe, baith grit and ſmal.
And thus anſwered his freind to him agane
Of the in faith, gude freind, I am ful fane.
Of me altyme thow gave but lytil tail;
Na of me wald have dant nor dail.
And thow had to me done onie thing,
Nocht was with hart; bot vane gloir, and hething.
With uther freinds thou was ſa weill ay wount,
To me thow had ful lytil clame or count.
To the thow thocht I was not wort ane prene,
And that I am ful rade on the beſene;
And yit the lytil kyndnes that thow
To me hes had weil ſal I quyte it now.
For with the ſal I ga unto the King,
And for the ſpeik, and plie intil al thing.
Quhairever thow ga, with me thow ſall be meind,
And ever halden for my tender friend.
The King he luſis me weil, I wait,
Bot ever, allace, to me thow cum over lait;

And

And thow my counſal wrocht had in al thing;
Ful welcum had thou bene ay to that King.
Betwixt us twa wit he of unkyndnes,
Sone wil thow feil he wil the lufe the les:
Wit he betwixt us twa be one lufe,
He wil be rich: weil payit and the approfe:
And he to me wit thow maid ony falt,
To the that wil be ful ſowre and ſalt.
And than weil ſal thou find, as thou lufit me,
In al maner of way ſa ſal he the.
Quhat is thair mair of this mater to meine?
With the befoir the king I ſal be ſene.
Quhairever thow ga, withoutin ony blame,
As tender freind to the I ſal ay clame;
Without offence to be thy defendar,
And ay trewly to be thy protectour:
Befoir quhat judge thou appeir up or doun,
The to defend I ſal be reddie boun.
And quhither I cum agane heir ever or never
Fra the thus ſal I never mair diſſever.
Thoch he the bind and caſt the in a cart,
To heid or hang, fra the I ſal nocht part.
Quhat wil thou mair that I may ſay the til?
I am reddie; cum on quhanever thou wil.
Allace! allace! than ſayis this riche man,
Over few I find are in this warld that can
Cheis ay the beſt of thir freinds thrie,
Quhill that the tyme be gane that thay ſould be.
Thow leifs nocht ſin quhill ſin hes left the;
And than quhan that thow ſeis that thow man de:

Than is over lait, allace! havand ſik let,
Quhan deith's cart will ſtand befoir the yet.
Allace, ſend ilkane man wald be ſa kynde
To have this latter freind into his mynde!
And nocht traiſt in this uther freinds twa,
With him befoir the King that wil nocht ga!

Quha be thir thrie freinds.

GVDE folk, I wald into this warld that ye
Sould underſtand quhilk ar thir freinds thre;
Quha is the King; quha is this officer;
And quha this riche man is. I will declair.
The King is God, that is of michts maiſt,
The Father, Sone, and eik the haly Gaiſt,
In ane Godheid, and yit in perſones thre,
Thairfoir the King of kings him call we.
This officer but dout is callit Deid;
Is nane his power agane may repleid:
Is nane ſa wicht, na wyſe, na of ſik wit,
Agane his ſummond ſuithly that may ſit.
Suppoſe thay be als wicht as ony wall,
Thow man ga with him to his Lords hall.
Is na wiſdome, riches, na yit ſcience,
Aganis his officer may mak defence:
Is neyther caſtell, torret, nor yit tour,
May ſcar him anis the moment of ane hour.
His ſtraik it is ſa ſharpe it will not ſtint
Is nane in eird that may indure his dint;
He is ſa trew in his office, and lele,
Is na praktik agane him to appele.

Gold,

Gold, nor gude, corn, cattell, nor yit ky,
This officer with bud may nocht overby.
This riche man is baith thow and he,
And al that in the warld is that mon die.
And als ſone as the deid till us will cum,
Than ſpeik we to our freinds all and ſum.

Quhat is menit be the firſt freind.

THE firſt freind is bot gude penny and pelfe,
That mony man lufis better than himſelfe.
And quhan to me or the cumis our deid,
Our riches than will ſtand us in na ſteid:
To pairt fra it ſuppoſe we graine and greit,
It ſayis fairweil! agane we will never meit!
Thus, have we ever ſa mekill gold, and gude,
With us nane may we turs, ſuppoſe we war wod.
The mair golde and gude that ever we have,
The mair count thairof this King will crave.
And thus the day, and deid, quhan we mon die,
Fra us away full faſt all riches will flie.
Thus hald I man unwyſe, I underta,
That halds ane for his freind, and is his fa.
Thir thre ar ay haldin for fais evill,
Our awne fleſche, the warld, and the devill.
And thus thy freind, ſa mekil of the mais,
Is countit ane of thy maiſt felloun fais;
And now with the he will nocht gang ane fute
Befoir this King, for the to count or mute.
Thus may thow ſie this warlds wit forthy
Befoir this King is bot grit fantaſy.

Quha

Quha is menit be the ſecound freind.

THIS ſecund freind, lat ſe, quhome will we call
Bot wyfe, and barne, and uther freinds all?
That thus anſweres, and ſayis in tymes ſchort,
We will nocht ga with the bot to the port:
That is to ſay unto the Kings yet;
With the farder to ga is nocht our det.
Quhilk is the yet, that we call now the port?
Nocht but our graif to pas in as a mort.
And than with us unto that yet will cum
Baith wyfe, and bairnes, and freinds al and ſum:
And thair on me, and the, lang will thay greit,
Into this world agane or ever we meit.
In at the yet with thē now quha wil ga,
That I have tald heir of thy freinds twa?
Riches, nor gude; wyfe, barne, nor freind,
Of thir foirſaid with the will never leind.
And quhan that thow art laid into thy hole,
Thy heid will be na hyer than thy ſole.
And than quhair is thy cod, courche or cap,
Baith goun and hude had wont the for to hap?
Nocht bot ane ſheit is on thy body bair;
And as thow hes done heir ſa finds thow thair.

Quhat is menit be the thrid freind.

THIS thrid freind quhome will we cal, let ſie;
Nocht ellis bot Almos deid and charitie.
The quhilk freind anſwered with words ſweit,
Of me, as freind ſuppoſe thow lytle leit,

Yit,

Yit, for the lytle quantance that we had,
Sen that I ſe the in ſtùrt ſa ſtraightly ſtad,
Quhairever thow ga, in eird or art,
With the my freind yit ſall I never part.
Quhairever thow ga, ſuppoſe a thowſand ſhore the,
Even I thy Almos deid ſall ga befoir the.
For as thow ſeis watter dois ſlokkin fyre,
Sa do I Almos deid the Judges ire.
Thairfoir, gude folkes, be exampil we ſe
That there is nane thus, of thy freinds thre,
To ony man that may do gude, bot ane;
Almos deid that it be ſeindle tane.
Into this warld of it we lat lichtly,
Throw fleſhely luſt fulfillit with folly;
Quhill all our tyme in ſantaſy be tint,
And than to mend we may do nocht bot minte.
It for to do we have na tyme, nor grace,
Into this eird quhill we have time and ſpace.
Than cumis deid hâve done! do fort thy det!
Cum on away the cart is at the yet.
Than will we ſay with mony woful wis
Allace! allace! be tyme had wittin this!
I ſould have done pennance, faſt, and pray;
And delt my guds in almis deids alway.
Thairfoir my counſall is that we mend,
And lippin nocht all to the latter end.
And ſyne, to keip us fra the ſinnes ſevin,
That we may win the hie blys of hevin:
And thus out of this warld that we may win
But ſhame, or det, or deidly ſin.

And than ſpeiks the tother twa full tyte,
This gude tale ſir I trow God will yow quyte.

FINIS.

THE Printer of this preſent Treatiſe hes (according to the King's Majeſties licence grantit to him) printit ſindrie uther delectabill Diſcourſes undernamit, ſic as are

Dauid Lindeſayes Play. Philotus.
Freirs of Berwick & Bilbo.

Quhilk are to be ſauld in his Buith at the weſt ſide of Auld Provoſts cloſehead on the North ſide of the Gate, ane lytill above the Salt-trone.

GOD SAVE THE KING AND QUEENE.

HEIR BEGINNIS

Ane Treatiſe callit the PALICE of HONOUR,

Compylit be Mr. GAWINE DOUGLAS, BISCHOP of DUNKELD.

Imprentit at EDINBURGH, be JOHN ROS,

For HENRIE CHARTERIS, ANNO. 1579.

CUM PRIVILEGIO REGALI*.

* Compared with the London edition, 1553, 4to. "Imprinted at London in Fletſtret at the ſygne of the Roſe garland by Wyllyam Copland.—God ſave Quene Marye."

The ſpelling of 1553 is more Engliſh; of this more Scotiſh; but minutiæ are not attended.

TO THE

READAR

QUHEN we had ſene and conſidderit the divers impreſſi
befoir imprented of this notabill werk, to have bene altogi
faultie and corupt, not only that quhilk has bene imprenti
London, but alſo the copyis ſet furth of auld, amangis
ſelfis; we have thocht gude, to take ſome peinis and traive
to have the ſamen mair commodiouſly and correctly ſet fu
to the intent, that the benevolent Reidar, may have the n
delyte and pleſure in reiding, and the mair fruite in per
this pleſand, and delectable werk.

Argument of Part I.

The poet gangs into a gardyne—Falls in a ſwoun—Is tranſportit to a deſert—Complaint agan Forteun—Court of Minerva *apperis—Wiſe men hir attendants—Gangand till the* Palace of Honour—*Court of* Diana—*Court of* Venus—*Hir attendants—The poet complains agan her: and is bound and broht befoir hir court—His defens, and hir reply—He is condemnit.*

THE

PROLOGUE.

§ I.

QUHEN paill Aurora with face lamentabill
Her ruſſet mantill borderit all with ſabill,
Lappit about, be heuinly circumſtance,
The tender bed and aires honorabill
Of Flora quene till flowris amiabill,
In May I rais to do my obſervance:
And enterit in a gardyne of pleſance
With ſol depaint, as Paradice delectabil,
And bliſsfull bewis, with blomed varyance.

II.

Sa craftily dame FLORA had ouir fret
Hir heuinly bed, powderit with mony a ſet
Of ruby, topas, perle and emerant.
With balmy dew, bathit and keyndlie wet;
Quhill vapours hote richt freſche and weil ybet,
Dulce of odour, of flour, maiſt fragrant,
The ſilver dropis on daſies diſtillant:
Quhilk verdour branches ouir the alars yet,
With ſmoky ſence the myſtis reflectant.

III.

The fragrand flowris bloumand in thair ſeis,
Ouirſpred the leuis of natures tapeſtries;
Abone the quhilk with heuinly harmonies
The birdis ſat on twiſtis and on greis,
Melodiouſly makand thair kyndlie gleis,
Whaiſe ſchill nottis fordinned all the ſkyis.
Of repurcuſt air the echo cryis.
Amang the branches of the blomit tries,
And on the laurers ſilver droppis lyis.

IV.

Quhill that I rowmed in that Paradice,
Repleniſchit, and full of all delice,
Out of the ſey EOUS alift his heid
I mene the hors whilk drawis at deuice
The affiltrie and goldin chair of price
Of TYTAN; whilk at morrow ſeemis reid;
The new colour that all the nicht lay deid
Is reſtorit, baith fowllis, flowris, and rice,
Recomfort was, throw PHEBUS gudlyheid.

V.

The daſy and the maryguld unlappit,
Quhilks all the nicht lay with their leuis happit,
Thame to reſerue fra rewmes pungitive.
The umbrate trees that TYTAN about wappit
War portrait, and on the eirth yſchappit,
Be goldin bemis viuificatiue
Quhais amene heit is maiſt reſtoratiue.
The greſhoppers amangis the vergers gnappit,
And beis wrocht material for thair hyve.

VI.

Richt hailſome was the ſeſſoun of the yeir
Phebus furth yet depured bemis clear
Maiſt nutritiue till all things vegetant.
God EOLUS of wind liſt nocht appear,
Nor auld SATURNE with his mortal ſpeir,
And bad aſpect contrair till eurie plant.
NEPTUNUS nold within that palice hant.
The beriall ſtremis rynning men micht heir,
By bankis grene with glancis variant.

VII.

For till behald that heuinly place complete,
The purgit air with new engenderit heit,
The ſol enbroued with colour, ure, and ſtone *;
The tender grene, the balmy droppis ſweit,
Sa rejoycit and comfort was my ſpreit,
I not was it a viſion or fantone.
Amyd the buſkis rowming myne alone,

* Stunt. L. ed.

Within that garth of all pleſance repleit
A voice I hard preclair as PHEBUS ſchone.

VIII.

Singand O May thow mirrour of ſoles,
Maternall moneth lady and maiſtres,
Till eurie thing adown reſpirature,
Thyne heuinlie werk and worthie craftineſs
The ſmall herbis conſtranis till increſs.
O verray ground till werking of nature!
Quhais hie curage and aſſucurat cure
Cauſis the erth his fruits till expres
Diffundant grace on euerie creature.

IX.

Thy godly lore, cunning, incomparabill,
Dantis the ſauage beiſtis maiſt unſtabill,
And expellis all that nature infeſtis.
The knoppit ſyonis with leuis agreeabill,
For till reuert and burgione ar maid abill.
Thy mirth refreſches byrdis in thair neſtis;
Quhilkis the to praiſe and nature neuer reſtis:
Confeſſand yow maiſt potent and lowabill
Amang the brownis of the olive twiſtis.

X.

In the is rute and agment of curage,
In the enforces martis vaſſalage,
In the is amorous luſe and harmonie,
With incrementis freſche in luſtie age,
Quha that conſtrainit ar in luiſis rage,
Addreſſand them with obſervance airlie,
Weill auchtis the till glore and magnifie.

And with that word I raized my viſage
Soir affrayit half in an freneſie.

XI.

O Nature Quene! and o ye luſty May!
Quod I, tho' how lang ſall I thus foruay
Quilk yow and VENUS in this garth deſeruis?
Recounſel me out of this greit affray,
That I may ſing yow laudis day be day,
Ye that all mundane creatures preſeruis
Comfort your man that in this fanton ſteruis,
With ſpreit arraiſit and euerie wit away
Quaiking for feir, baith pulſis, vane, and neruis.

XII.

My fatal weird my febill wit I wary,
My deſie heid qnhome lake of brane gart vary,
And not ſuſtene ſo amiabill a ſoun,
With ery courage febill ſtrenthis ſary,
Bounand me hame and liſt na lunger tary;
Out of the air come ane impreſſioun,
Throw whais licht in extaſie or ſwoun,
Amyd the virgultis all intill a fary,
As feminine ſa febilit fell I down.

XIII.

And with that gleme ſa daſyt was my micht,
Qnhill thair remanit nouther voice nor ſicht,
Breith motion nor heiring * natural,
Saw never man ſo faynt a leuand wicht,
And na ferly, for ouir excelland licht

* hetis. L. ed.

Corruptis

Corruptis the witt, and garris the blude awaill
Untill the hart, that it na danger aill
Quhen it is ſmorit, memberis wirkis not richt,
The dreidfull terrour ſwa did me aſſaill.

XIV.

Yet at the laſt I not how lang a ſpace
A lytle heit appeirit in my face.
Whilk had to foir been paill and voyde of blude.
Tho' in my ſwoun I met a ferly cace;
I thoucht me ſet within a deſert place
Amyd a forreſt by a hyddeous flude,
With gryſly fiſche, and ſchortly till conclude,
I ſall diſcryue as God will give me grace
Myne viſioun in rural termis rude.

FINIS PROLOGI.

THE

PALICE OF HONOUR,

COMPYLIT BE

M. GAWINE DOUGLAS,

BISCHOP OF DUNKELD.

THE FIRST PART.

§ I.

THOW barrant wit ouirſet with fantaſyis,
Schaw now the craft that in thy memor lyis,
Schaw now thy ſchame, ſchaw now thy badnyſtie,
Schaw now thy endite reprufe of rethoryis,
Schaw now thy beggit termis mair than thryis,
Schaw now thy rymis *, and thyne harlotrie,
Schaw now thy dull exhauſt inanitie,
Schaw furth thy cure and write thir freneſyis
Quhilks of thy ſempill cunning nakit the.

II.

My rauiſt ſpreit on that deſert terribill,
Approchit near that uglie flude horribill
Like till *Cochyte* the riuer infernall,

* ranys. L. ed.

With

With vile water quhilk maid a hiddious trubil
Rinnand ouir heid, blude reid, and impoſſibill
That it bad been a riuer natural.
With brayis bair, raif rochis like to fall,
Quhairon na gers nor herbis wer viſibill
Bot ſwappis * brint with blaſtis Boriall.

III.

This laithlie flude rumbland as thonder routit,
In quhome the fiſch yelland as eluis ſchoutit,
Thair yelpis wilde my heiring all fordeifit,
Thay grym monſtures my ſpreits abhorrit and doutit,
Not throw the ſoyl but muſkane treis ſproutit
Combuſt, barrant, unblomit and unleifit,
Auld rottin runtis quhairin na ſap was leifit,
Moch, all waiſt, widderit with granis moutit
A ganand den quhair murtherars men reifit.

IV.

Quhairfoir my ſelvin was right fair agaſt,
This wilderneſs abhominabill and waiſt,
(In quhome nathing was nature comfortand)
Was dark as rock †, the quhilk the ſey upcaſt.
The quhiſſilling wind blew mony bitter blaſt,
Runtis ratillit and uneith micht I ſtand.
Out throw the wod I crap on fute and hand.
The river ſtank, the treis clatterit faſt.
The ſoyl was nocht bot marres flyke and ſand.

V.

And not bot caus my ſpreitis wer abaiſit,
All ſollitair in that deſert arraiſit

* ſkappis. † royk.

Alla

Allace I ſaid is nane other remeid,
Cruel Fortun quhy hes thow me betraiſit?
Quhy hes thow thus my fatall end compaſſit?
Allace, Allace, ſall I thus ſone be deid?
In this deſert and wait nane other reid?
Bot be devourit with ſom beiſt rauenous
I weip, I waill, I plene, I cry, I pleid
Inconſtant warld and quheill contrarious.

VI.

Thy tranſitory pleſance quhat auaillis?
Now thair, now heir, now hie, and now deuaillis,
Now to, now fra, now law, now magnifyis,
Now hait, now cauld, now lauchis, now beuaillis,
Now ſeik, now haill, now werie, now not aillis,
Now gude, now euill, now weitis and now dryis,
Now thow prommittis, and richt now thow denyis,
Now wo, now weill, now firm, now frivolous,
Now gam, now gram, now louis, now defyis
Inconſtant warld and quheill contrarious.

VII.

Ha, quha ſuld haue affyance in thy blis?
Ha quha ſuld haue firm eſperance in this,
Whilk is alace ſa ffreuch and variant?
Certes nane, ſum hes no wicht? ſurely yis.
Than has myſelf been guilty? ye, I wis.
Thairfoir alace ſall danger thus me dant?
Quhidder is become ſo ſone this duillie hant?
And ver tranſlait in winter furious?

? *Margin.* A deſcription of the inconſtance of Fortoun.

Thus

Thus I bewaill my faitis repugnant
Inconſtant warld and quheil contrarious.

VIII.

Bydand the deid thus in my extaſie,
Ane dyn I hard approaching faſt me by,
Quhilk mouit fra the plage Septentrionall,
As heird of beaſtis ſtamping with loud cry,
Bot than God wait, how affrayit was I!
Traiſtand to be ſtranglit with beſtiall.
Amid a ſtock richt priuelie I ſtall,
Quhair luikand out anon I did eſpy
Ane luſtie rout of beiſtis rationall.

IX.

Of Ladyis fair, and guidlie men arayit *
In conſtant weid, that weill my ſpreitis payit,
With degeſt mind, quhairin all wit aboundit
Full ſoberlie their haiknayis thay affayit,
Efter the faitis auld and not forwayit.
Their hie prudence ſchaw furth and naithing roundit
With gude effeir quhairat the wod reſoundit.
In ſteidfaſt ordour, to veſie unaffrait
Thay ryding furth with ſtabilneſs ygroundit.

X.

Amiddis quhom born in ane goldin chair,
Ouirfret with perle and ſtains maiſt preclair,
That drawin was by haiknayis all * milk quhite,
Was ſet a Quene, as lyllie ſweit of ſwair,
In purpour rob hemmit with gold ilk gair,

* The quene of ſapyence with her court. † four.

Quhilk

Quhilk gemmit claſpis cloſed all perfite,
A diademe maiſt pleſandlie polite,
Set on the treſſis of her giltin hair,
And in her hand a ſcepter of delyte.

XI.

Syne nixt hir raid in granate violat
Twolf Damiſellis, ilk ane on thair eſtait,
Quhilks ſemit of her counſell maiſt ſecre.
And nixt them was a luſtie rout God wait,
Lords Ladyis and mony fair Prelatt,
Baith born of hie eſtait and law degre,
Furth with thair Quene, thay all by paſſit me
Ane eſie pais, thay ryding furth the gait,
And I abaid alone within the tre.

XII.

And as the rout was paſſit one and one *,
And I remanand in the tre alone,
Out throw the wod came rydand Catiues twane,
Ane on ane aſſe, a widdie about his mone,
The uther raid ane hideous hors upone,
I paſſit furth and faſt at thame did frane
Quhat men thay wer? Thay anſwerit me agane,
Ouir namis bene ACHITOPHEL and SINONE,
That by our ſubtell menis, feill hes ſlane.

XIII.

Wait ye quoth I, quhat ſignifies yone rout?
SYNON ſaid ya: and gaue ane hideous ſchout,
We wretchis bene abject thair-fra I wis.

* Craftye Synone and fals Architofel.

Yone

Yone is the Quene of Sapience but dout,
Lady MINERVE, and yone twelf hir about
Ar the prudent SIBILLAIS full of blis,
CASSANDRA eik DELBORA and CIRCIS,
The fatall ſiſters twynand our weirdis out,
JUDITH, JAEL, and mony a Prophetis.

XIV.

Quhilks groundit ar in firme intelligence,
And thair is als into yone court gone hence
Clerkis diuine, with probleumis curius.
As SALOMON the well of ſapience,
And ARISTOTELL fulfillit of prudence,
SALLUST, SENEK, and TITUS LIUIUS *,
PITHAGORAS, PORPHYRE, PERMENYDUS,
MELYSSES with his ſawis but defence,
SIDRACH, SECUNDUS, and SOLENYUS.

XV.

PTHOLOMEUS, IPOCRAS, SOCRATES,
EMPEDOCLES, NEPTENABUS, HERMES,
GALIEN, AUERROES, and PLATO,
ENOCH, LAMECH, JOB, and DIOGENES,
The eloquent and prudent ULISSES,
Wiſe JOSEPHUS, and facund CICERO,
MELCHISEDECH with uther mony mo.
Thair veyage lyis throw out this wildernes,
To the PALICE of HONOUR all they go.

XVI.

Is ſituate from hence liggis ten hunder,
Our horſis oft or we be thair will founder,

* Wyſe and lerned men.

Adew

Adew we may na langer heir remane.
Or that ye paſs, quod I, tell me this wonder,
How that ye wretchit catiues thus at under,
Ar ſociat with this Court Souerane?
ACHITOPHELL maid this anſwer again,
Knawis thow not? Haill, eird quaik, and thunder
Ar oft in May with mony ſchour of rane.

XVII.

Richt ſa we bene into this companie
Our wit aboundit and uſit was lewdlie,
My wiſdom ay fulfillit my deſire,
As thou may in the Bybill weill eſpy:
How DAVID's prayer put my counſell by,
I gart his ſone againis him conſpire,
The quhilk was ſlane, whairfoir up be the ſwire
Myſelf I hangit, fruſtrat ſa foulilie.
This SYNON was a Greik that raiſit fire

XVIII.

Firſt into *Troy* as VIRGIL dois report,
Sa tratour like maid him be draw ouirthoirt
Quhill in he brought the hors, with men of armis
Quhairthrow the town deſtroyit was at ſchort.
(Quod I) Is this your deſtanie and ſort?
Curſit be he that ſorrowis for your harmis,
For ye bene ſchrewis baith be Goddis armis.
Ye will obtene na entres at yone port,
But gif it be throw ſorcerie and charmis.

XIX.

Ingres to haue, quod thay, we not preſume,
It ſuficis us, to ſe the palice blume.

And ſtand on rowme quhair better folk bene charrit.
For to remane, adew, we haur na tume,
This ilk way cummis the Courtis be our dume,
Of DIANE, and VENUS, that feill has marrit.
With that they raid away as thay war ſkarritt.
And I agane maiſt like ane elrichie grume
Crap in the muſkane aiken ſtok miſharrit.

XX.

Thus wretchetlie I maid myrefidence,
Imagining feill ſyſe for ſome defence,
In contrair ſauage beiſtis maiſt cruell,
For na remeid bot deid be violence
Sum time aſwagis febill indigence,
Thus in a part I recomfort myſell,
Bot that ſa little was I dare not tell
The ſtichling of a mouſe out of preſence
Had bene to me mair ugſome than the hell.

XXI.

Yet glaid I was that I with them had ſpokin,
Had not bene that, certes my hart had brokin,
For megirneſs and puſillamitie,
Remainand thus within the tre all lokin,
Deſirand faſt ſom ſignes or ſum tokin
Of lady VENUS, or hir companie;
Ane hart transformit ran faſt by the tree
With heundis rent, on whom DIANE was wrokin
Thair by I underſtude that ſcho was nie.

XXII.

Thay had before declairit hir cumming
Mair perfectlie forthy I knew the ſigne

Wa

Was ACTEON, quhilk DIANE nakit watit
Bathing in a well, and eik hir madynnis ying.
The Goddes was commovit at this thing,
And him in forme hes of a hart tranſlatit.
I ſaw alace! his houndis at him ſlatit.
Backwert he blent to give them knawledging
Thay reif thair Lord, miſknew him, at him * batit.

XXIII.

Sine ladyis come with luſtie gilten treſſis,
In habit wilde maiſt like till Foſtereſſis.
Amiddis quhom heich on ane eliphant
In ſigne that ſho in chaſtitie increſſis,
Raid DIANE that Ladyis hartis dreſſis,
Till be ſtabill and na way inconſtant.
God wait that nane of thame is variant,
All chaiſt and trew virginity profeſſis.
I not, bot few I ſaw with DIANE hant.

XXIV.

Intill that court I ſaw anone preſent
JEPHTEIS douchter a luſtie Ladie gent,
Offerit to God in her virginitie.
POLIXENA I wis was not abſent,
PANTHESILE with mannis hardyment,
EFFYGIN, and VIRGENIUS douchter fre;
With other flouris of feminitie,
Baith of the New and the Auld Teſtament,
All on thay raid and left me in the tre.

* thaym.

XXV.

In that deſert diſpers in ſonder ſkattirit,
Were bewis bair quhome rane and wind on batterit,
The water ſtank, the field was odious
Quhair dragonis, leſſertis, aſkis, edderis ſwatterit,
With mouthis gapand forkit taillis tatterit,
With mony a ſtang and ſpouttis vennimous,
Corrupting air be rewme contagious,
Maiſt groſs and vile, enpoyſonit cloudis clatterit,
Reikand like hellis ſmoke, ſulfurious.

XXVI.

My daiſit heid fordullit diſſele,
I raiſit up half in ane lithargie,
As dois ane catiue ydrunkin in ſleip.
And ſa appeirit to my fantaſie,
A ſchynand licht out of the northeiſt ſky,
The whilk with cure to heir I did tak keip.
Proportion ſounding * dulceſt, hard I peip,
In muſick number full of harmony
Diſtant on far was carit be the deip.

XXVII.

Farther, by water, folk may ſoundis heir,
Than by the eirth, the quhilk with poris ſeir
Up drinkis air that mouit is be ſound,
Quhilk in compact water, of ane riueir,
May nocht enter, bot rinnis thair and heir,
Quhill it at laſt be carit on the ground.
And thocht throw din be experience is found

* foundis.

The

The fiſche ar cauſit within the riueir ſteir
a with * the water the noyis dois not abound.

XXVIII.

Violent din the air brekis and deris
ſine greit motiown of the water ſteiris,—
The water ſteirit, fiſhes for feirdneſs flies.
Bot out of dout na fiſche in water heiris,
For as we ſe, richt few of thame hes eiris.
And eik forſuith bot gif wiſe clerkis leis,
Thair is na air in with waters nor ſeis,
But quhilk na thing may heir as wiſe men leiris,
Like as but licht, thair is nathing that ſeis.

XXIX.

Aneuch of this, I not quhat it may mene.
I will returne till declair all bedene,
My dreidfull dreame with griſlie fantaſies
I ſchew befoir quhat I had hard or ſene,
Particularlie ſum of my panefull tene.
Bot now God waite quhat feirdneſs on me lyis!
Langer (I ſaid) and now this time is twyis,
Ane ſound I hard of angellis as it had bene,
With harmonie fordinnand all the ſkyis.

XXX.

Sa dulce, ſa ſweit, and ſa melodious,
That euerie wicht thair with micht be joyous,
Bot I and catiues dullit in diſpair.
For quhen a man is wraith or furious,
Melancholick for wo, or tedious,
Than till him is all pleſance maiſt contrair:

* In oth.

And ſemblablie, than ſa did with me fair.
This melodie intonit heuinlie thus
For profound wo, conſtrainit me mak cair.

XXXI.

And murnand thus, as ane maiſt wofull wicht,
Of the maiſt pleſant court I had a ſicht,
In warld adoun ſen ADAM was creat.
Quhat ſang? Quhat joy? Quhat harmony? Quhat licht?
Quhat mirthfull ſolace pleſance all at richt?
Quhat freſche bewtie? Quhat excelland eſtate?
Quhat ſweit vocis, Quhat wordis ſuggurait?
Quhat fair debaitis, Quhat luiffull * ladyis bricht?
Quhat luſtie gallandis did on thair ſervice wait?

XXXII.

Quhat gudlie paſtance and quhat minſtrellſie?
Quhat game thay maid, in faith not tell can I,
Thocht I had profound wit angelicall.
The heuenlie ſoundis of thair harmonie,
Hes dynnit ſa my drerie fantaſie,
Baith wit and reſſoun half is loiſt of all.
Yet (as I knaw) als lichtlie ſay I ſall,
That angellike and Godlie company
Till ſe, me thocht a thing celeſtiall.

XXXIII.

Proceidand furth was draw ane chariote,
Be courſouris twelf, trappit in grene velvote,
Of fine gold wer junctures and harnaſſingis—
The lymnaris wer of burniſhit gold God wote,

* luſum.

Baith

Baith aixtre and quheillis of gold I hote.
Of goldin cord wer lyamis, and the ſtringis
Feſtinnit conjunct in maſſie goldin ringis—
Evir haims conuenient for ſic note,
And raw ſilk brechamis ouir thair halfis hingis.

XXXIV.

The bodie of the cairt of evir bone,
With Criſolitis and mony precious ſtone
Was all ouirfret, in dew proportioun,
Like ſternis in the firmament quhilks ſchone,
Reparrellit was that Godlike pleſand one *,
Tyldit abone, and to the eirth adoun,
In richeſt claith of gold of purpure broun
But fas, nor uther frenyies, had it none,
Saiff claith of gold anamillit all faſſioun.

XXXV.

Quhair fra dependant hang thair megir bellis—
Sum round, ſum thraw, in found the quhilks excellis,
All wer of gold of *Araby* maiſt fine,
Quhilks with the wind concordandlie ſa knellis
That to be glaid thair ſound all wicht compellis,
The harmonie was ſa melodious fine,
In mannis voice and inſtrument deuine,
Quhairſa thay went it ſeemit nathing ellis
Bot ierarchies of angellis ordours nine.

XXXXVI.

Amid the chair fulfillit of pleſance,
Ane lady ſat at quhais obeyſance,

* wone.

Was all that rout: and wonder is to heir
Of her excelland luſtie countenance
Her hie bewtie quhilk maiſt is to auance
Precellis all, thayr may be na compeir.
For like PHEBUS in heiſt of his ſpheir
Hir bewtie ſchane caſtand ſa greit ane glance,
All fairheid it oppreſt baith far and neir.

XXXVII.

Scho was peirleſs of ſchap and portraiture,
In her had nature finiſchit hir cure,
As for gude havingis thair was nane bot ſcho,
And hir array was ſa fine and ſa pure,
That quhairof was hir robe I am not ſure,
For nocht bot perle and ſtanis micht I ſee.
Of quhom the brightneſs of hir hie bewtie,
For to behald my ſicht micht not indure,
Mair nor the bricht ſone may the bakkis ee.

XXXVIII.

Hir hair as gold or Topaſis was hewit,
Quha hir beheld, hir bewtie ay renewit.
On heid ſho had a creſt of dyamantis.
Thair was na wicht that gat a ſicht eſchewit,
War he never ſa conſtant or waill thewit,
Na he was woundit, and him hir ſeruant grantis.
That heuinlie wicht, hir criſtall ene ſa dantis,
For blenkis ſweit nane paſſit unperſewit,
Bot gif he wer preſeruit as thir ſanctis.

XXXIX.

I wondert ſair and faſt in mind did ſtair,
Quhat creature that micht be that was ſa fair,

Of

Of ſa peirleſs excellant womanheid.
And farlyand thus I ſaw within the chair
Quhair that a man was ſet with lymmis ſquair,
His bodie weill entailyeit euerie ſteid.
He bair a bow with dartis haw as leid.
His claithing was als grene as ane huntair:
Bot he forſuith had na eine in his heid.

XL.

I underſtude be ſignes perſauabill
That was CUPYD the God maiſt diſſauabill;
The lady, VENUS, his mother, a Goddes;
I knew that was the court ſa variabill,
Of eirdly lufe quhilk ſendill ſtandis ſtabill,
Bot yet thair mirth and ſolace neuertheleſs
In muſick tone and menſtrallie expres
Sa craftilie with curage agreabill
Hard neuer wicht ſic melodie I ges.

XLI.

Accompanyit luſtie yonkeirs with all,
Freſche ladyis ſang in voice virgineall,
Concordis ſweit, diuers entoned reportis.
Proportionis ſine with ſound celeſtiall
Duplat, triplat, diateſſeriall
Seſque altera, and decupla reſortis,
Diapaſon of mony ſundry ſortis,
War ſoung, and playit be ſeir cunning menſtrall
On lufe ballatis with mony fair diſportis.

XLII.

In modulation hard I play and ſing
Faburdoun, prickſang, diſcant, countering,

Cant

Cant organe, figuratioun, and gemmell;
On croud, lute, harp, with mony gudlie ſpring,
Schalmes, clariounis, portatives, hard I ring,
Monycord, organe, tympane, and cymbell.
Sytholl, pſalterie, and voices ſweet as bell
Soft releſchingis in dulce deliuering,
Fractionis diuide, at reſt, or clois compell.

XLIII.

Not PAN of *Archaid* ſa pleſandlie playis,
Nor king DAVID quhais playing as men ſayis,
Conjurit the ſpreit the quhilk SAUL confoundit,
Nor AMPHION with mony ſubtell layis,
Quhilk *Thebes* wallit, with harping in his dayis,
Nor he that firſt the ſubtell craftis ſoundit,
Was not in muſick half ſa weill y-groundit
Nor knew their meaſure tent taill be na wayis,
At thair reſort baith heuin and eird reſoundit.

XLIV.

Na mair I underſtude thair numbers fine,
Be God than dois *of Greik* * a ſwine,
Saif that me think ſweit ſoundis gude to heir.
Na mair heiron my labour will I tyne,
Na mair I will thir verbillis ſweit define,
How that thair muſick tones war mair cleir
And dulcer than the mouing of the ſpheir,
Or ORPHEUS harp of *Thrace* with ſound diuine,
GLASKERIANE maid na noyis compeir.

* a gekgo, or.

Thay

XLV.

Thay condiſcend ſa weill in ane accord,
That by na joint thair ſoundis bene diſcord,
In euerie key thay werren ſa expert.
Of thair array gif I ſuld mak record,
Luſtie ſpringaldis and mony gudlie lord,
Tender younglingis with pieteous virgin hart.
Elder ladyis knew mair of luſtis art,
Diuers uthers quhilks me not liſt remord,
Quhais lakkeſt weid was ſilkis ouirbrouderit *.

XLVI.

In veſtures quent of mony ſindrie gyſe,
I ſaw all claith of gold men might deuiſe,
Purpour colour, punik and ſcarlote hewis,
Veluot robbis maid with the grand aſſyſe,
Dames, ſatyne, begaryit mony wiſe,
Crameſſie ſatine, veluot enbroude in diuers rewis,
Satine figures champit with flouris and bewis,
Damisflure, tere, pyle quhairon thair lyis,
Peirle, Orphany quhilk eurie ſtait renewis.

XLVII.

Thair riche entire maiſt peirles to behald
My wit can not diſcriue howbeit I wald.
Mony entrappit ſteid with ſilkis ſeir
Mony pattrell neruit with gold I tald
Full mony new gilt harnaſing not ald,
On mony palfray luiſſum Ladyis cleir.
And nixt the chair I ſaw formeſt appeir,

* or brounvert.

Upon

Upon a bardit curſer ſtout and bald,
MARS God of ſtrife enarmit in birneiſt geir.

XLVIII.

Euerie inuaſibill wapon on him he bair,
His luik was grym, his bodie large and ſquair,
His lymmis weill entailyiet to be ſtrang,
His neck was greit a ſpan lenth weill or mair,
His viſage braid with criſp broun curland hair,
Of ſtature not ouir greit, nor yet ouir lang.
Behaldand VENUS, O ye my lufe, (he ſang).
And ſcho agane with dallyance ſa fair
Hir knicht him cleipis quhair ſa he ryde or gang.

XLIX.

Thair was ARCYTE, and PALEMON aſwa
Accompyniet with fair AEMILIA,
The Quene DIDO with hir fals lufe ENEE,
Trew TROILUS, unfaithfull CRESSIDA,
The fair PARIS, and pleſand HELENA,
Conſtant LUCRECE, and traiſt PENELOPE,
Kind PIRAMUS, and wo begone THYSBE,
Dolorous PROGNE, triſt PHILOMENA,
King DAUIDS lufe, thair ſaw I, BARSABE.

L.

Thair was CEIX with the kind ALCEYON,
And ACHILLES wroth with AGAMEMNON,
For BRISSIDA his lady fra him tane;
Wofull PHILLIS, and hir lufe DEMOPHOON,
Subtell MEDEA, and hir knicht JASON.
Of Fare I ſaw thair PARIS and VEANE.
Thair was PHEDRA, THESEUS and ARIANE,

The

The ſecreit, uiſe, hardie IPOMEDON,
ASSUEIR, HESTER, irrepreuabill SUSANE.

LI.

Thair was the fals unhappy DALIDA,
Cruell wicket and curſt DEIANIRA,
Waryit BIBLIS and the fair ABSOLON,
YPSYPHILE, abominabill SYLLA,
TRISTRAM, YSIDE, ELKANA and ANNA,
CLEOPATRA, and worthie MARK ANTHONE,
JOLE, HERCULES, ALCEST, IXION.
The onlie patient wife GRESSILLIDA,
HYACYNTHUS * that his heid brak one ane ſtone.

LII.

Thair was JACOB with fair RACHEL his maik,
The quhilk become till LABAN for hir ſaik,
Fourtene yeir bound, with hart immutabill,
Thair bene bot few ſic now I undertaik.
Thir fair Ladyis in ſilk and claith of laik,
Thus lang ſall not all foundin be ſa ſtabill,
This VENUS court, quilk was in lufe maiſt abil,
For till diſcrive my cunninges to waik,
Ane multitude thay war innumerabill.

LIII.

Of gudlie folk in euerie rank † and age,
With blenkis ſweit freſche luſtie grene curage,
And dalyance thay riding furth in feir,
Sum leuis in hope, and ſum in greit thirlage
Sum in diſpair, ſum findis his panis ſwage.

* Nerſiſſus. † kynd

Garlandis

Garlandis of flourls aud rois chaipletis feir,
Thay bair on heid; and famin fang fa cleir,
Quhill that thair mirth commouit my curage,
Till fing this lay quhilk followand ye may heir.

LIV.

Conſtrainit hart belappit in diſtres *,
Groundit in wo, and full of heuines,
Complane thy panefull cairis infinite,
Bewaill this warldis frail unſteidfaſtneſs,
Hauand regrait, ſen gain is thy gladnes,
And all thy ſolace returnit in diſpite,
O catiue thrall inuolupit in ſyte †,
Confes thy fatall wofull wretchedneſs,
Deuide in twane and furth diſſound all tyte
Aggreuance greit in miſerable indyte.

LV.

My cruell fate ſubjectit to pennance
Predeſtinate, ſa void of all pleſance
Hes everie greif amid my hart ingraue,
The ſlide inconſtant deſtenie or chance,
Unequallie dois hing in thair balance,
My demerites and greit dolour I haue,
This purgatorie redoublis all the laue,
Ilk wicht hes ſum weilfair at obeyſance,
Saif me byſning ‡, that may na grace reſaue
Deid the addres, and do me to my graue.

* A ballet of inconſtant love.
† involvit in deſpyte. ‡ beſuing.

LVI.

Wo worth ſic ſtrang misfortune anoyous,
Quhilk hes oppreſt my ſpreit's maiſt joyous,
Wo worth this warldis freuch felicitie,
Wo worth my feruent diſeis dolorous,
Wo worth the wicht that is not piteous,
Quhair the treſpaſſour penitent thay ſe.
Wo worth this deid that daylie dois me die,
Wo worth CUPYD, and wo worth fals VENUS,
Wo worth thame baith, ay waryit mot thay be,
Wo worth thair court and curſit deſtenie.

LVII.

Loud as I mocht in dolour all deſtrenyiet,
This lay I ſang, and not ane letter fenyeit,
Tho' ſaw I VENUS on hir lip did bite,
And all the court in haſte thair horſis renyeit
Proclamand loude, quhair is yone poid that plenyeit,
Quhilk deith deſeruis, comittand ſic deſpite,
Fra tre to tre thay ſeirching but reſpite.
Quhill ane me fand, quhilk ſaid and greit diſdenyeit,
Auant villane thow reclus imperfite.

LVIII.

All in ane feuir out of my muſkane bowr,
On knees I crap, and law for feir did lowre,
Than all the court on me thair heidis ſchuik,
Sum glowmand grim, ſum girnand with viſage ſowre,
Sum in the nek gaue me feil dyntis dowre.
Pluck at the craw thay cryit, deplome the ruik,
Pulland my hair, with blek my face they bruik,

Skrym-

Skrymmorie fery gaue me mony a clowre
For chyppynutie ful oft my chaftis quuik.

LXIX.

With pane, torment, thus in thair tenefull play,
Till VENUS bound thay led me furth the way,
Quhilk than was ſet amid a goldin chair;
And ſa conſoundit into that fell affray,
As that I micht conſidder thair array.
Me thocht the field ouirſpred with carpettis fair
(Quhilk was to foir brint barrane vile and bair)
Wer * maiſt pleſand, bot all (the ſuith to ſay)
Micht nocht ameis my greuous panefull ſair.

LX.

Enthronit ſat MARS, CUPYD and VENUS:
Tho' rais ane clerk was cleipit VARIUS,
Me till accuſen as of a deidlie crime,
And he begouth and red ane dittay thus.
Thou wickit catiue wod and furious
Preſumpteouſlie now at this preſent time,
My lady hes blaſphemit in thy rime,
Hir ſone, hir ſelf, and hir court amorous,
For till betrais awaitit heir ſen prime.

LXI.

Now God thow wait me thocht my fortune fey,
With quaikand voce and hart cald as a key,
On kneis I kneillit and mercy culd imploir,
Submittand me but only langer pley,
VENUS mandate and pleſure to obey.

* wox.

Grace

Grace was denyit and my trauell forloir,
For ſcho gaue charge to proceed as befoir;
Than VARIUS ſpak richt ſloutlie me to ſley,
Injoynand ſilence till aſk grace ony moir.

LXII.

He demandit my anſwer Quhat I ſaid?
Than as I mocht with curage all miſmaid,
Fra time I underſtude na mair ſupplie,
Sair abaiſit, beliue I thus out braid;
Set of thir pointis of crime now on me laid,
I may be quite guiltleſs in veritie:
Yit firſt agane the Judge quhilk heer I ſe,
This inordinate court, and proces quaid,
I will obiect for cauſes twa or thre.

LXIII.

Inclynand law (quod I) with piteous face,
I me defend, Madame, pleis it your grace,
Say on (quod ſcho) Than ſaid I thus but mair;
Madame ye may noe ſit into this cace,
For Ladyis may be judges in na place.
And mairattour I am na ſeculair,
A ſpirituall man (thocht I be void of lair)
Cleipit I am, and aucht my liues ſpace
To be remit till my Judge ordinair.

LXIV.

I yow bezeik Madam with biſſie cure
Till giue ane gracious Interlocuture,
On thir exceptiones now proponit lait.
Thane ſuddenlie VENUS (I you aſſure)
Deliuerit ſone and with a voice ſo ſture,

Anſwerit thus, thow ſubteil ſmy God wait,
Quhat wenis thow to degraid my hie eſtait,
Me to decline as Judge, curſt creature ?
It beis not ſa, the game gais uther gait.

LXV.

As we thē find thow ſall thoill Judgement,
Not of a clerk we ſe the repreſent,
Saif onlie falſet and disfaithfull taillis.
Firſt quhen thow come with hart and haill intent,
Thow the ſubmittit to my commandement.
Now now thairof methink to ſone thow faillis.
I wene na thing but follie that the aillis.
Ye clerkis bene in ſubtell wordis quent,
And in the deid als ſchairp as ony ſnaillis.

LXVI.

Ye bene the men beywrayis my commandis,
Ye bene the men diſturbis my ſervandis,
Ye bene the men with wickit wordis feill,
Quilk blaſphemis freſche luſtie young gallandis,
That in my ſeruice and retinew ſtandis.
Ye bene the men that cleipis yow ſa leill,
With ſallis beheſt quhill ye your purpois ſteill,
Sine ye forſweir baith bodie, treuth, and handis,
Ye bene ſa fals ye can na word conceill.

LXVII.

Have done (quod ſcho) Schir VARIUS alſwyth
Do write the ſentence, lat this catiue kyth
Gif our power may demen his miſdeid.
Than God thow wait gif that my ſpreit was blyth
The feverous hew intill my face did myith

All my mal-eis for ſwa the horribill dreid,
Haill me ouir ſet: I micht not ſay my creid,
For feir and wo within my ſkin I wryith,
I micht not pray forſuith thocht I had neid.

LXVIII.

Yet of my deith I ſet not half ane fle,
For greit effeer me thocht na pane to die,
But ſair I dred me for ſome uther jaip,
That VENUS ſuld throw her ſubtillitie,
Intill ſum byſning beiſt transfigurat me,
As in a beir, a bair, ane oule, ane aip,
I traiſtit ſa for till have bene miſchaip,
That oft I wald my hand behald to ſe
Gif it alterit, and oft my viſage graip.

LXIX.

Tho' I reuoluit in my mind anone,
How that DIANE transformit ACTEONE,
And JUNO eik as for a kow gart keip
The fair Io that lang was wo begone,
ARGUS her yimmit that ene had mony one,
Quhome at the laſt MERCURIUS gart ſleip,
And hir deliuerit of that danger deip;
I rememberit alſo how in a ſtone,
The wife of LOTH y-changit ſair did weip.

LXX.

I umbethocht how JOUE and auld SATURNE
Intill ane wolf thay did LYCAON turne;
And how the michtie NABUCHODONOZOR
In beiſtlie forme did on the feild ſojurne,
And for his gilt was maid to weip and murne.

Thir feirfull wonders gart me dreid full ſoir ;
For by exemplis oft I hard tofoir.
He ſuld bewar that ſeis his fellow ſpurne,
Miſchance of ane ſuld be an uthuris loir.

LXXI.

And rolland thus in diuers fantaſies
Terribill thochtis oft my hart did gryis,
For all remeid was alterit in diſpair.
Thair was na hope of mercie till deuyis,
Thair was na micht my friend be na kin wyis,
All haillelie the court was me contrair.
Than was almaiſt writtea the ſentence ſair,
My febill minde ſeand this greit ſuppryis,
Was than of wit and euerie blis full bair.

PALICE OF HONOUR.

ARGUMENT OF PART II.

The Court of the MUSES *apperis—Famous poets thair attendants—*CALLIOPE *inquiris* VENUS *quhat the poet had done—He is reprevit; and fingis in praiſe of* VENUS—CALLIOPE *gives him till a nymph with quham he travellis our monie countries, and reſtis on Parnaſſus—A feſtival, at quhilk* OVID *and uther poets appeir—Proceiding with the nymph, the poet cumis to a pleſand rock in a plane.*

PART SECUND.

§ I.

LO thus amid this hard perplexetie,
Awaitand euer quhat moment I ſuld die,
Or than ſum new transfiguratioun.
He quhilk that is eternal veritie,
The glorious Lord, ringand in perſounis thre,
Prouydit hes for my ſaluatioun,
Be ſom good ſpreitis reuelatioun,
Quhilk interceſſioun maid I traiſt for me,
I foryet all imaginatioun.

II.

All haill my dreid I tho foryet in hy,
And all my wo, bot yet I wiſt not quhy,
Save that I had ſome hope till be releuit.
I raiſit than my viſage haiſtelie,
And with a blenk anone I did eſpy,
A luik ſicht quhilk nocht my hart engreuit.
Ane heuinlie rout out throw the wod eſchevit
Of quhome the bountie gif I not deny,
Uneth may be intill ane ſcripture brewit.

III.

With lawreir crownit in robbis ſide all new,
Of a faſſoun and all of ſteidfaſt hew,
Arrayit weill ane court I ſaw come neir,
Of wiſe digeſt eloquent fathers trew,
And pleſand ladyis quhilks freſche bewtie ſchew,
Singand ſoftlie full ſweit on thair maner
On Poet wiſe, all diuers verſis ſeir,
Hiſtoryis greit in Latine toung and Grew,
With freſche indite and ſoundis gude to heir.

IV.

And ſum of thame *ad Lyram* playit and ſang
Sa pleſand verſe quhill all the roches rang
Metir Saphik, and alſo Elygie.
Thair inſtrumentis allmaiſt war fidillis lang,
But with a ſtring quhilk neuer a wreiſt yeid wrang,
Sum had an harp and ſum a ſair pſaltrie *,

* After this line inſert as L. ed.
On lutis ſum thair accentis ſubtellé.

Deuydit weill and held the meaſure lang,
In ſoundis ſweit of pleſand melodie.

V.

The ladyis ſang in voices dulcorait
Facund epiſtillis quhilks quhylum OVID wrait
As PHILLIS Quene, ſend till Duke DEMOPHOON:
And of PENELOPE the greit regrait,
Send to hir Lord ſcho douting his eſtait,
That he at *Troy* ſuld loiſit be or tone.
How ACCONTIUS till CYDIPPE anone
Wrait his complaint, thair hard I weill, God wait,
With other luſtie miſſives mony one.

VI.

I had greit wonder of thay Ladyis* ſeir,
Quhilks in that airt micht haue na † compeir
Of caſtis quent, rethorik colouris fine,
Sa poetlike in ſubteill fair maneir,
And eloquent firme cadence regulair.
Thair veyage furth contenand richt as line,
With ſang and play (as ſaid is) ſa deuine,
Thay faſt approching to the place weill neir,
Quhair I was torment into my greit ‡ pine.

VII.

And as that heuinlie ſort now nominate,
Remouit furth on gudlie wiſe thair gait.
Toward the court quhilk was tofoir expremit,
My curage grew, for quhat cauſe I nocht wait,

* thair layis. † na way.
‡ in my gaſtly.

Saif that I held me payit of thair eſtait;
And thay wer folk of knowledge * as it ſemit.
Als into VENUS court full faſt thay demit;
Sayand, yone luſtie court weill ſtop or meit †,
To juſtifie this byſning quhilk blaſphemit.

VIII.

Yone is (quod thay) the court Rethoricall,
Of polit termis ſingand Poeticall,
And conſtand ground of famous ſtories ſweit,
Yone is the facund well celeſtiall,
Yone is the fontane and originall,
Quhair fra the well of *Helicon* dois fleit,
Yone are the folks that comfortis euerie ſpreit,
Be fine delite and dite angelicall,
Cauſand gros leid, all of maiſt gudneſs gleit.

IX.

Yone is the court of pleſand ſteidfaſtnes,
Yone is the court of conſtant merines,
Yone is the court of joyous diſcipline,
Quhilk cauſis folk thair purpois to expreſs,
In ornate wiſe prouokand with gladneſs,
All gentill hartis to thair lair inclyne.
Euerie famous poeit men may diuine,
Is in yone rout, lo yonder thair princes,
THESPIS, the mother of the muſis nine.

X.

And nixt hir ſine hir dochter firſt begot,
Lady CLIO, quhilk craftilie dois ſet,

* knawlagis. † our mate.

Hiſtoryis

Hiſtoryis auld like as thay war preſent;
EUTERPE eik whilk daylie dois hir det,
In dulce blaſtis of pypis ſweit but let;
The third ſiſter, THALIA, diligent
In wantown writ, and chronikill dois imprint;
The feird indytis oft with cheikis wet,
Sair tragedies, MELPOMENE the gent.

XI.

TERPSICHORE the fyft with humbill ſoun,
Makis on pſalteris modulatioun;
The ſixt ERATO like thir lovers wilde,
Will ſing, daunce, and leip baith up and doun.
POLYMNIA, the ſeuint muſe of renoun,
Dytis thir ſweit rethorick colouris milde,
Quhilks are ſa pleſand baith to man and childe;
URANIA, the aucht ſiſter ſchene with crown,
Writis the heuin and ſtarnis all bedene.

XII.

The nynt, quhome to nane uther is compeir,
CALLIOPE that luſtie lady cleir,
Of quhom the bewtie, and the worthineſs,
The vertewis greit, ſchynis baith far and neir.
For ſcho of nobill fatis hes the ſteir,
To write thair worſchip, victorie and prowes,
In kinglie ſtyle quhilk dois thair fame incres,
Ecleipt in Latine *heroicus*, but weir
Chief of all write, like as ſcho is maiſtres.

XIII.

Thir muſis nine lo yonder may ye ſee,
With freſche nymphis of water and of ſey,

And fair ladyis of thir tempillis auld,
PYERIDES, DRYADES and SATUREE,
NERIDES, AONES, NAPEE,
Of quhome the bounties neidis not be tauld.
Thus denit the court of VENUS mony fauld:
Quhilk ſpeiche refreſhit my perplexitie,
Rejoiſand weill my ſpreit befoir was cauld.

XIV.

The ſuddane ſicht of that firme court foreſaid,
Recomfort weill my hew befoir was ſaid,
Amid my ſpreit the joyous heit redoundit,
Behalding how the luſtie muſis raid,
And all thair court quhilk was ſa blyth and glaid,
Quhais merines all heuines confoundit.
Thair ſaw I weill in poetrie y-groundit,
The greit HOMEIR, quhilk in Greik * language ſaid,
Maiſt eloquentlie, in quhome all witt aboundit.

XV.

Thair was the greit Latine VIRGILIUS,
The famous father Poeit OUIDIUS,
DICTES, DARES, and eik the trew LUCANE;
Thair was PLAUTUS, POGGIUS, and PERSIUS;
Thair was TERENCE, DONATE, and SERUIUS,
FRANCIS PETRARCHE, FLACCUS VALERIANE;
Thair was ESOPE, CATO, and ALLANE;
Thair was GALTERUS and BOETIUS;
Thair was alſo the greit QUINTILLIANE.

* Grew.

Thair

XVI.

Thair was the Satyr Poeit JUUENALL;
Thair was the mixt and ſubteill MARTIALL:
Of *Thebes* bruyt thair was the Poeit STACE;
Thair was FAUSTUS, and LAURENCE of the VALE;
POMPONIUS, quhais fame of late ſans faill,
Is blawin wyde throw euerie realm and place;
Thair was the moral wyſe Poeit HORACE,
With mony uther clerk of greit auail;
Thair was BRUNNELL, CLAUDIUS, and BOCCHACE.

XVII.

Sa greit ane preis of pepill drew us neir,
The hundredth part thair names ar not heir,
Yit ſaw I thair of BRUTUS *Albyon*,
GEFFRAY CHAUCIER, as *a per ſe* ſans peir
In his vulgare; and morall JOHN GOWEIR.
LYDGATE the monk raid muſing him alone.
Of this natioun I knew alſo anone,
Greit KENNEDIE and DUNBAR yit undeid,
And QUINTINE with ane huttock on his heid.

XVIII.

Howbeit I culd declair and weill indite,
The bounties of that court dewlie to write,
War ouir prolixit tranſcending mine ingine.
Tuitching the proces of my panefull ſite,
Beliue I ſaw thir luſtie muſis quhite,
With all thair rout toward VENUS decline,
Quhair CUPIDE ſat with her in throne diuine,
I ſtandand bundin in ane ſorie plite,
Bydand thair grace, or than my deidlie pine.

Straicht

XIX.

Straicht to the Quene thir ſamin muſis raid,
Maiſt eloquentlie thair ſalutationis maid,
VENUS again yaid thame thair ſaluſing,
Richt reverentlie, and on hir feit upbraid,
Beſeikand thame to licht, nay, nay thay ſaid,
We may not heir mak na lang tarying.
CALLIOPE maiſt facund and leening,
Inquirit VENUS quhat wicht had hir miſmaid,
Or quhat was cauſe of hir thair ſojourning.

XX.

Siſter, ſaid ſcho, behald yone byſning ſchrew,
A ſubtell ſmy, conſider weill his hew,
Standis thair bound, and bekinit hir to me,
Yone catiue has blaſphemit me of new,
For to degraid, and do my fame adew,
A laithlie ryme diſpiteful ſubtellé
Compylet hes, reheirſand loud on hie,
Sclander, diſpite, ſorrow and velanie *,
To me, my ſone, and eik our court for aye.

XXI.

He hes deſeruit deith, he ſall lie † deid,
And we remaine forſuith into this ſteid.
To juſtifie that rebald rennegait,
Quod CALLIOPE, ſiſter away all feid,
Quhy ſuld he die, quhy ſuld he lois his heid?
To ſlay him for ſa ſmall ane cryme God wait,
Greitar degrading war to your eſtait,

* wallaway. † be.

To

To ſic as he to mak counter pleid *,
How may ane fule your hie honour † chek mait ?

XXII.

Quhat of his lak, ſa wide your fame is blaw,
Your excellence maiſt peirles is ſa knaw,
Na wretchis word may depair your hie name.
Giue me his life, and modifie the law,
For on my heid he ſtandis now ſic aw,
That he ſall efter deſerue neuer mair blame,
Nocht of his deith ye may report bot ſchame,
In recompence for his miſſettand ſaw,
He ſall your heſt in euerie part proclame.

XXIII.

Than, Lord! how glaid became my febill goiſt,
My curage grew, the whilk befoir was loiſt,
Seand I had ſa greit ane aduocait,
That expertlie but prayer, price or coſt,
Obtenit had my friwoll ‡ actioun almoſt,
Quhilk was befoir periſchit and deſolait:
This quhile VENUS ſtude in ane ſtudie ſtrait,
Bot finallie ſcho ſchew till all the oiſt
Scho wald do grace, and not be obſtinait.

XXIV.

I will ſaid ſcho haue mercie and pietie,
Do ſlaik my wraith, and let all rancour be;
Quhair is mair vice than to be ouer cruell?
And ſpecially in women ſic as me.

* All out than wes his ſclander, or ſich plede.
† renown. ‡ frewel.

A lady,

A lady, fy! that uſis tyrannie,
A vennomous ather and a * ſerpent fell.
A vennemous dragoun or ane deuill of hell,
Is na compeir to the iniquitie
Of bald wemen, as thir wiſe clerkis tell.

XXV.

Greit God defend I ſuld be ane of tho,
Quhilk of thair feid and malice never ho,
Out on ſic gram, I will haue na repreif,
CALLIOPE, ſiſter, (ſaid to hir VENUS tho),
At your requeiſt this wretche ſall freily go.
Heir I remit his treſpas; and all grief
Sall be forget, ſa he ſall ſay ſum breif,
Or ſchort ballat, in contrair pane and wo,
Twitching my laude, and his pleſand relief.

XXVI.

And ſecundlie, the nixt reſſonabill command,
Quhilk I him charge, ſe that he nocht gane ſtand,
On thir conditiounis ſiſter at your requeiſt,
He ſall gang fre; quod CALLIOPE inclinand,
Grant mercie ſiſter, I obleis be my hand,
He ſall obſerue in all pointis your beheſt.
Than VENUS bade do ſlaik ſone my arreiſt.
Bellyue I was releuit † of eurie band,
Uprais the court, and all the parlour ceiſt.

XXVII.

Tho ſat I down lawlie upon my kne,
At command of prudent CALLIOPE,

* No woman is, rather a.
† releſchit.

Yeildand

Yeildand VENUS thankis ane thouſand ſyith,
For ſa hie friendſhip, and mercifull pietie,
Excelland grace, and greit humanitie,
The quhilk to me treſpaſſour did ſcho kyith.
I the forgiue, quod ſcho, than was I blyth,
Doun on ane ſtock I ſat me ſuddenlie
At hir command, and wrait this lay alſwyth.

XXVIII.

Unwemmit witt deliuerit of dangair,
Maiſt happelie deliuerit fra the ſnair,
Releuit fre of ſeruice and bondage,
Expell dolour, expell diſeiſis ſair,
Avoid diſpleſure womenting and cair,
Reſſaue pleſance, and do thy ſorrow ſwage,
Behald thy glaid freſche luſtie grene curage,
Rejoice amid thir louers but diſpair *,
Prouide ane place to plant thy tender age,
In leſtand blis to remane and repair †.

XXIX.

Quha is in welth? Quha is weill fortunate?
Quha is in pes diſſeuerit fra debait?
Quha leuis in hope, Quha leuis in eſperance,
Quha ſtandis in grace, Quha ſtandis in firm eſtait?
Quha is content, rejoycit air and lait,
Or Quha is he that fortoun dois auance?
Bot thow that is repleniſchit of pleſance,
Thow hes comfort, all weilfair delicate,

* lait and air.

† Quhair thou in joy and pleſour may repair.

Thow

Thow hes glaidnes, thow hes the happie chance,
Thow hes thy will, Thow be nocht deſolait.

XXX.

Incres in mirthfull conſolatioun,
In joyous ſweit imaginatioun,
Abound in lufe of purifyt amouris,
With diligent trew deliberatioun,
Rander louingis for thy ſalvatioun,
Till VENUS, and under her guerdoun all houris,,
Reſt at all eis, but ſair or ſitefull ſchouris,
Abide in quiet, maiſt conſtant weillfair*,
Unwemmit wit deliuerit of all dangeir.

XXXI.

This lay was red in oppin audience,
Of the muſis and in VENUS preſence,
I ſtand content thow art obedient,
Quod CALLIOPE, my companion and defence.
VENUS ſaid eik it was ſome recompence,
For my treſpas, I was ſa penitent.
And with that word all ſuddanelie ſcho went,
In ane inſtant ſcho and hir court was hence:
Yit ſtill abaid thir muſis on the bent.

XXXII.

Inclynand then I ſaid CALLIOPE,
My protectour, my help and my ſupplie,

* After this line:

Be glaid and licht now in thy luſty flouris.

The line ſhould rhime to *ſalvatioun*. St. XXVIII has alſo an extra line.

My

My ſouerane lady, my redemptioun,
My mediatour, quhen I was dampnit to die,
I ſall beſeik the godlie majeſtie,
Infinite thankis, laude and beniſoun,
Yow till acquite, according your renoun.
It langis nocht my poſſibilitie,
Till recompence ten part of this guerdoun.

XXXIII.

Gloir, honour, laude, and reuerence conding,
Quha may foryeild yow of ſa hie ane thing?
And in that part your mercie I imploir,
Submitting me my life-time induring,
Your pleſance and mandate till obeyſing.
Silence, ſaid ſcho, I haue eneuch heirfoir,
I will thow wend and veſie wonderis moir.
Than ſcho me hes betaucht in keiping,
Of ane ſweit nymphe maiſt faithfull and decoir.

XXXIV.

Ane hors I gat maiſt richelie beſene
Was harneiſt all with wodbind leuis grene,
Of the ſame ſute the trappours law doun hang.
Ouir him I ſtraid at command of the quene,
Tho ſamin furth we ryding all bedene,
Als ſwift as thocht with mony a merie ſang,
My nymph alwayis conuoyit me of thrang,
Amid the muſis to ſe quhat thay wald mene
Quhilks ſang and playit, but neuer a wreiſt yeid wrang.

XXXV.

Throw countreis feir, holtis, and rockes hie,
Ouir vaillis, planis, woddis, wallie, ſey,

Ouir fludis fair, and mony ſtrait mountane,
We war caryit in twinkling of ane eye.
Our horſis ſlaw, and raid nocht, as thocht me,
Now out of *France* turſit in *Tuſkané*,
Now out of *Flanders* heich up in *Almanie*,
Now into *Egypt*, now into *Italie*,
Now in the realm of *Trace*, and now in *Spane*.

XXXVI.

The hie montanes we paſſit of *Germanie*,
Ouir *Appennynus* devydand *Italie*,
Ouir *Ryne*, the *Pow*, and *Tiber*, fluidis fair,
Ouir *Alpheus*, by *Pyſe* the riche cietie,
Under the eirth that enters in the ſee.
Ouir *Rone*, ouir *Sane*; ouir *France*, and eik ouir *Lair*,
And ouir *Tagus* the golden ſandit riuair;
In *Theſſalie* we paſſit the mont *Oethe*,
And HERCULES in ſepulture ſand thair.

XXXVII.

Thair went we ouir the riuair *Peneyus*,
In *Sicill* eik we paſſit the mont *Tmolus*;
Pleiniſht with ſaiffron, honie, and with wyne;
The twa toppit famous *Parnaſus*;
In *Trace* we went out ouir the mont *Emus*,
Quhair ORPHEUS leirit his harmonie maiſt fyne.
Ouir *Carmelus* quhair twa prophetis deuyne,
Remainit, HELIAS, and HELISEUS,
Fra quhome the ordour of Carmelites came ſyne.

XXXVIII.

And nixt into the Land of *Amaſon*,
In haiſt we paſt the flude *Termodyon*,

And

And ouir the huge hill that echt *Mynas*,
We raid the hill of BACCHUS *Citheron*,
And *Olympus* the mont of *Macedon*,
Quhilk ſemis heich up in the heuin to paſs,
In that countrie we raid the flude *Melas*,
Quhais water makis quhite ſcheip blak anone;
In *Europe* eik we raid the flude *Thanas*.

XXXIX.

We raid the ſwift riuer *Sparthiades*,
The flude of *Surry Achicorontes*;
The hill ſa full of wellis cleipit *Ida*;
Armenie hillis and flude *Euphrates*;
The flude of *Nyle*, the precious flude *Ganges*
The hill of *Sicill* ay birnand *Ethna*;
And ouir the mont of *Phrygie Dindama*,
Hallowit in honour of the mother goddes;
Cauld *Caucaſus* we paſt in *Sythia*.

XL.

We paſſit the ſtudis of *Tigris* and *Phiſon*,
Of *Thrace* the riuers *Hebrus* and *Strymon*,
The mount of *Medan*, and the flude *Jordane*,
The facund well and hill of *Helicon*,
The mont *Eryx*, the well of *Acheron*,
Baith dedicate to VENUS in certain.
We paſt the hill and deſert of *Libane*,
Ouir mont *Cinthus* quhair god APOLLO ſchone,
Straicht to the muſis *Caſtaline* * fountane.

* Cabalins

XLI.

Beſide that criſtall well ſweit and digeſt,
Thame to repois, thair hors refreſche and reſt,
Alichtit doun thir muſis cleir of hew.
The companie all haillelie leiſt and beſt,
Thrang to the well to drink, quhilk ran ſouth weſt,
Throw out ane meid quhair alkin flouris grew.
Amang the laif full faſt I did perſew,
To drink, bot ſa the greit preis me oppreſt,
That of the water I micht not taſte a drew.

XLII.

Ouir horſis paſturit in ane pleſand plane,
Law at the fute of ane fair greene montane,
Amid ane meid ſchaddowit with Ceder treis.
Saif fra all heit, thair micht we weil remain.
All kinde of herbis, flouris, frute, and greine,
With eurie growand tre thair men micht cheis.
The beryall ſtreams rinnand ouir ſtanerie * greis,
Made ſober noyis; the ſchaw dinnet agâne,
For birdis ſang, and ſounding of the beis.

XLIII.

The ladyis fair on diuers inſtrumentis,
Went playand, ſingand, danſand, ouir the bentis,
Full angellik and heuinlie was their ſoun.
Quhat creature amid his hart imprintis,
The freſche bewtie the gudelie repreſentis,
The merrie ſpeiche, fair hauingis, hie renown,
Of thame, wald ſet a wiſe man half in ſwoun.

* ſtorny.

Thair

Thair womanlines wryithit the elementis,
Stoneiſt the heuin, and all the eirth adoun.

XLIV.

The warld may not conſidder nor deſcriue
The heuinlie joy, the blis I ſaw belive,
Sa ineffable, abone my witt ſa hie.
I will na mair thairon my foreheid riue,
Bot briefly furth my febill proceſs drive.
Law in the meid an Palyeon picht I ſe,
Maiſt gudlieſt, and richeſt that micht be:
My governour oftner than times fiue,
Unto that hald to paſs commandit me.

XLV.

Swa finally ſtraicht to that royall ſteed,
In fellowſchip with my leidar I yeid:
We enterit ſone, the portar was not thra,
Thair was na ſtopping, lang demand, nor pleid.
I kneillit law, and unheilded my heid,
And tho I ſaw our ladyis twa and twa,
Sittand on deiſſis *; familiars to and fra,
Servand thame faſt with ypocras and meid,
Delicate meitis, dainteis ſeir alſwa

XLVI.

Greit was the preis, the feiſt royal to ſene,
At eis thay ate with interludis betwene:
Gaue problewmis ſeir and mony fair demandis,
Inquyrand quha beſt in their times had bene,
Quha triaſt lovers in luſtie yeirs grene;

* deace.

Sum ſaid this way, and ſum thairto ganeſtandis,
Than CALLIOPE, OUIDE to appeir commandis,
My clerk, quod ſcho, of regiſter bedene,
Declair quha war maiſt worthie of thair handis.

XLVII.

With laurer crownit at hir commandement,
Upſtude this poet digeſt and eloquent,
And ſchew the fetis of HERCULES the ſtrang,
How he the griſlie hellis hounds outrent,
Slew lyounis, monſturis, and mony fell ſerpent,
And to the deith feill michty gyantis dang.
Of THESEUS eik he ſchew * the weiris lang,
Agane the quene YPOLITA the ſweit,
And how he ſlew the MINOTAUR in *Creit*.

XLVIII.

Of PERSEUS he tauld the knichtly deidis,
Quhilk vinquiſhed, (as men in OUIDE reidis,)
Creuell tyrantis and monſtures mony one.
Of DIANIS bair in *Callidon* the dreidis,
How throw ane ladyis ſchot his ſydis bleidis,
The bretheris deith, and ſyne the ſiſter's mone.
He ſchew how king PYRAMUS ſone YSSACONE,
After his deith, bodie and all his weidis,
Intill ane ſkarth transformit was anone.

XLIX.

He ſchew at *Troy* quhat wiſe the Greiks landis,
How feirs ACHILLES ſtranglit with his handis,
The valyeant CYGNUS, NEPTUNE's ſon maiſt deir;

* tald.

Quhilk

Quhilk at Greiks arriual on the ſtrandis,
A thouſand ſlew that day upon the ſandis,
Faught with ACHILL and bluntit all his ſpeir.
Na wapin was that might him wound or deir,
Quhill ACHILLES briſt of his helme the bandis,
And wirryit him be force for all his feir.

L.

He ſchaw full mony tranſmutatiounis,
And wonderfull new figouratiounis,
Be hundrethis, mo than I haue heir expremit;
He tauld of lufis meditatiounis,
The craft of lufe and the ſalwatiounis,
How that the furie luſtis ſuld be ſlamet.
Of diuers uther matters als he demit,
And be his prudent ſchairp relatiounis,
He was expert of all thing as it ſemit.

LI.

Uprais the greit VIRGILLIUS anone,
And playit the ſportis of DAPHNIS and CORYDONE;
Sine TERENCE come, and playit the Comedy,
Of PARMENO, THRASON, and wiſe GNATONE.
JUUENALL like ane mowar him allone,
Stude ſcornand euerie man as thay yeid by,
MARTIAL was cuik, till roiſt, ſeith, farce and fry,
And POGGIUS ſtude with mony girne and grone,
On LAURENCE VALLA ſpittand, and cryand fy!

LII.

With mirthis thus and meitis delicate,
Thir ladyis feiſtit according thair eſtait,
Uprais at laſt, commandand till tranoynt.

Retreit was blawn loude, and than God waite,
Men micht have ſene ſwift horſis haldin hait,
Schynand for ſweit, as thay had bene anoynt.
Of all that rout was neuer a prick disjoynt,
For all our tary, and I furth with my mait,
Mountit on hore, raid ſamin in gude point.

LIII.

Ouir mony gudlie plane we raid bedene,
The vaill of *Hebron*, the camp *Damaſcene*,
Throw *Joſaphat*, and throw the luſtie vaill;
Ouir waters wan, throw worthie woddis grene.
And ſwa at laſt on lifting up our ene,
We ſe the final end of our trauail,
Amid ane plane a pleſand roche to waill,
And euerie wicht fra we that ſicht had ſene,
Thankand greit God, their heidis law deuaill.

LIV.

With ſinging, lauching, merines and play,
Unto this roche we rydand furth the way.
Now mair to write for feir tremblis my pen.
The hart may not think nor mannis toung ſay,
The eir nocht heir, nor yit the eye ſe may,
It may not be imaginit with men,
The heuinlie blis the perfite joy to ken,
Quhilk now I ſaw: the hundredth part, all day,
I micht not ſchaw thocht I had toungis ten.

LV.

Thocht all my members toungis war on raw,
I war not able the thouſand fauld to ſchaw,
Quhairfoir I feir ocht farther mair to write,

Fa

For quhidder I this in ſaul or bodie ſaw,
That wait I nocht, bot he that all dois knaw,
The greit God wait, in euerie thing perfite.
Eik gif I wald this auiſioun indite,
Jangleris ſuld it backbite, and ſtand nane aw,
Cry out on dreimis quhilks are not worth an mite.

LVI.

Senthis till me all verity be kend,
I repute thus better to make ane end,
Than ocht to ſay that ſuld heiraris engreif:
On uther ſide, thocht thay me vilipend,
I conſider prudent folk will commend,
The veritie, and ſic jangling repreif,
With quhais correctioun, ſupport and relief,
Furth to proceid, this proces I pretend,
Traiſtand in God my purpois to eſcheif.

LVII.

Howbeit I may not euerie circumſtance,
Reduce perfitely in remembrance,
Myne ignorance yit ſum part ſall deuiſe,
Twitching this ſight of heuiplie ſweit pleſance.
Now emptie pen write furth thy luſtie chance,
Schaw wonderis feill, ſuppois thow be not wiſe,
Be diligente and repelie the auiſe.
Be quick and ſchairp voidit of variance,
Be ſweit, and caus not gentill hartis griſe,

THE

PALICE OF HONOUR.

ARGUMENT OF PART III.

The poet aſcendis the rock—Hell of idlnes—Shipwreck of the carvel of the ſtate of grace—Firſt ſight of the PALACE OF HONOUR—*Deſcriptioun of it—*VENUS *thar, and hir mirrour quhilk reflectis al the gret acts of auld tymes—Account of ſacred and profane hiſtorie—Pleſand debaitments, mock heroes as Fingal, &c. and enchaunters, alſua ſine—Allegoricall deſcriptioun of king* HONOUR *and his court—The perſouns thar—The poet wiſhing to pas intil the gardyne of flouris of retboric, ſuppoſis he droppis from a brig, and wakis—Addreſs to king* JAMES IV.

PART THRID.

§ I.

YE muſis nine be in my adiutorie,
That made me ſe this blis and perfite glorie,
Teiche me yowr facund caſtis eloquent,
Len me a recent ſchairp freſche memorie,
And caus me dewlie till indite this ſtorie.
Sum gracious ſweitneſs in my breiſt imprent,
Till mak the heirars bowſom and attent,
Reidand my wreitt illuminate with your loir,
Infinite thankis randerand yow thairfoir.

Now

II.

Now briefly to my purpoiſe for till gone,
About the hill lay wayis mony one,
And to the hicht bot ane paſſage ingraue,
Hewin in the roche of ſlid hard marbell ſtone.
Agane the ſone like to the glas it ſchone,
The aſcence was hie, and ſtrait for till conſtaue.
Yit than thir muſis gudelie and ſuaue,
Alichtit down and clam the roche in hie,
With all the rout, out tane my nimphe and I.

III.

Still at the hillis fute we twa abaid,
Than ſuddanlie my keipar to me ſaid,
Aſcend galland: than for feir I quuik.
Be not affrayit, ſcho ſaid, be not diſmayit.
And with that word up the ſtrait rod abraid,
I followit faſt, ſcho be the hand me tuick,
Yit durſt I neuer for dreid behind me luik.
With meikle pain thus clam I neir the hicht,
Quhair ſuddanelie I ſaw ane griſlie ſicht.

IV.

As we approchit neir the hillis heid,
Ane terribill ſewch birnand in flammis reid,
Abhominabill, and how as hell to ſee,
All full of brinſtane, pick, and bulling leid;
Quhair mony wretchit creature lay deid,
And miſerabill catines yelland loud on hie,
I ſaw: quhilk den micht weill compairit be,
Till *Xanthus* the flude of *Troy* ſa ſchill,
Birnand at VENUS' heſt contrair ACHILL,

Amid

V.

Amid our paſſage lay this uglie ſicht,
Nocht braid but ſa horribill to euerie wicht,
That all the warld to paſs it ſuld have dreid.
Weil I conſidderit na upper mair I micht,
And to deſcend ſa hidious was the hicht,
I durſt not auenture for this eird on breid.
Trimbland I ſtude with teith chatterand gude ſpeid,
My nymphe beheld my cheir, and ſaid let be,
Thow ſall nocht aill, and lo the caus (quod ſche).

VI.

To me thow art commit, I ſall the keip.
Thir pieteous pepill amid this laithlie deip,
War wretchis quhilks in luſtie yeiris fair,
Pretendit thame till hie honour to creip,
Bot ſuddanlie thay fell on ſlewthfull ſleip,
Followand pleſance drownit in this loch of cair.
And with that word ſcho hint me be the hair,
Carpit me till the hillis heid anone,
As ABACUK was brocht in *Babylone*.

VII.

As we bene on the hie hill ſituait,
Luik down, quod ſcho, conſaue iu quhat eſtait,
Thy wretchit warld thow may conſidder now.
At her command with meikill dreid, God wait,
Out ouir the hill ſa hiddious hie and ſtrait,
I blent adoun and felt my body grow,
This brukill eird ſa litill till allow,
Me thocht I ſaw birn in ane fireie rage,
Of ſtormie ſey, quhilk might na maner ſwage.

That

VIII.

That terribill tempeſt, hiddeous wallis huge,
War maiſt griſlie for to behald or judge,
Quhair nouther reſt nor quiet micht appeir,
Thair was ane perrelous place * folk for to lodge,
Thair was na help ſupport not yit refuge.
Innumerabill folk I ſaw flotterand in feir,
Quhilk pereiſt on the walterand wallis weir.
And ſecundlie I ſaw a luſtie barge,
Ouirſett with ſeyis, and mony ſtormy charge.

IX.

This gudelie carvell taiklit traiſt on raw,
With blanſchit ſaill milk quhite as ony ſnaw,
Richt ſouer, ticht and wonder ſtranglie beildit,
Was ou the boldyn wallis quite ouirthraw.
Contrariouſlie the buſterous wind did blaw
In bubbis thick, that na ſchippis ſail micht weild it.
Now ſank ſcho law, now hie to heuin up beildit.
At everie part ſwa ſey and windis draif,
Quhill on ane ſand the ſchip did burſt and claif.

X.

It was a pieteous thing, alaik, alaik,
To heir the dulefull cry, quhen that ſcho ſtraik,
Maiſt lamentabill the pereiſt folk to ſe.
Sa famiſt drowkit, mait, forewrocht, and waik,
Sum on an plank of fir tre, and ſum of aik,
Sum hang upon a takill, ſum on ane tre,
Sum fra thair grip ſone waſchin with the ſee,

* palyce.

Part

Part drownit, part to the roche fleit or ſwam,
On raipis or buirdis, ſine up the hill they clam.

XI.

Tho at my nymphe breiflie I did enquire,
Quhat ſignifyet that feirfull wonder ſeir.
Yone multitude ſaid ſcho of pepill drint,
Ar faithles folk, quhilkis quhill thay ar heir,
Miſknawis God and followis thair pleſeir,
Quhairfoir thay ſall in endlis fire be brint.
Yone luſtie ſchip yow ſeis pereiſt and tint,
In quhome yone pepill maid ane perrelous race,
Scho hecht the CARVELL OF THE STATE OF GRACE.

XII.

Ye bene all borne the ſonnis of Ire, I gues,
Sine throw Baptiſme gettis grace and faithfulnes,
Than in yone carvell ſurelie ye remane,
Oft ſtormeſted with this waridlis brucklenes,
Quhill that ye fall in ſin and wretchitneſs,
Than ſchip broken ſall ye drown in endles pane,
Except by faith ye find the plank agane,
Be Chriſt working gude warkis I underſtand,
Remane thair with, this ſall yow bring to land.

XIII.

This may ſuffice, quod ſcho, twitchand this part;
Return thy heid, behald this uther art;
Conſidder wonders and be vigilant,
That thow may better endyten efterwart,
Things quhilkis I ſall the ſchaw or we depart,
Thow ſall haue fouth of ſentence and not ſcant.
Thair is na welth nor weilfair thow ſall want,

The

The greit PALICE of HONOUR thow ſall ſe,
Lift up thy heid, behald that ſicht, quod ſche.

XIV.

At hir command I raiſit hie on hicht,
My viſage till behald that heuinlie ſicht;
Bot to diſcriue this matter in effect,
Impoſſibill war to ony eirdlie wicht.
It tranſcendis feir abone my micht
That I with ink may do bot paper blek,
I moſt draw furth the yok lyis on my nek,
As of the place to ſay my leude auiſe,
Pleneiſt with pleſance like to Paradice.

XV.

I ſaw a plane of peirles puleritude,
Quhairin aboundit alkin thingis gude,
Spyce, wine, corne, oyle, tre, frute, flour, herbis grene;
All foullis beiſtis, birdis, and alkin fude.
All maner fiſches baith of ſey and flude,
War keipit in pondis of poleiſt ſiluer ſchene,
With purifyit water as of the criſtall clene.
To noy the ſmall the greit beiſtis had na will,
Nor rauenous foulis the lytill volatill.

XVI.

Still in the ſeſſoun all thingis remanit thair,
Perpetuallie but outher noy or ſair,
Ay rypit war baith herbis frute and flouris.
Of euerie thing the namis to declair,
Unto my febill wit unpoſſibill wair.
Amid the meid replet of ſweit odouris,
A palice ſtude with mony royal towris,

Quhair kyrnellis quent feill turets men micht find,
And goldin fanis waifand with the wind.

XVII.

Pinnakillis, fyellis, turnpekkis mony one,
Gilt birneiſt torris, quhilk like to Phebus ſchone,
Skarſment, repriſe, corbell, and battellingis,
Fullyery, bordouris of many precious ſtone,
Subtill muldrie wrocht mony day agone,
On butterys, jalme, pillaris and pleſand ſpringis.
Quick imagerie with mony luſtie ſyngis,
Thair micht be ſene: and monie worthie wichtis,
Befoir the yet arrayit all at richtis.

XVIII.

Furth paſt my nymphe, I followit ſubſequent,
Straicht throw the plane to the firſt waird we went,
Of the palice, and enterit at the port.
Thair ſaw we mony ſtaitlie tournament,
Lancis brokin, knichtis laid on the bent.
Pleſand paſtance, and mony luſtie ſport,
Thair ſaw we als, and ſum time battell mort;
All thir quod ſcho, on VENUS ſeruice vaikis,
In deidis of armis for thair ladyis ſaikis.

XIX.

Veſyand I ſtude the principal place but peir,
That heuinlie palice all of criſtall cleir,
Wrocht as me thocht of poliſt berial ſtone.
Bofiliall nor Oliab but weir,
Quhilk *ſancta ſanctorum* maid maiſt riche and deir,
Nor he that wroucht the temple of SALOMON,
Nor he that buildit the royall *Tlion*,

Nor

Nor he that forgit DARIUS ſepulture,
Culd not performe ſa craftilie ane cure.

XX.

Studiand heiron my nymphe unto me ſpak,
Thus in a ſtair quhy ſtandis thow ſtupifak,
Gouand all day, and nathing hes vefite.
Thow art prolixt, in haiſt returne thy bak,
Ga efter me and gude attendance tak,
Quhat now thow ſeis luik efterwart thow write.
Thow ſall behald all VENUS blis perfite,
Thairwith ſcho till ane garth did me conuey,
Quhair that I ſaw eneuch of perfite joy.

XXI.

Amid ane throne with ſtanis riche quirfret,
And claith of gold Lady VENUS was ſet,
By hir, hir ſone CUPIDE quhilk nathing ſeis.
Quhair MARS enterit na knawledge micht I get.
Bot ſtraicht befoir VENUS viſage but let,
Stude emeraut ſtages twelf, grene precious greis,
Quhairon thair grew thre curious goldin treis,
Suſtentand weill the goddes face beforne,
Ane fair mirrour be thame quently upborne.

XXII.

Quhairof it makit was I haue na feill,
Of beriall, criſtall, glas, or birniſt ſteill,
Of diamant, or of the carbunkill gem;
Quhat thing it was define may I not weill,
Bot all the bordour circulair euerie deill,
Was plait of gold, cais, ſtock, and utter hem,
With vertious ſtanis picht that blude wald ſtem.

For quha that woundit was in the tornament,
Wox haill fra he upon the mirrour blent.

XXIII.

This royall rillik ſa riche and radious,
Sa poliſt, pleſand, purifyit, precious,
Quhais bounteis half to write I not preſume.
Thairon to ſe was ſa delicious,
And ſa excelland ſchaddowis gracions,
Surmounting far in brichtnes, to my dome,
The coiſtlie ſubtill ſpektakill of *Rome*,
Or yet the mirrour ſent to CANACH,
Quhairin men micht ful mony wonders ſe.

XXIV.

In that mirrour I micht ſe at ane ſicht,
The deidis and fatis of euerie eirdly wicht,
All thingis gone like as thay war preſent.
All the creatiounis of the angells bricht:
Of LUCIFER the fall for all his micht:
ADAM firſt man and in the eirth yſent.
And NOYES flude thair ſaw I ſubſequent:
BABYLON beild, that towre of ſic renoun:
Of *Sodomes* the feill ſubuerſioun.

XXV.

ABRAHAM, ISAAC, JACOB, JOSEPH, I ſaw,
Hornit MOYSES with his auld Hebrew law,
Ten plaiges in *Egypt* ſend for thair treſpas.
In the Red ſey with all his court on raw,
King PHARAOH drynt, that God wald neuer knaw;
I ſaw quhat wiſe the ſey deuydit was,
And all the Hebrewis dry fute ouir it pas,

Sine

Sine in desert I saw thame fourty yeiris;
Of JOSUE I saw the worthie weiris.

XXVI.

Of *Judicum* the battellis strang anone,
I saw of JEPTHE, and of GEDEONE,
Of AMALECH the cruel homicide,
The wonderfull workis of douchtie duke SAMSONE,
Quhilk slew a thousand with ane asses bone;
Rent tempillis down, and yettis in his pride,
Of quhais strength marvellis this warld sa wide.
I saw duke SANGOR thair with mony a knok,
Six hundreth men slew with ane pleuchis sok.

XXVII.

The prophet SAMUEL saw I in that glas,
Anoyntit king SAULL, quhais sone JONATHAS,
I saw vincus ane greit oist him alane.
Young DAUID sla the grisllie GOLYAS,
Quhais speir heid wecht thre hundreth unces was,
JESBEDONAB the gyant mekill of mane,
Lay be the handis of michtie DAUID slane,
With fingers sex on ather hand but weir;
DAUID I saw slay baith lyon and beir.

XXVIII.

This DAUID eik at ane onset astound,
Aucht hundreth men I saw him bring to ground.
With him I saw BANANYAS the strang,
Quhilk twa lyounis of *Moab* did confound,
And gaue the stalwart *Ethiop* deidis wound,
With his awin speir that of his hand he thrang.
Unauasitlie this champion sa I gang,

Tint all his leiges hartis be his fait,
He was to thame ſa outragious ungrait,
Of twelf tribes ten did fra him divyde.
I ſaw the angell ſla, be nichtis tide,
Four ſcoir thouſandis of SENNACHERIBS oiſt,
Quhilk came to weir on *Jewry* with greit boiſt.

XXX.

I ſaw the life of the king EZECHY,
Prolongit fifteen yeir; and the prophet HELY,
Amid a firie chair to Paradice went.
The ſtoryis of ESRAS and of NEEMY,
And DANIELL in the lyounis caue ſaw I,
For he the dragon ſlew, BEL brake and ſchent,
The chyldir thre amyd the fornace ſent;
I ſaw the tranſmigratioun in *Babylon*,
And baith the buiks of *Paralipomenon*.

XXXI.

I ſaw the hailie archangell RAPHAELL,
Marie SARA, the douchter of RAGUELL,
On TOBIAS for his juſt father's ſaik,

Jonas in the quhaillis womb dayis thre,
And ſchot furth ſine I ſaw at *Niniue*.

XXXII.

Of Job I ſaw the patience maiſt degeſt.
Of Alexander I ſaw the greit conqueſt,
Quhilk in twelf yeirs wan neir this warld on breid.
And of Antiochus the greit unreſt,
How tyranlie he *Jewrie* all opreſt.
Of Machabeus full monie ane knicht lie deid,
That gart all *Grece* and *Egypt* ſtand in dreid,
In quiet brocht his realme throw his prowes.
I ſaw his brether Symon and Jonathas

XXXIII.

Quhilks war maiſt worthie quhil thair dayis rang.
Of *Thebes* eik I ſaw the weirs lang,
Quhair Tydeus allone ſlew fiftie knichtis;
How finallie of *Grece* the championis ſtrang,
All haill the flour of knichtheid in that thrang,
Deſtroyit was, quhill Theseus with his michtis
The toun and Creon wan for all his ſlichtis.
Thair ſaw I how, as Statius dois tell,
Amphiorax the biſchop ſank to hell.

XXXIV.

The faithfull ladyis of *Grece* I micht conſidder,
In claithis black all bairfute paſs togidder,
Till *Thebes* ſege fra thair lordis war ſlain;
Behald ye men that callis ladyis lidder,
And licht of laitis, quhat kindnes brocht them hidder?
Quhat treuth and luſé did in thair breiſts remane!
I traiſt ye ſall reid in na writ agane,

In an realme ſa mony of ſic conſtance.
Perſaue thairby wemen ar till auance.

XXXV.

Of duke PIRITHOUS the ſpouſage in that tide,
Quhair the CENTAURIS reft away the bride,
Thair ſaw I; and thair battell, huge to ſe.
And HERCULES quhais renoun walkis wide,
For IXIONA law by *Troyis* ſide,
Faucht and ouircome a monſtour of the ſey,
For quhilk, quhen his rewaird denyit was, he
Maid the firſt ſiege, and the deſtructioun,
Of michtie *Troy*, quhylum that royall town.

XXXVI.

To win the fleis of gold tho ſaw I ſent,
Of *Grece* the nobillis with JASON conſequent,
Haill thair conqueſt, and all MEDEAS ſlichtis,
How for JASON YPSIPHILE was ſchent,
And how at *Troy* as thay to *Colchos* went,
Greikis tholit of king LAOMEDON greit unrichtis;
Quhairfoir *Troy* deſtroyit was be thair michtis,
IXIONA reuiſt, and LAOMEDON ſlane;
Bot PRYAMUS reſtorit the toun agane.

XXXVII.

The judgement of PARIS ſaw I ſine,
That gaue the apill, as poetis can define,
Till VENUS as goddes maiſt gudlie.
And how in *Grece* he reuiſchit quene HELYNE,
Quhairfoir the *Greikis* with thair greit navyne,
Full mony thouſand knichtis, haiſtilie
Thame till reuenge, ſaillit towart *Troy* in hy.

I ſaw

I ſaw how be ULIXES, with greit joy,
Quhatwiſe ACHILL was found, and brocht to *Troy*.

XXXVIII.

The cruell battellis, and the dintis ſtrang,
The greit debate, and eik the weiris lang.
At *Troyis* ſeige, the mirrour to me ſchew;
Suſtenit ten yeirs *Greikis Trojanis* amang,
And ather partie ſet full aft in thrang,
Quhair that HECTOR did douchtie deids anew,
Quhill feirce ACHILL baith him and TROYLUS ſlew.
The greit hors maid I ſaw, and *Troy* ſine tint,
And fair *Ilion* all in flammis brint.

XXXIX.

Sine out of *Troy*, I ſaw the fugitiues,
How that ENEAS, as VIRGIL weill diſcriues,
In countreis ſeir was by the ſeyis rage,
Bewauit oft, and how that he arriues,
With all his flote, but danger of thair liues,
And how thay war reſſett baith man and page,
Be quene DIDO remanand in *Carthage*.
And how ENEAS ſine, as that thay tell,
Went for to ſeik his father doun to hell.

XL.

Ouir *Stix* the flude I ſaw ENEAS fair,
Quhair CHARON was the buſtuus ferriar;
The fludes four of hell thair micht I ſe;
The folk in pane, the wayis circulair,
The welterand ſtone wirk SYSIPHO mich cair.
And all the pleſance of the camp *Eliſé*,
Quhair auld ANCHISES did commoun with ENEE,

And ſchew be line all his ſucceſſioun.
This ilk ENEAS, maiſt famous of renoun,

XLI.

I ſaw to goddes make the ſacrifice,
Quhairof the ordour and maner to deuiſe,
War ouir prolext; and how ENEAS fine,
Went to the ſchip and eik I ſaw quhat wiſe,
All his nauie greit hunger did ſurpriſe,
How he in *Italie* finallie with greit pyne,
Arryuit at the ſtrandis of *Lauyne*,
And how he faucht weill baith on landis and ſeys.
And TURNUS ſlew, the king of *Rutileis*.

XLII.

Rome ſaw I beildit firſt be ROMOLUS,
And eik how lang as writes LIUIUS,
The *Roman* kingis aboue the pepill rang,
And how the wickit proud TARQUINIUS,
With wiſe and bairnis be BRUTUS JUNIUS,
War expelit * *Rome* for thair inſufferabill wrang,
Bot all the proces for till ſchaw war lang,
How chaiſt LUCRECE the gudlieſt and beſt,
Be SEXTUS TARQUINE was cruellie oppreſt.]

XLIII.

The *Punick* battellis in that mirrour clear,
Betwene *Carthage* and *Romanis* mony yeir,
I ſaw becauſe ENEAS piteous
Fled fra DIDO be admonitiounis ſeir,
Betwene thir pepill raiſe ane langſum weir;

* exilit.

I ſaw how worthie MARCUS REGULUS,
Maiſt vailyeand, prudent, and victorious,
Howbeit he micht at libertie gone fre,
For commoun profite cheifit for to die.

XLIV.

TULLUS SERUILIUS douchtie in his daw,
And MARCUS CURTIUS* eik iu the mirrour I ſaw,
Quhilk throw his ſtoutneſs in the fiery gap,
For commoun profite of *Rome* himſelf did thraw,
Richt unabaiſitlie hauand na dreid nor aw,
Mountit on hors, unarmit thairin lap;
And HANNIBALL I ſaw be fatall hap,
Win contrair *Romanis* mony fair victorie,
Quhill SCIPIO eclipſit all his glorie.

XLV.

This worthie SCHIPIO cleipit APHRICANE,
I ſaw vincus this HANNIBALL in plane,
And *Carthage* bring unto finall ruine;
And ſine to *Rome* couquerit the realme of *Spane*.
How king JUGURTHA hes his brether ſlane,
Thair ſaw I eik; and of his weir the fine.
Richt weill I ſaw the battleis inteſtine,
Of CATILINE and of LENTULUS,
And betwene POMPEY and CESAR JULIUS.

XLVI.

And breiflie euerie famous douchtie deid,
That men in ſtorie may ſe, or chronikill reid;
I micht behald in that mirrour expreſs,

* And Quincyus eik.

The miſerie, the cruelitie, the dreid,
Pane, ſorrow, wo, baith wretchitnes and neid,
The greit inuy, couetouſneſs, doublenes,
Tuitchand warldlie unfaithfull brukilneſs.
I ſa the feind faſt folkis to vices tyſt,
And all the cumming of the Antechriſt.

XLVII.

Pleſand debaitments quha ſa richt reportis,
Thair micht be ſene, and all maner diſportis;
The falcounis for the riuer at thair gait
Mewand the foullis *in periculo mortis*,
Layand thame in be companeis and ſortis,
And at the plunge part ſaw I handillit hait.
The werie hunter beſie air and lait,
With queſting houndis ſeirching to and fra,
To hunt the hart, the bair, the da, the ra.

XLVIII.

*I ſaw RAF COILYEAR with his thraw in brow;
Craibit JOHNE the REIF, and auld Cow kewpis ſow;
And how the wran came out of *Aiſſay*.
And PEIRS PLEWMAN that maid his workmen few;
Greit GOWMACMORNE and FYN MAC COWL, and how
Thay ſuld be goddis in *Ireland* as thay ſay †.
Thair ſaw I MAITLAND upon auld Beird Gray;
ROBENE HUDE; and GILBERT with the quhite heind,
How HAY of NAUCHTON flew, in *Madin* land.

* This curious ſtanza wanting in the London edition, probably becauſe the editor could make nothing of the ſtrange names. It and the next are ludicrous.

† Here Oſſian's heroes are palpably referred to Ireland.

The

XLIX.

The Nigromancie thair ſaw I eik anone,
Of BENYTAS, BONGO, and Frier BACONE,
With mony ſubtill point of juglairie;
Of *Flanders* piis made mony precious ſtone,
Ane greit laid ſadill of a ſiching bone,
Of ane nutmug thay maid a Monk in hy,
Ane paroche kirk of ane penny pye:
And BENYTAS of an muſſell maid an aip,
With mony uther ſubtill mow and jaip.

L.

And ſchortlie to declair the verity,
All pleſand paſtance and gammis that micht be,
In that mirrour war preſent to my ſicht.
And as I wonderit on that greit ferlie,
VENUS at laſt, in turning of her eye,
Knew weill my face, and ſaid be goddis micht,
Ye bene welcome my perſonair to this hicht,
How paſſit yow, quod ſcho, this hiddeous deip?
Madame, Quod I, I not mair than ane ſcheip.

LI.

Na force thairof ſaid ſcho, ſen thow art heir,
How pleſis the our paſtance and effeir?
Glaidlie (quod I) madame, be God of heuin.
Rememberis thow ſaid ſcho withoutin weir,
On thy promit quhen of thy greit dangeir,
I the deliuerit, as now is not to neuin.
Than anſwerit I agane with ſober ſteuin,
Madame your precept quhat ſa be your will,
Heir I remane ay reddy to fulfill.

LII.

Weill weill, ſaid ſcho, thy will is ſufficient,
Of thy bowſome anſwer I ſtand content.
Than ſuddanlie in hand ane buik ſcho hint,
The quhilk to me betaucht ſcho or I went,
Commandand me to be obedient,
And put in ryme that proces than quite tint.
I promiſit hir forſuith or ſcho wald ſtint,
The buik reſſauand, thairon my cure to preif,
Inclynand ſine, lawlie I tuik my leif.

LIII.

Tuitchand this buik perauenture ye ſall heir *,
Sum time after quhen I haue mair laſeir.
My nimphe in haiſt ſcho hint me be the hand,
And as we ſamyn walkit furth in ſeir,
I the declair, quod ſcho, yone mirrour cleir,
The quhilk thow ſaw befoir Dame VENUS ſtand,
Signifyis nathing ellis to underſtand,
Bot the greit bewtie of thir ladyis facis,
Quhairin louers thinks thay behald all graces.

LIV.

Scho me conuoyit ſinallie to tell,
With greit pleaſance ſtraicht to the riche caſtell,
Quhair mony ſaw I preis to get ingres.
Thair ſaw I SINON and ACHITOPHELL,
Preiſſand to climb the wallis, and how they fell,
LUCIUS CATTALINE ſaw I thair expreſs,
In at an window preis to haue entres,

* By thys boke he monis Virgil. *Margin.*

But ſuddanlie TULLIUS come with ane buik,
And ſtraik him down quhill all his chaftis quik.

LV.

Faſt climmand up thay luſtie wallis of ſtone,
I ſaw JUGURTHA and treſſonabill TRYPHONE,
Bot thay na grippis thair micht hald for ſlidder.
Preſſand to clim ſtude thouſands mony one,
And to the ground thay fallin euerie one.
Than on the wall ane Garritour I conſidder,
Proclaimand loude that did thair hartis ſwidder;
"Out on all falſheid the mother of euerie vice,
"Away inuy, and birnand couetice!"

LVI.

That Garritour my nimphe unto me tald,
Was cleipit LAWTIE keipar of that hald,
Of hie honour: and thay pepill outſchett,
Swa preſſand thame to clim quhylum war bald,
Richt verteous young; bot fra time thai wox ald,
Fra honour haill on vice thayr mynde is * ſet.
Now ſall thow go, ſaid ſcho, ſtraicht to the yet,
Of this palice, and enter but offence,
For the porter is cleipit PATIENCE

LVII.

The michtie prince, the greiteſt emperour,
Of yone palice, quod ſcho, hecht hie HONOUR,
Quhome to dois ſerue mony traiſt officiair.
For CHERITIE of gudlineſs the flour,
Is maiſter houſhald in yone criſtall tour,

* mindis.

Firme

Firme CONSTANCE is the kingis ſecretair,
And LIBERALITIE hecht his theſaurair,
INNOCENCE and DEUOTIOUN as effeiris,
Bene clerkis of cloſet and cubiculairis.

LVIII.

His comptrollar is cleipit DISCRETIOUN;
HUMANITIE and TREW RELATIOUN,
Bene Iſcharis of his chalmer morne and ewin,
PEICE, quiet REST oft walkis up and down,
Intill his hall as Marſcalls of renoun,
TEMPERANCE is cuik his meit to taiſt and preif,
HUMILITIE carver, that na wicht liſt to greif,
His maiſter ſewar hecht VERTEOUS DISCIPLINE,
MERCIE is copper and mixes weill his wine

LIX.

His Chancelair is cleipit CONCIENCE,
Quhilk for na meid will pronounce fals ſentence,
With him ar Aſſeſſouris four of ane aſſent,
SCIENCE, PRUDENCE, JUSTICE, SAPIANCE,
Quhilks to na wicht liſt committin offence.
The Chekker rollis and the Kingis rent,
As Auditouris, thay ouirſee what is ſpent.
LAUBOURIUS DILIGENCE, GUDE WARKIS, CL
LIUING,
Bene Outſtewartis and Catouris to yone king.

LX.

GUDE HOPE remains euer among yone ſort,
A fine minſtrail with mony mow and ſport,
And PEITIE is the kingis almoſeir,
Syne FORTITUDE (the richt quha liſt report)

Is Leutenand all wretchis to comfort;
The Kingis Minyeoun roundand in his eir,
Hecht VERITIE did neuer leill man deir.
And ſchortlie euerie vertew and pleſance,
Is ſubject to yone Kingis obeyſance.

LXI.

Cum on, ſaid ſcho, this ordinance to viſite.
Than paſt we to the criſtall palice quhite,
Quhair I abade the entrie to behold,
I bad na mair of pleſance nor delite,
Of luſtie ſicht, of joy and bliſs perfite,
Nor mair weilfare to haue abone the mold,
Than for to ſee that yett of birniſhed gold,
Quhairon thair was moſt curiouſlie ingraue,
All naturall thingis men may in eird conſaue.

LXII.

Thair was the eirth invironit with the ſey,
Quhairon the ſchippis ſailland micht I ſe;
The Air, the Fire, all the four Elementis,
The Spheiris ſeuen, and Primum Mobile,
The Signis tuelf perfectlie euere gre,
The Zodiack haill as buiks repreſentis,
The Pole antartick that euer himſelf abſentis,
The Pole artick, and eik the Urſis twain,
The Seuin ſtarnis, Pheton and the Charlewane.

LXIII.

Thair was ingraue how that GANYMEDES
Was reift till heuin, as men in OUIDE reidis,
And unto JUPPITER maid his chief butlair.
The douchteris fair into thair luſtie weidis,

Of

Of DRYADA *, amid the ſey but dreidis
Swymmand; and part war figurit thair,
Upon ane craig dryand thair yallow hair,
With facis not unlike for quha them ſeing
Micht weill conſidder that thay all fiſteris being.

LXIV.

Of Planeitis all the conjunctiounis,
Thair epiſciclis and oppoſitiounis,
War portrait thair, and how thair courſis ſwagis,
Thair natural and daylie motiounis,
Eclipſis, aſpectis and digreſſiounis,
Thair ſaw I, and mony gudlie perſonages,
Quhilks ſemit all luſtie quick images.
The warkmanſchip exceeding mony fold,
The precious mater thocht it was fyneſt gold.

LXV.

Wonderand heiron agane my will but let,
My nymphe in greif ſchot me in at the yet,
Quhat deuill, (ſaid ſcho) hes thow nocht ellis ado,
Bot all thy wit and fantaſie to ſet
On ſic doting? And tho for feir I ſwet,
Of hir langage i bot than anone ſaid ſcho,
Liſt thow ſe farlies, behald thame yonder lo,
Yit ſtudie nocht ouir mekill adreid thow warie,
For I perſaue the halflings in ane farie.

LXVI.

Within that Palice ſone I gat ane ſicht,
Quhair walkand went full mony worthie wicht
Amid the cloiſ, with all mirthis to waill.

* Dorida.

For

For like PHEBUS with fyrie bemis bricht,
The wallis ſchane, caſtand ſa greit ane licht,
It ſemit like the heuin Imperiall.
And as the cedar ſurmountis the rammal
In perfite hicht, ſa of that Court a glance
Exceidis far all eirldlie vane pleſance.

LXVII.

For lois of ſicht conſidder micht I nocht,
How perfitelie the riche wallis war wrocht.
Swa the reflex of chriſtall ſtanis ſchone,
For brichtnes ſcarſlie blenk thairon I mocht:
The purifyit ſiluer ſurelie as * me thocht,
Inſteid of ſyment was ouir all that wone;
Yit round about full mony ane beriall ſtone,
And thame conjunctlie jonit faſt and quemit.
The clois was paithit with ſiluer as it ſemit.

LXVIII.

The durris and the windois all were breddit
With maſſie gold, quhairof the fynes ſcheddit.
With birneiſt Euir baith Palice and Towris
War theikit weill, maiſt craftilie that cled it,
For ſa the quhitely blanſchit bone ouirſpred it,
Midlit with gold, anamalit all colouris,
Importurait of birdis and ſweit flowris,
Curious knottis, and monie hie deuiſe,
Quhilks to behald war perfite paradice.

LXIX.

And to proceed my nymphe and I furth went,
Straicht to the Hall throwout the Palice gent,

* ſoihlie me.

And ten ſtages of Topas did aſcend.
Schute was the door: in at a boir I blent,
Quhair I beheld the glaideſt repreſent,
That euer in eirth I * wretchit catiue kend.
Breiflie this proceſs to conclude and end,
Me thocht the flure was all of Amytiſt;
Bot quhairof war the wallis I not wiſt.

LXX.

The multitude of precious ſtainis ſeir
Thairon ſa ſchone, my febill ſicht but weir
Micht not behald thair verteous gudlines.
For all the ruif as did to me appeir,
Hang full of pleſand lowpit ſapheiris cleir,
Of Dyamontis and Rubies as I ges,
War all the buirdis maid of maiſt riches,
Of ſardanis, of jaſp, and ſmaragdane,
Traiſts, formis, and benkis, war poleiſt plane.

LXXI.

Baith to and fro amid the Hall thay went,
Royal Princes in plait and armouris quent,
Of birnieſt gold couchit with precious ſtanis.
Enthronit ſat ane God Omnipotent,
On quhais glorious viſage as I blent,
In extaſie be his brichtneſs atanis
He ſmote me doune, and briſſit all my banis:
Thair lay I ſtill in ſwoun with colour blaucht
Quhill at the laſt my nymphe up hes me caucht.

LXXII.

Sine with greit pane, with womenting and cair,
In hir armis ſcho bair me doun the ſtair,
And in the cloſs full ſoftlie laid me doun;
Upheld my heid to tak the hailſome air,
For of my life ſcho ſtude in greit diſpair.
Me till awalk was ſtill that Lady boun,
Quhilk finallie out of that deidlie ſwown,
I ſwyith ouircome, and up mine ene did caſt:
Be merrie man, quod ſcho, the werſt is paſt.

LXXIII.

Get up, ſcho ſaid, for ſchame be na cowart,
My heid in wed thow hes ane Wyfes hart,
That for a pleſand fichtſwas ſa miſmaid!
Than all in anger upon my feit I ſtart.
And for hir wordis was ſa apirſmart,
Unto the nymphe I maid a buſteous braid:
Carling, (quod I) quhat was yone that thow ſaid?
Soft yow, (ſaid ſcho) thay are not wyſe that ſtryfis,
For kirkmen war ay gentill to the* Wyifis.

LXXIV.

I am richt glaid thow art worthin ſa wicht,
Lang eir me thocht yow had nouther force nor micht,
Curage nor will for to haue greiuit a fla.
Quhat aillit the to fall? quod I, the ficht,
Of yone goddis grim fyrie viſage bricht,
Ouir-ſet my wit and all my ſperiets ſwa,
I micht not ſtand. Bot was that ſuith? Ya, ya.

* ther.

Than ſaid the nymphe richt merilie and leuch,
Now I conſider thy mad* hart weill aneuch.

LXXV.

I will na mair, quod ſcho, the thus aſſay,
With ſic pleſance as may thy ſpreitis affray:
Yet ſall thow ſe ſurely, ſen thow art heir,
My Ladyis court in thair gudlie array;
For to behald thair mirth cum on thy way.
Than hand in hand ſwyith went we forth in feir,
At a poſterne towart the fair herbier.
In that paſſage full faſt at her I franit,
Quhat folk thay war within that hall remanit.

LXXVI.

Yone was, ſaid ſcho, quha ſa the richt diſcriues,
Maiſt valyeand folk and verteuous in thair liues,
Now in the court of HONOUR thay remain,
Verteouſlie, and in all pleſance thriues.
For thay with ſpeir, with ſwordis, and with kniues,
In juſt battell war fundin maiſt of mane:
In thair promittis thay ſtude euer firme and plane:
In thame aboundit worſchip and lawtie:
Illuminate with liberallitie.

LXXVII.

Honour, quod ſcho, to this heuenlie Ring,
Differs richt far fra warldlie gouerning,
Quhilk is bot pompe of eirdlie dignitie,
Giuen for eſtait of blude, micht or ſic thing:

* mait.

And

And in this countrie Prince, Prelate, or King,
Allanarlie ſall for vertew honourit be.
For eirdlie gloir is nocht bot vanitie,
That as we ſe ſa ſuddenlie will wend,
Bot verteous honour neuer mair ſall end.

LXXVIII.

Behald ſaid ſcho, and ſe this warldis gloir,
Maiſt inconſtant, maiſt ſlid, and tranſitoir,
Proſperitie in eird is but a dreme,
Or like as man war ſteppand ouir ane ſcoir,
Now is he law that was ſa hie befoir,
And he quhylum was borne pure of his deme,
Now his eſtait ſchynis like the ſone-beme.
Baith up and doun, baith to and fra, we ſe,
This warld walteris, as dois the wallie ſey.

LXXIX.

To papis, biſchoppis, prelatis and primatis,
Emperouris, kingis, princes, proteſtatis,
Deith ſettis the terme and end of all thair hicht.
Fra thay be game*, let ſe quha on thame waitis,
Nathing remanis bot fame of thair eſtaitis:
And nocht ellis bot verteuous warkis richt
Sall with thame wend; nouther thair pompe nor micht.
Ay vertew ringis in leſtand honour cleir,
Remember than that vertew hes na pair.

LXXX.

For vertew is a thing ſa precious,
Quhairof the end is ſa delicious,
The warld cannot† conſidder quhat it is.

* began. † ma not.

It makis folk perfite and glorious,
It makis ſanctis of pepill vitious,
It cauſis folk ay live in leſtand blis,
It is the way to hie honour I wis,
It dantis deith and euerie vice throw micht,
Without vertew fy on all eirldlie wicht.

LXXXI.

Vertew is eik the perfite ſicker way,
And nocht ellis, till leſtand honour ay.
For mony hes ſene vitious pepill uphyit,
And efter ſoone thair glorie vaniſchit away,
Quhair of examplis we ſe this euerie day:
His eirdie pompe is gone quhen that he diet,
Than is he with na eirdlie friend ſuppleit,
Saifand vertew: weill is him hes ſic a feir!
Now will I ſchaw, quod ſcho, what folk bene here.

LXXXII.

The ſtrangeſt SAMPSOUN is into yone hald,
The feirce * puiſſant HERCULES ſa bald,
The feirce ACHILL, and all the nobillis nyne,
SCIPIO AFFRICANE, POMPEIUS the ald,
Uther mony quhais namis befoir are tald,
With thouſandis ma than I may heir defyne.
And luſtie ladyis amid thay lordis fyne,
SEMIRAMIS, THAMIR, HIPPOLITA,
PENTHESSILEA, MEDEA, ZENOBIA.

LXXXIII.

Of thy regioun yonder bene honourit part,
The kingis GREGOUR, KENNETH, and king ROBERT;

* forſy

With

With uther ma that bene not heir reheirſit *.
Waryit, quod ſcho, ay be thy megir hart!
Thow ſuld have ſene had thow biddin in yone airt,
Quhat wiſe yone heuenlie company conuerſit.
Wa worth thy febill brane ſa ſone was perſſit!
Thow micht haue ſene remanand quhair thow was,
Ane huge pepill puneiſt for thair treſpas.

LXXXIV.

Quhilkis be wilfull manifeſt arrogance,
Inuyous pride, pretendit ignorance,
Foul doubillneſs and diſſait unamendit,
Enforces thame thair ſelfis to auance,
Be ſle falſheid, but lawtie or conſtance,
With ſubtelneſs and ſlichtis now commendit;
Betraiſand folk that neuer to thame offendit,
And upheis thameſelf throw fraudfull lippis,
Thocht God caus oft thair eirdlie gloir eclippis.

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For diſhoneſt unlefull warldlie wayis.
And throw corruptit couetous Inuy,
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Without vertew fy on all eirldlie wicht.

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And efter ſoone thair glorie vaniſchit away,
Quhair of examplis we ſe this euerie day:
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Than is he with na eirdlie friend ſuppleit,
Saifand vertew: weill is him hes fic a feir!
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Uther mony quhais namis befoir are tald,
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And luſtie ladyis amid thay lordis fyne,
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Quhat wiſe yone heuenlie company conuerſit.
Wa worth thy febill brane ſa ſone was perſſit!
Thow micht haue ſene remanand quhair thow was,
Ane huge pepill puneiſt for thair treſpas.

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LXXXVI.

Remanand yonder thow micht haue hard beliue,
Pronouncit the greit ſentence definitiue,
Tuitchand this actioun and the dreidfull pane,
Execute on tranſgreſſours yit on liue,
Swa that thair malice ſall na mair preſcriue.
Madame, quod I, for Goddis ſake turn again,
My ſpreit deſyris to ſe thair torment fane.
Quod ſcho, richt now thair ſall thow be rejoiſit,
Quhen thow hes tane the air and better appoiſit.

LXXXVII.

Bot firſt thow ſall conſidder commodities,
Of our garding, ſo full of luſtie tries,
All hie cypreſs of flower maiſt fragrant.
Ouir ladyis yonder biſſie as the beis,
The ſweit flureiſt flouris of rethories
Gadderis full faſt [and] mony grene tender plant,
And with all pleſance plenieſht is yone hant,
Quhair precious ſtanis on treis dois abound,
In ſteid of frute chargit with peirles round.

LXXXVIII.

Unto that gudlie garth thus we proceid,
Quhilk with a large fouſie far on breid,
Inueronit was, quhair fiſches war anew;
All water foullis war ſwemand thair gude ſpeid,
Alſe out of growand treis thair ſaw I breid,
Fowlis that hingand be thair nebbis grew.
Out ouir the ſtank of mony diuers hew,
Was laid ane tre ouir quhilk behouit us paſs,
Bot I can not declair quhairof it was,

My

LXXXIX.

My nymphe went ouir, chargeand me follow faſt.
Hir till obey my ſpreitis wer agaſt,
Sa perrilous was the paſſage till eſpy.
Away ſcho went and fra time ſcho was paſt,
Upon the brig I enterit at the laſt,
Bot ſa my harnis tremblit beſily,
Quhill I fell ouir, and baith my feit ſlade by
Out ouir the heid into the ſtank adoun,
Quhair as me thocht I was in point to droun.

XC.

Quhat throw the birdis ſang and this affray,
Out of my ſwoon I walkinit quhair I lay,
In the garding quhair I firſt doun fell.
About I blent, for richt clier was the day,
Bot all this luſtie pleſance was away.
Me thocht that fair herbrie maiſt like hell,
In till compair of this ye hard me tell.
Allace, allace, I thocht me than in pane,
And langit ſair for to haue ſwounit agane.

XCI.

The birdis ſang, nor yet the merrie flouris,
Micht not ameis my greiuous greit dolouris,
All eirdlie thing me thocht barrane and vile.
Thus I remanit into the garth two houris,
Curſand the feildis with all the fair colouris,
That I awoke oft wariand the quhile:
Alwiſe my mynde was on the luſtie ile;
I purpoiſet euer till haue duelt in that art,
Of rethorick colouris till haue found ſum part.

And

XCII.

And maiſt of all my curage was agreuit,
Becaus ſa ſone I of my dreme eſcheuit,
Not ſeand how thay wretchis war torment,
That honour mankit and honeſtlie miſcheuit,
Glaidlie I wald amid this writ haue breuit,
Had I it ſene how thay wer ſlane or ſchent.
Bot fra I ſaw all this weilfare was went,
Till make an end, ſittand under a tree,
In laud of HONOUR I wrait thir verſis thre.

XCIII.

O hie HONOUR, ſweit heuinlie flour digeſt!
Gem verteuous, maiſt precious, gudlieſt,
For hie renoun thou art guerdown conding,
Of worſchip kend the glorious end and reſt,
But quhome * in richt na worthie wicht may leſt,
Thy greit puiſſance may maiſt auance all thing,
And pouerall to meikall auaill ſone bring.
I the require ſen thow but peir art beſt,
That efter this in thy hie blis we ring.

XCIV.

Of grace thy face in euerie place ſa ſchynis,
That ſweit all ſpreit beith heid and feit inclynis,
Thy gloir afoir for till imploir remeid.
He docht richt nocht quhilk out of thocht the tynis
Thy name bot blame and royal fame diuine is,
Thow port at ſchort of our comfort and reid,
Till bring all thing till glaiding efter deid,

* quhan.

All wicht but ſicht of thy greit micht ay crinis,
O ſchene I mene nane may ſuſtene thy feid.

XCV.

Haill rois maiſt chois till clois thy fois greit micht,
Haill ſtone quhilk ſchone upon the throne of licht,
Vertew quhais trew ſweit dew ouir threw all vice,
Was ay ilk day gar ſay the way of licht,
Amend offend and ſend our end ay richt,
Thow ſtant, or dant, as ſant of grant maiſt wiſe,
Till be ſupplie and the hie gre of price,
Delite the cite me quite of ſite to dicht,
For I apply ſchortly to thy deuiſe.

The Author directis his buik to the Richt Nobil, and Illuſter Prince JAMES *the Feird, King of Scottis.*

Triumpous laud with palme of victorie,
The lawret crowne of infinit glorie,
Maiſt gracious Prince, ouir ſouerain JAMES THE FEIRD,
Thy Majeſtie mot haue eternallie,
Supreme honour, renoun of cheualrie,
Felicitie perdurand in this eird,
With eterne blis in heiuin by fatal weird!
Reſſaue this rouſtie rural rebaldrie,
Laikand cunning, fra thy pure laige unleird.

Quhilk in the ficht of thy magnificence,
Confidand in ſa greit beneuolence
Proponis thus my vulgar ignorance
Maiſt humbillie with dew obedience,
Beſeikand oft thy michtie excellence,
Be grace to pardoun all ſic variance
With ſum beneing reſpect of firm conſtance
Remittand my prętended negligence,
Thow quhais micht may humble thing auance.

Breif breiyal * quhair of eloquence all quite,
With ruſſet weid and ſentence imperfite,
Till cummin † plane, ſe that thow not pretend the.
Thy barrant termis, and thy vile indite
Shall not be mine, I will not have the wite,
For as for me I quit clame that I kend the!
Thow are bot ſtouth, thift louis, licht bot lite,
Not worth ane mite, pray ilk man to amend the!
Fair on with ſite and on this wiſe I end the.

* bural. † cum in.

FINIS.

VINCIT TANDEM VERITAS ‡.

‡ The London edition has:
"Imprinted at London in Fleteſtreete at the ſygne of the Roſe "garland, by Wyllyam Coplande." (No date, but generally bound with Douglaſis Virgil 1553.)

THE HISTORIE OF ANE NOBIL AND WAILYE-and ſquyer, William Meldrum, umquhyle Laird of Cleiſche and Bynnis. Compylit be Sir David Lyndeſay of the Mont, alias, Ly-oun, king of armes.

THE Teſtament of the ſaid WILLIAM MELDRUM Squyer. Compylit al-ſwa be Sir David Lyndeſay, &c.

Cicero Philip. 14.

Proprium ſapientis eſt, grata eorum virtute memo-ria proſequi, qui pro Patria vitam profuderunt.

Ovid 2 Faſt.

Et memorem famam, qui bene geſſit habet.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be HENRIE CHARTERIS, ANNO M. D. XCIIII. cum Privilegio Regali.

BUKE I.

The aventuris of Meldrum in forein lands.

ARGUMENT.

Prologue—MELDRUM's *paſſage til* Cragfergus—*He killis twa ſoldiers; and ſavis ane ladie, quha offers to wed him*—*He joinis the* Frenſch *armie agan* HENRIE VIII *of* Ingland *in* Picardie—*Defetis* TALBART *an* Inglis *campioun*—*Gaes to the* Frenſch *court*—*Appeſis ane ryot raſit in* Amiens—*Returnand to* Scotland *he diſcomfits an* Inglis *captan on the ſea.*

The Hiſtorie of ane nobil and wailye- and ſquyer, William Meldrum, umquhyle Laird of Cleiſche and Bynnis. Compylit be Sir David Lyndeſay of the Mont, alias, Lyoun, King of Armes.

BUKE I.

QUHO that antique ſtories reidis,
Conſidder may the famous deidis,
Of our nobill progenitouris:
Quhilk ſuld to us be richt mirrouris,
Thair verteous deidis to enſew:
And vicious leving to eſchew.
Sic men bene put in memorie
That deith ſuld not confound thair glorie.
Howbeit thair bodie bene abſent,
Thair verteous deidis bene preſent;
Poetis thair honour to avance
Hes put thame in rememberance.
Sum wryt of preclair conquerouris,
And ſum of vailyeand emperouris;

And ſum of nobill michtie kingis,
That royallie did reull their ringis.
And ſum of campiounis, and of knichtis
That bauldlie did defend thair richtis;
Quhilk vailyeandlie did ſtand in ſtour,
For the defence of thair honour.
And ſum of ſquyeris douchtie deidis,
That wounders wrocht in weirlie weidis.
Sum wryt of deidis amorous;
As CHAUCER wrait of TROILUS,
How that he luifit CRESSIDA:
Of JASON and of MEDEA.
With help of CLEO I intend,
Sa MINERVE wuld me ſapience ſend,
Ane nobill ſquyer to diſcryfe,
Quhais douchtines during his lyfe,
I knaw myſelf, thairof I wryte,
And all his deidis I dar indyte:
And ſecreitis that I did not knaw,
That nobill ſquyer did me ſchaw.
Sa I intend the beſt I can,
Deſcryve the deidis and the man:
Quhais youth did occupie in luſe,
Full pleſantlie without reprufe.
Quhilk did as monie douchtie deidis,
As monie ane, that men of reidis,
Quhilkis poetis puttis in memorie,
For the exalting of thair glorie:
Quhairfoir I think, ſa God me ſaif,
He ſuld have place amangis the laif.

That

That his hie honour ſuld not ſmure,
Conſidering quhat he did indure.
Oft times for his ladeis ſake:
I wait Sir LANCELOT DU LAKE,
Quhen he did luſe king ARTHURIS wyfe.
Faucht never better with ſword nor knyfe
For his ladie in no battell,
Nor had not half ſo juſt querrell.
The veritie quha liſt declair,
His luſe was ane adulterair,
And durſt not cum into his ſicht,
Bot lyke ane houlet on the nicht:
With this ſquyer it ſtude not ſo,
His ladie luifit him and no mo:
Huſband, nor lemman had ſcho none,
And ſo he had his luſe alone.
I think it is no happy lyfe,
Ane man to jaip his maiſteris wyfe:
As did LANCELOTE, this I conclude,
Of ſic amour culd cum na gude.
Now to my purpois will I pas,
And ſhaw yow how the ſquyer was:
Ane gentilman of *Scotland* borne,
So was his father him beforne:
Of nobilnes lineallie diſcendit,
Quhilks thair gude fame hes ever defendit.
Gude WILLIAME MELDRUM he was namit,
Quhilk in his honour was never defamit.
Stalwart and ſtout in everie ſtryfe,
And borne within the ſchyre of *Fyfe*.

Richt craftelie with gold and ſilk.
Than ſaid the ladie quhyte as milk,
" Except my ſark no thing I crave,
" Let thame go hence with all the lave."
Quod thay to hir, " Be Sanct FILLANE,
" Of this ye get nathing agane."
Than ſaid the ſquyer courteſlie
" Gude freindis I pray yow hartfullie,
" Gif ye be worthie men of weir,
" Reſtoir to hir againe hir geir,
" Or be greit God that all hes wrocht,
" That ſpuilyie ſal be full deir bocht."
Quod thay to him, " We the defy;"
And drew thair ſwordis haiſtely:
And ſtraik at him with ſa greit ire,
That from his harnes flew the fyre.
With duntis ſa darflie on him dang,
That he was never in ſic ane thrang.
Bot he him manfullie defendit,
And with ane bolt on thame he bendit,
And hat the ane upon the heid,
That to the ground he fell down deid:
For to the teith he did him cleif;
Lat him ly thair with ane miſcheif!
Than with the uther hand for hand,
He beit him with his birneiſt brand:
The uther was baith ſtout and ſtrang,
And on the ſquyer darflie dang.
And than the ſquyer wrocht greit wonder
Ay till his ſword did ſhaik in ſunder;

Than

Than drew he furth ane ſharp dagair,
And did him cleik be the collair,
And evin in at the collerbane,
At the firſt ſtraik he hes him ſlane:
He founderit fordward to the ground.
Yit was the ſquyer haill and ſound:
For quhy he was ſa weill enarmit,
He did eſcaip fra thame unharmit.
And quhen he ſaw thay wer baith ſlane,
He to that ladie paſt agane:
Quhair ſcho ſtude nakit on the bent,
And ſaid, "Tak your abulyement:"
And ſcho him thankit full humillie,
And put hir claithis on ſpedilie.
Than kiſſit he that ladie fair,
And tuik his leif at hir but mair:
Be that the taburne and trumpet blew
And everie man to ſhipburd drew.
That ladie was dolent in hart,
From tyme ſcho ſaw he would depart,
That hir relevit from hir harmes:
And hint the ſquyer in hir armes:
And ſaid, "Will ye byde in this land,
"I ſall yow tak to my huſband:
"Thocht I be caſſin now in cair,
"I am (quod ſcho) my fatheris air,
"The quhilk may ſpend of pennies round,
"Of yeirlie rent are thowſand pound."

With

With that hartlie ſcho did him kis,
" Ar ye (quod ſcho) content of this?"
" Of that (quod he) I wald be fane,
" Gif I micht in this realme remane.
" Bot I mon firſt pas into *France*,
" Sa quhen I cum agane perchance,
" And efter that the peice be maid,
" To marie yow, I will be glaid.
" Fair weill, I may no langer tarie;
" I pray God keip yow, and ſweit ſanct MARIE."
Than gaif ſcho him ane lufe taking,
Ane riche rubie ſet in ane ring.
" I am (quod ſcho) at your command,
" With yow to pas into *Scotland*."
" I thank yow hartfullie (quod he)
" Ye ar ovir young to ſaill the ſee,
" And ſpeciallie with men of weir."
" Of that (quod ſcho) tak ye na feir:
" I ſall me cleith in mennis clais,
" And ga with yow quhair evir ye pleis:
" Suld I not lufe him paramour,
" That ſaifit my lyfe and my honour?"
" Ladie, I ſay yow in certane,
" Ye ſall have lufe for lufe agane,
" Trewlie unto my lyfis end.
" Fairweill, to God I yow commend."
With that into his boit he paſt,
And to the ſhip he rowit faſt.

Thay weyit their ankeris, and maid ſaill,
This navie with the admirall,
And landit in bauld *Brytane*,
This admirall was ERLE of ARRANE,
Quhilk was baith wyſe and vailyeand,
Of the blude royall of *Scotland:*
Accompanyit with monie ane knicht,
Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht.
Among the laif, this young ſquyar,
Was with him richt familiar:
And throw his verteous diligence,
Of that lord he gat ſic credence:
That quhen he did his courage ken,
Gaif him cure of fyve hundreth men:
Quhilkis wer to him obedient,
Reddie at his commandement.
It wer to lang for to declair,
The douchtie deidis that he did thair:
Becaus he was ſa courageous,
Ladies of him wer amorous.
He was ane munyeoun for ane dame,
Meik in chalmer lyk ane lame.
Bot in the feild ane campioun,
Rampand lyke ane wyld lyoun;
Weill practikit with ſpeir and ſcheild;
And with the formeſt in the feild.
No chiftane was amangis thame all,
In expenſis mair liberall.

Ver. 216. He commanded the land-forces.

In

In everilk play he wan the pryſe:
With that he was verteous and wyſe.
And ſo becaus he was weill pruifit,
With everie man he was weill luifit.

HARY the aucht king of *Ingland*,
That tyme at *Caleis* wes lyand:
With his triumphant ordinance,
Makand weir on the realme of *France*.
The king of *France* his greit armie
Lay neir hand by in *Picardie*:
Quhair aither uther did aſſaill.
Howbeit thair was na ſet battaill:
Bot thair wes daylie ſkirmiſhing,
Quhair men of armis brak monie ſting.
Quhen to the ſquyer MELDRUM
Wer tauld their novellis all and ſum:
He thocht he wald veſie the weiris.
And waillit furth ane hundreth ſpeiris:
And futemen quhilk wer bauld and ſtout,
The maiſt worthie of all his rout.
Quhen he come to the king of *France*,
He wes ſone put in ordinance:
Richt ſo was all his companie,
That on him waitit continuallie.
Thair was into the *Inglis* oiſt,
Ane campioun that blew greit boiſt:
He was ane ſtout man and ane ſtrang,
Quhilk oiſt wald with his conduct gang,

Outthrow the greit armie of *France*,
His valiantnes for to avance:
And maiſter TALBART was his name.
Of *Scottis* and *Frenche* quhilk ſpak diſdane.
And on his bonnet uſit to beir,
Of ſilver fine, takinnis of weir.
And proclamatiounis he gart mak,
That he wald for his ladies ſaik,
With any gentilman of *France*,
To fecht with him with ſpeir or lance.
Bot no *Frenche* man in all that land,
With him durſt battell hand for hand.
Than lyke ane weiriour vailyeand,
He enterit in the *Scottis* band:
And quhen the ſquyer MELDRUM,
Hard tell, this campioun wes cum.
Richt haiſtelie he paſt him till,
Demanding him quhat was his will:
"Forſuith I can find none (quod he)
"On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me."
Than ſaid he, "It wer greit ſchame,
"Without battell ye ſuld paſs hame.
"Thairfoir to God I make ane vow,
"The morne my ſelf ſall fecht with yow.
"Outher on horſback or on fute,
"Your crakkis I count thame not ane cute.
"I ſall be fund into the feild,
"Armit on hors with ſpeir and ſcheild."
Maiſter TALBART ſaid, "My gude chyld,
"It wer maiſt lyk that thow wer wyld:

"Thow

" Thow ar to young and hes no micht,
" To fecht with me that is ſo wicht.
" To ſpeik to me thow ſuld have feir,
" For I have ſik practik in weir,
" That I wald not effeirit be,
" To mak debait aganis ſic thre:
" For I have ſtand in monie ſtour,
" And ay defendit my honour.
" Thairfoir, my barne, I counſell the,
" Sic interpryſis to let be."
Than ſaid this ſquyer to the knicht,
" I grant ye ar baith greit and wicht:
" Young DAVID was far les than I,
" Quhen with GOLIAS manfullie,
" Withouttin outher ſpeir or ſcheild,
" He faucht; and ſlew him in the feild.
" I traiſt that God ſal be my gyde,
" And give me grace to ſtanch thy pryde:
" Thocht thow be greit like GOWMAKMORNE
" Traiſt weill I ſall yow meit the morne:
" Beſide *Montruill* upon the grene,
" Befoir ten houris I ſal be ſene.
" And gif ye wyn me in the feild,
" Baith hors and geir I ſall yow yeild:
" Sa that ſiclyke ye do to me."
" That I ſall do be god (quod he)
" And thairto I give the my hand."
And ſwa betwene theme maid an band,
That thay ſuld meit upon the morne.
Bot TALBART maid at him bot ſcorne;

Lychtlyand

Lychtlyand him with wordis of pryde,
Syne hamewart to his oiſt culd ryde.
And ſhew the brethren of his land,
How ane young *Scot* had tane on hand,
To fecht with him beſide *Montruill*;
" Bot I traiſt he ſall prufe the fuill.
Quod thay, " The morne that ſall we ken,
" The *Scottis* ar haldin hardie men."
Quod he, " I compt thame not ane cute,
" He ſall returne upon his fute:
" And leif with me his armour bricht,
" For weill I wait he has no micht,
" On hors nor fute, to fecht with me."
Quod thay, " The morne that ſall we ſe."
Quhan to Monſour DE OBENIE
Reportit was the veritie,
How that the ſquyer had tane on hand,
To fecht with TALBART hand for hand.
His greit courage he did commend,
Sine haiſtelie did for him ſend.
And quhen he come befoir the lord,
The veritie he did record.
How for the honour of *Scotland*,
That battell he had tane on hand,
" And ſen it givis me in my hart,
" Get I ane hors to tak my part,
" My traiſt is ſa in Goddis grace,
" To leif him lyand in the place.

Ver. 343. D'Aubigny.

" Howbeit

"Howbeit he ſtalwart be and ſtoun,
"My lord of him I have na dout."
Than ſend the lord out throw the land,
And gat ane hundreth hors fra hand:
To his preſence he brocht in haiſt,
And bad the ſquyer cheis him the beſt.
Of that the ſquyer was rejoiſit,
And cheiſit the beſt as he ſuppoiſit:
And lap on him delyverlie;
Was never hors ran mair pleſantlie,
With ſpeir and ſword at his command,
And was the beſt of all the land.
He tuik his leif and went to reſt;
Syne airlie in the morne him dreſt,
Wantonlie in his weirlyke weid,
All weill enarmit, ſaif the heid:
He lap upon his curſour wicht,
And ſtraucht him in his ſtirroppis richt,
His ſpeir and ſcheild and helme wes borne
With ſquyeris that raid him beforne:
Ane velvot cap on heid he bair,
Ane quaif of gold to heild his hair.
This lord of him tuik ſa greit joy,
That he himſelf wald him convoy:
With him ane hundreth men of armes,
That thair ſuld no man do him harmes.
The ſquyer buir into his ſcheild
Ane otter in ane ſilver feild.
His hors was bairdit full richelie,
Coverit with ſatyne crameſie.

Than

Than forward raid this Campioun,
With ſound of trumpet and clarioun,
And ſpedilie ſpurrit ovir the bent,
Lyke MARS the God Armipotent.
Thus leif we rydand our ſquyar,
And ſpeik of Maiſter TALBART mair:
Quhilk gat up airlie in the morrow,
And no manner of geir to borrow:
Hors, harnes, ſpeir, nor ſheild,
Bot was ay reddie for the feild:
And had ſic practik into weir,
Of our ſquyer he tuik na feir.
And ſaid unto his companyeoun,
Or he come furth of his pavilyeoun,
" This nicht I ſaw into my dreame,
" Quhilk to reheirs I think greit ſhame:
" Me thocht I ſaw cum fra the ſee,
" Ane greit otter rydand to me,
" The quhilk was blak, with ane lang taill,
" And cruellie did me aſſaill;
" And bait me till he gart me bleid,
" And drew me backwart fra my ſteid.
" Quhat this ſuld mene I cannot ſay,
" Bot I was never in ſic ane fray."
His fellow ſaid, " Think ye not ſchame,
" For to gif credence till ane dreame?
" Ye knaw it is aganis our faith;
" Thairfoir go dres yow in your graith,
" And think weill throw your hie courage,
"This day ye ſall wyn vaſſalage."

Then dreſt he him into his geir,
Wantounlie like ane man of weir,
Quhilk had baith hardines and fors;
And lichtlie lap upon his hors.
His hors was bairdit full bravelie,
And coverit was richt courtfullie
With browderit wark, and velvot grene.
Sanct GEORGE's croce thair micht be ſene
On hors, barnes, and all his geir.
Than raid he furth withouttin weir,
Convoyit with his capitane,
And with monie ane *Inglifman*,
Arrayit all with armes bricht,
Micht no man ſee ane fairer ſicht.
Than clariounis and trumpettis blew;
And weiriouris monie hither drew:
On everie ſide come monie man,
To behald quha the battell wan:
The feild was in the medow grene,
Quhair everie man micht weel be ſene.
The heraldis put tham ſa in ordour,
That no man paſt within the bordour;
Nor preiſſit to cum within the grene,
Bot heraldis and the campiounis kene.
The ordour and the circumſtance
Wer lang to put in remembrance.
Quhen thir twa nobilmen of weir,
Wer weill accowntrit in their geir,
And in thair handis ſtrang burdounis;
Than trumpotis blew and clariounis:

And

And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
" Now let thame go! God ſhaw the richt!"
Than ſpedilie thay ſpurrit thair hors,
And ran to uther with ſic fors,
That baith thair ſpeiris in ſindrie flaw;
Then ſaid they all that ſtude on raw:
"Ane better cours, than they twa ran,
" Was not ſene ſen the warld began.
Than baith the parties wer rejoiſit,
The campiounis ane quhyle repoiſit;
Till they had gottin ſpeiris new,
Than with triumph the trumpettis blew:
And they with all the force thay can
Wounder rudelie at either ran:
And ſtraik at uther with ſa greit ire,
That fra thair harnes flew the fyre.
Thair ſpeiris war ſa teuch and ſtrang,
That aither uther to eirth doun dang.
Baith hors and man, with ſpeir and ſcheild,
Than flatlingis lay into the field.
Than maiſter TALBART was eſchamit,
" Forſuith for ever I am defamit!"
And ſaid this, " I had rather die,
" Without that I revengit be."
Our young ſquyer, ſic was his hap,
Was firſt on fute; and on he lap
Upon his hors without ſupport:
Of that the *Scottis* tuke gude comfort,
Quhen thay ſaw him ſa feirelie
Loup on his hors ſa galyeardlie.

The ſquyer liftit his viſair,
Ane lytill ſpace to take the air.
Thay bad him wyne, and he it drank,
And humillie he did thame thank.
Be that TALBART on hors mountit,
And of our ſquyer lytill countit.
And cryit, "gif he durſt undertak,
To run anis for his ladies ſaik.
The ſquyer anſwerit hie on hicht,
"That ſall I do be MARIE bricht:
"I am content all day to ryn,
"Till ane of us the honour wyn."
Of that TALBART was weill content;
And ane greit ſpier in hand he hent.
The ſquyer in his hand he thrang
His ſpeir, quhilk was baith greit and lang:
With ane ſharp heid of grundin ſteill,
Of quhilk he was appleifit weill.
That pleſand feild was lang and braid,
Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid:
And everie man micht have gude ſicht,
And thair was monie weirlyke knicht.
Sum man of everie natioun,
Was in that congregatioun.
Than trumpettis blew triumphantlie,
And thay twa campiounis egeirlie:
Thay ſpurrit thair hors with ſpier on breiſt
Pertlie to preif thair pith thay prieſt:
That round rinkroume wes at utterance.
Bot TALBARTIS hors with ane mischance

He utterit, and to ryn was laith;
Quhairof TALBART was wonder wraith.
The ſquyer furth his rink he ran,
Commendit weill with everie man.
And him diſchargeit of his ſpeir,
Honeſtlie lyke ane man of weir.
Becaus that rink they ran in vane,
Than TALBART wald not ryn agane,
Till he had gottin ane better ſteid;
Quhilk was brocht to him with gude ſpeid.
Quhairon he lap, and tuik his ſpeir,
As brym as he had bene ane beir.
And bowtit fordward with ane bend,
And ran on to the rinkis end,
And ſaw his hors was at command;
Than wes he blyith, I underſtand,
Traiſtand na mair to ryn in vane,
Than all the trumpettis blew agane.
Be that with all the force they can,
Thay richt rudelie at uther ran.
Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
Quhilk ſoundit lyke ane crak of thunder.
And nane of thame thair marrow miſt,
Sir TALBARTIS ſpeir in ſunder briſt.
Bot the ſquyer with his burdoun,
Sir TALBART to the eirth dang doun.
That ſtraik was with ſic micht and fors,
That on the ground lay man and hors.
And throw the brydell hand him bair,
And in the breiſt ane ſpan and mair.

Throw curras, and throw glwifis of plait,
That TALBART micht mak na debait.
The trencheour of the ſquyeris ſpeir,
Stak ſtill into Sir TALBARTIS geir.
Than everie man into that ſteid
Did all beleve that he was deid.
The ſquyer lap richt haiſtelie,
From his curſour deliverlie,
And to Sir TALBART maid ſupport,
And humillie did him comfort.
Quhen TALBART ſaw into his ſcheild,
Ane otter in ane ſilver feild.
" This race (ſaid he) I may ſair rew,
" For I ſee weill my dreame wes trew.
" Me thocht yone otter gart me bleid,
" And buir me backwart from my ſteid.
" Bot heir I vow to God ſoverane,
" That I ſall never juſt agane."
And ſweitlie to the ſquyer ſaid,
" Thow knawis the cunning that we maid,
" Quhilk of us twa ſuld tyne the feild,
" He ſuld baith hors and armour yeild,
" Till him that wan: quhairfoir I will,
" My hors and harnes geve the till."
Then ſaid the ſquyer courteouſlie,
" Brother, I thank yow hartfullie.
" Of yow forſuith nathing I crave,
" For I have gottin that I wald have.
With everie man he was commendit,
Sa vailyeandlie he him defendit.

The

The capitane of the *Inglis* band
Tuke the young ſquyer be the hand;
And led him to the pailyeoun,
And gart him mak collatioun.
Quhen TALBARTIS woundis wes bund up faſt,
The *Inglis* capitane to him paſt:
And prudentlie did him comfort,
Syne ſaid, "Brother, I yow exhort
"To tak the ſquyer be the hand."
And ſa he did at his command;
And ſaid, "This bene but chance of armes;"
With that he braiſit him in his armes.
Sayand, "Hartlie I yow forgeve."
And then the ſquyer tuik his leve;
Commendit weill with everie man.
Than wichtlie on his hors he wan:
With monie ane nobill man convoyit.
Leve we thair TALBART ſair annoyit.
Sum ſayis of that diſcomfitour,
He thocht ſic ſchame and diſhonour:
That he departit of that land,
And never wes ſene into *Ingland*.
Bot our ſquyer did ſtill remane
Efter the weir, quhil peice was tane.
All capitanes of the kingis gairdis
Gaif to the ſquyer rich rewairdis:
Becaus he had ſa weill debaitit,
With everie nobill he wes weill traitit.

Ver. 590. The treaty was concluded on the 15th of September 1514.

Efter the weir he tuke licence,
Syne did returne with diligence,
From *Pycardie* to *Normandie*,
And thair ane ſpace remanit he.
Becaus the navie of *Scotland*,
Wes ſtill upon the coaſt lyand.
  Quhen he ane quhyle had ſojornit,
He to the court of *France* returnit:
For to decore his vaſſalage,
From *Bartanye* tuke his veyage:
With aucht ſcoir in his companie
Of waillit wicht men, and hardie:
Enarmit weill lyke men of weir,
With hakbut, culvering, pik, and ſpeir.
And paſſit up throw *Normandie*,
Till *Ambiance* in *Pycardie*;
Quhair nobil LOWES the king of *France*
Was lyand with his ordinance:
With monie ane prince and worthie man.
And in the court of *France* wes than
Ane mervellous congregatioun,
Of monie ane divers natioun,
Of *Ingland* monie ane prudent lord,
Efter the weir makand record.
  Thair wes than ane ambaſſadour,
Ane lord, ane man of greit honour:
With him was monie nobill knicht
Of *Scotland* to defend thair richt:
Quhilk guydit thame ſa honeſtlie,
Inglismen had thame at invie.

And

And purpoſit to mak thame cummer,
Becaus they wer of greiter number.
And ſa quhairever thay with thame met,
Upon the *Scottis* thay maid onſet.
And lyke wyld lyounis furious,
They layd ane ſeige about the hous,
Thame to deſtroy, ſa thay intendit,
Our worthie *Scottis* thame weill defendit.
The *Sutheroun* wes ay fywe for ane,
Sa on ilk ſyde thair wes men ſlane.
The *Inglismen* grew in greit ire,
And cryit, "Swyith ſet the houſe in fyre."
Be that the ſquyer MELDRUM
Into the market ſtreit wes cum,
With his folkis in gude array,
And ſaw the toun wes in ane fray.
He did inquyre the occaſioun;
(Quod thay), "The *Scottis* ar all put doun
"Be *Inglismen* into their innis."
(Quod he), "I wald give all the *Bynnis*,
"That I micht cum or thay departit."
With that he grew ſa cruell hartit,
That he was like ane wild lyoun,
And rudelie ran outthrow the toun,
With all his companie weill arrayit,
And with baner full braid diſplayit.
And quhen they ſaw the *Inglis* rout,
Thay ſet upon them with ane ſchout:
With reird ſa rudely on them ruſchit,
That fiftie to the earth thay duſchit.

Thair

Thair was nocht ellis but tak and ſlay.
This ſquyer wounder did that day;
And ſtoutlie ſtoppit in the ſtour,
And dang on thame with dintis dour.
Wes never man buir better band;
Thair micht na buckler byde his brand;
For it was weill ſevin quarter lang.
With that ſa derflie on thame dang,
That lyke ane worthie campioun,
Ay at ane ſtraik he dang ane doun.
Sum was evil hurt, and ſum wes ſlane,
Sum fell, quhilk rais not yit agane.
Quhen that the *Sutheroun* ſaw his micht,
Effrayitlie thay tuke their flicht.
And wiſt not quhair to flie for haiſt,
Thus throw the toun he hes thame chaiſt.
Wer not *Francbmen* come to the redding,
Thair had bene mekill mair blude ſhedding.
Of this journey I mak ane end,
Quhilk everie nobill did commend.
Quhen to the king the cace wes knawin,
And all the ſuith unto him ſhawin;
How this ſquyer ſa manfullie,
On *Sutheroun* wan the victorie.
He put him into ordinance,
And ſa he did remane in *France*
Ane certane tyme for his pleſour,
Weill eſtemit in greit honour,

Ver. 661. An ell three quarters.

Quhair

Quhair he did monie ane nobill deid.
With that, rich, wantoun in his weid,
Quhen ladies knew his hie courage,
He was deſyrit in mariage
Be ane lady of greit rent;
Bot youth maid him ſa inſolent,
That he in *France* wald not remane,
Bot come to *Scotland* hame agane.
Thocht *Frenche* ladies did for him murne,
The *Scottis* were glad of his returne.
At everie lord he tuke his leve,
Bot his departing did them greive.
For he was luifit with all wichtis,
Quhilk had him ſene defend his richtis.
Scottis capitanes did him convoy,
Thocht his departing did thame noy.
At *Deip* he maid him for the ſaill,
Quhair he furniſchit ane gay veſchaill,
For his ſelf and his men of weir,
With artailyie, hakbut, bow, and ſpeir:
And furneiſt hir with gude victuaill,
With the beſt wyne that he could waill.
And quhain the ſchip was reddie maid,
He lay bot ane day in the raid.
Quhill he gat wind of the Southeiſt,
Than thay thair ankeris weyit on haiſt;
And ſyne maid ſaill, and fordwart paſt,
Ane day at morne till at the laſt
Of ane greit ſaill thay gat ane ſicht;
And PHÆBUS ſchew his bemis bricht,

Into

Into the morning richt airlie.
Than paſt the ſkipper richt ſpedelie,
Up to the top with richt greit feir,
And ſaw it wes ane man of weir.
And cryit, " I ſee nocht ellis perdie,
" Bot we mon outher fecht or fle."
The ſquyer wes in his bed lyand,
Quhen he hard tell this new tydand.
Be this the *Inglis* artailye,
Lyke hailſchot maid on thame aſſailye:
And ſloppit throw thair fechting ſaillis,
And divers dang out over the waillis.
The *Scottis* agane with all thair micht,
Of gunnis than thay leit fle ane flicht:
That thay micht weill ſee quhair thay wair,
Heidis and armes flew in the air.
The *Scottis* ſchip ſcho wes ſa law,
That monie gunnis out over hir flaw,
Quhilk far beyond thame lichtit doun.
Bot the *Inglis* greit Galyeoun,
Fornent thame ſtude, lyke ane ſtrang caſtell,
That the *Scottis* gunnis micht na way faill
Bot hat hir ay on the richt ſyde,
With monie ane ſlop, for all hir pride,
That monie ane beſt weir on thair bakkis,
Than rais the reik with uglie crakkis.
Quhilk on the ſey maid ſic ane ſound,
That in the air it did redound.
That men micht weill wit on the land,
That ſhippis wer on the ſey fechtand.

Be

Be this thegyder ſtraik the ſhippis,
And ather on uther laid thair clippis.
And than began the ſtrang battell,
Ilk man his marrow did aſſaill.
Sa rudelie thay did ruſh togidder,
That nane micht hald thair feit for ſlidder.
Sum with halbert, and ſum with ſpeir;
Bot hakbuttis did the greiteſt deir;
Out of the top the grundin dartis,
Did divers peirs outthrow the hartis.
Everie man did his diligence,
Upon his fo to wirk vengeance.
Ruſchand on uther routtis rude,
That ovir the waillis ran the blude.
The *Inglis* capitane cryit hie,
" Swyith yeild yow, doggis! or ye ſall die.
" And do ye not, I make ane vow,
" That *Scotland* ſal be quyte of yow."
Than peirtlie anſwerit the ſquyar,
And ſaid, " O tratour Tavernar!
" I lat the wit, thow hes na micht,
" This day to put us to the flicht."
Thay derflie ay at uther dang,
The ſquyer thriſtit throw the thrang,
And in the *Inglis* ſchip he lap,
And hat the captaine ſic ane flap
Upon his heid, till he fell doun,
Welterand intill ane deidlie ſwoun.
And quhen the *Scottis* ſaw the ſquyer,
Had ſtriken doun that rank rever;

They

They left thair awin ſchip ſtandand waiſt,
And in the *Inglis* ſchip in haiſt
They followit all thair capitane;
And ſone wes all the *Southeroun* ſlane.
Howbeit thay wer of greiter number,
The *Scottiſmen* put thame in ſic cummer;
That thay wer fane to lief the feild,
Cryand mercie, than did thame yeild.
Yit wes the ſquyer ſtraikand faſt,
At the capitane till at the laſt;
Quhen he perſavit no remeid,
Outher to yeild, or to be deid;
He ſaid, "O gentill capitane,
"Thoill me not for to be ſlane.
"My lyfe to yow ſal be mair pryſe,
"Nor ſall my deith ane thowſand ſyſe.
"For ye may get, as I ſuppois,
"Three thouſand nobillis of the rois
"Of me, and of my companie;
"Thairfoir I cry yow loud mercie.
"Except my lyfe, nothing I craif,
"Tak yow the ſchip and all the laif.
"I yeild to yow baith ſword and knyfe,
"Thairfoir, gude maiſter, ſave my lyfe."
The ſquyer tuik him be the hand,
And on his feit he gart him ſtand;
And traittit him richt tenderly,
And ſyne unto his men did cry.
And gaif to thame richt ſtrait command,
To ſtraik no moir, bot hold their hand.

Than baith the captanes ran and red,
And ſo thair wes na mair blude ſhed.
Than all the laif thay did them yeild,
And to the *Scottis* gaif ſword and ſhield.
Ane nobill leiche the ſquyer had,
Quhairof the *Inglismen* wes full glaid,
To quhome the ſquyer gaif command,
The woundit men to tak on hand.
And ſo he did with diligence,
Quhairof he gat gude recompence.
Than when the woundit men wer dreſt,
And all the deand men conſeſt,
And deid men caſſin in the ſee,
Quhilk to behald was greit pitie;
Thair was ſlane of *Inglis* band,
Fyve ſcoir of men I underſtand,
The quhilk wer cruell men and kene.
And of the *Scottis* were ſlane fyftene.
And quhen the *Inglis* capitane
Saw, how his men wer tane and ſlane;
And how the *Scottis* ſa few in number,
Had put thame in ſa greit ane cummer;
He grew intill ane freneſy,
Sayand, "Fals Fortoun! I the defy.
"For I belevit this day at morne,
"That he was not in *Scotland* borne,
"That durſt have met me hand for hand,
"Within the boundis of my brand."
The ſquyer bad him mak gud cheir,
And ſaid, it was bot chance of weir.

"Greit

" Greit conquerouris, I yow aſſure,
" Hes hapnit ſiclike adventure.
" Thairfoir mak merrie, and go dyne,
" And let us prief the michtie wyne."
Sum drank wyne, and ſum drank aill;
Syne put the Shippis under ſaill.
And waillit furth of the *Inglis* band,
Twa hundreth men, and put on land,
Quyeltlie on thecoiſt of *Kent*.
The laif in *Scotland* with him went.
The *Inglis* capitaine as I ges,
He wairdit him in the *Blaknes*,
And treitit him richt honeſtlie,
Togithir with his companie.
And held thame in that garniſoun,
Till thay had payit thair ranſoun.

BUKE II.

Meldrum's aventuris in Scotland.

ARGUMENT.

Travelland in Strathern, *he lugis in ane caſtel, and luvis the ladie—Thair amouris—Anuther caſtel of the lady's beand takin by* MACFARLANE, MELDRUM *ſegis it, and taks* MACFARLANE *priſonour—Returnis to the ladie, quha beris till him ane dochter—Feid atwein* MELDRUM *and ane knicht—*MELDRUM *aſſelit be the knicht, and nerelie aſſaſſinat—*D'ARCIE *perſuis the knicht and takis him—*MELDRUM *curit—His ladie marryit till anuther—*MELDRUM *made ſcherif depute of* Fife, *and dees agit.*

BUKE II.

OUT throw the land than ſprang the fame
That ſquyer MELDRUM was cum hame.
Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit,
With everie man he was ſa treitit:
That quhen he travellit throw the land,
Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand,
With greit ſolace; till at the laſt,
Out throw *Straitherne* the ſquyer paſt.
And as it did approach the nicht,
Of ane caſtell he gat ane ficht,
Beſide ane montane in ane vaill;
And than efter his greit travaill,
He purpoiſit him to repois,
Quhair ilk man did of him rejois.
Of this triumphant pleſand place,
Ane luſtie ladie wes maiſtres.
Quhais lord was deid ſchort tyme befoir,
Quhairthrow hir dolour wes the moir.
Bot yit ſcho tuke ſum comforting,
To heir the pleſant dulce talking

Ver. 16. Lady Gleneagles. Lindſay's Hiſtory of Scotland, p. 200. She was a daughter of Lawſon of Humbie, provoſt of Edinburgh. Ib.

Of this young ſquyer, of his chance,
And how it fortunit him in *France*.
This ſquyer, and the ladie gent,
Did weſche, and then to ſupper went.
During that nicht thair was nocht ellis,
But for to heir of his novellis.
ENEAS quhen he fled from *Troy*,
Did not quene DIDO greiter joy;
Quhen he in *Carthage* did arryve,
And did the ſeige of *Troy* deſcryve.
The wonderis that he did reheirs
Wer langſum for to put in vers.
Of quhilk this ladie did rejois.
Thay drank, and ſyne went to repois.
He fand his chalmer weill arrayit,
With dornik work on buird diſplayit.
Of veniſoun he had his waill,
Gude aquavite, wyne and aill,
With nobill confeittis, bran and geill;
And ſwa the ſquyer fuir richt weill.
Sa to heir mair of his narratioun,
This ladie came to his collatioun.
Sayand he was richt welcum hame,
"Grandmercie than," (quod he) "madame."
Thay paſt the time with ches and tabill,
For he to everie game was abill.
Than unto bed drew everie wicht,
To chalmer went this ladie bricht;
The quhilk this ſquyer did convoy:
Syne till his bed he went with joy.

That

That nicht he ſleipit never ane wink,
Bot ſtill did on the ladie think;
CUPIDO, with his fyerie dart,
Did peirs him ſo out throw the hart,
Sa all that nicht he did bot murn it;
Sum tyme ſat up, and ſum tyme turnit.
Sichand with monie gant and grane,
To fair VENUS makand his mane;
Sayand, "Ladie, quhat may this mene?
"I was ane fre man lait yiſtrene:
"And now ane cative bound and thrall,
"For ane that I think flour of all.
"I pray God, ſen ſcho knew my mynd,
"How for hir ſaik I am ſa pynd.
"Wald God I had bene yit in *France*,
"Or I had hapnit ſic miſchance:
"To be ſubject or ſerviture
"Till ane, quhilk takis of me na cure.
This ladie ludgit neirhand by,
And hard the ſquyer prively
With dreidfull hart makand his mone,
With monie cairfull gant and grone:
Hir hart fulfillit with pietie,
Thocht ſcho wald haif of him mercie:
And ſaid, "howbeit I ſuld be ſlane,
"He ſall have lufe for lufe agane.
"Wald God I micht with my honour,
"Have him to be my paramour!"
This was the mirrie tyme of May;
Quhen this fair ladie, freſhe and gay,

Start up to take the hailſum air,
With pantonis on hir feit ane pair:
Airlie into ane cleir morning,
Befoir fair Phœbus upriſing.
Kirtill alone withoutin clok;
And ſaw the ſquyer's dure unlok.
Scho ſlippit in or ever he wiſt,
And fenyeitlie paſt till ane kiſt.
And with her keyis oppinnit the lokkis,
And maid hir to take furth ane boxe.
Bot that was not hir erand thair;
With that this luſtie young ſquyar
Saw this ladie ſo pleſantlie,
Cum to his chalmer quyetlie.
In kyrtill of fyne damais brown,
Hir goldin traiſſis hingand doun;
Hir pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
Quhome to behald wes greit delyte.
Lyke the quhyte lyllie wes hir lyre.
Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre.
Hir ſchankis quhyte withouttin hois,
Quhairat the ſquyer did rejois.
And ſaid than, "now vailye quod vailye,
"Upon the ladie thow mak ane ſailye."
His courlyke kirtill was unlaiſt,
And ſone into his armis hir braiſt.
And ſaid to hir, "Madame, gude-morne,
"Help me your man, that is forlorne.

Ver. 105. Her courtlike, MS. 1635.

"Without

" Without ye mak me ſum remeid,
" Withouttin dout, I am bot deid.
" Quhairfoir ye mon relief my harmes."
With that he hint hir in his armes,
And talkit with hir on the flure;
Syne quyetlie did bar the dure.
" Squyer," (quod ſcho), " quhat is your will?
" Think ye my womanheid to ſpill?
" Na, God forbid, it wer greit ſyn,
" My lord and ye wes neir of kyn.
" Quhairfoir I mak yow ſupplicatioun,
" Pas, and ſeik ane diſpenſatioun.
" Than ſall I wed yow with ane ring,
" Than may ye luif at your lyking.
" For ye ar young, luſtie and fair;
" And als ye are your fatheris air.
" Thair is na ladie in all this land,
" May yow refuſe to hir huſband.
" And gif ye luſe me as ye ſay,
" Haiſt to diſpens the beſt ye may;
" And thair to yow I geve my hand,
" I ſall yow take to my huſband."
(Quod he), " Quhill that I may indure,
" I vow to be your ſerviture.
" Bot I think greit vexatioun,
" To tarrie upon diſpenſatioun."
Than in his armis he did hir thriſt,
And aither uther ſweitlie kiſt.

Ver. 120. Becauſe her deceaſed huſband was a near relation of Meldrum's.—Lindſay, ib.

And wame for wame thay uther braiſſit,
With that hir kirtill wes unlaiſſit.
Than CUPIDO with his fyrie dartis,
Inflammit ſa thir luiferis hartis,
Thay micht na maner of way diſſever;
Nor ane micht not part fra ane uther;
Bot like wodbind thay wer baith wrappit.
Thair tenderlie he has hir happit
Full ſoftlie up intill his bed;
Judge ye gif he hir ſchankis ſhed.
" Allace!" (quod ſcho) " quhat may this mene?"
And with hir hair ſcho dight hir ene.
I can not tell how thay did play,
Bot I beleve ſcho ſaid not nay.
He pleiſit hir ſa, as I hard ſane,
That he was welcum ay agene.
Scho rais, and tenderlie him kiſt,
And on his hand ane ring ſcho thriſt.
And he gaif hir ane lufe drowrie,
Ane ring ſet with ane riche rubie,
In takin that their lufe for ever,
Suld never from thir twa diſſever.
And than ſcho paſſit unto hir chalmer,
And fand hir madinnis ſweit as lammer,
Sleipand full ſound; and nothing wiſt,
How that thair ladie paſt to the kiſt.
(Quod thay) " Madame, quhair have ye bene?"
(Quod ſcho) " Into my gardine grene,
" To heir the mirrie birdis ſang.
" I lat you wit, I thocht not lang,

" Thocht I had taryit thair quhile none."
(Quod thai) " Quhair wes your hois and ſchone?
" Quhy yeid ye with your bellie bair?"
(Quod ſcho) " The morning wes ſa fair,
" For be him that deir Jeſus ſauld,
" I felt na wayis ony manner of cauld."
(Quod thay) " Madame, me think ye ſweit."
(Quod ſcho) " Ye ſee I ſufferit heit.
" The dew did ſa on flouris fleit,
" That baith my lymmis ar maid weit:
" Thairfoir ane quhyle I will heir ly,
" Till this dulce dew be fra me dry.
" Ryſe and gar mak our denner reddie."
" That ſal be done," (quod thay) " my ladie."
Eſter that ſcho had tane hir reſt,
Scho rais; and in hir chalmer hir dreſt;
And eſter mes to denner went.
Than was the ſquyer diligent
To declair monie ſindrie ſtorie,
Worthie to put in memorie.
Quhat ſall we of thir luferis ſay?
Bot all this time of luſtie May;
They paſt the tyme with joy and blis,
Full quietlie with monie ane kis.
Thair was na creature that knew,
Yit of thir luferis chalmer glew.
And ſa he levit pleſandlie,
Ane certane time with his ladie.
Sum time with haiking and hunting,
Sum time with wantoun hors rinning.

And

And ſum time like ane man of weir,
Full galyardlie wald ryn ane ſpeir.
He wan the pryſe above thame all,
Baith at the buttis and the futeball.
Till everie ſolace he was abill,
At cartis, and dyce, at ches and tabill.
And gif ye liſt I ſall yow tell,
How thar he ſeigit ane caſtell.
Ane meſſinger come ſpedilie,
From the *Lennox* to that ladie.
And ſchew how that MAKSAGON,
And with him mony bauld baron,
Hir caſtell had tane perfors
And nouther left hir kow nor hors.
And heryit all that land about.
Quhairof the ladie had greit dout.
Till hir ſquyer ſcho paſſit in haiſt,
And ſchew him how ſcho wes oppreſt.
And how he waiſtit monie ane myle,
Betuix *Dunbartane* and *Argyle*.
And quhen the ſquyer MELDRUM,
Had hard thir novelis all and ſum:
Intill his hart thair grew ſic ire,
That all his bodie brint in fyre.
And ſwoire it ſuld be full deir ſald,
Gif he micht find him in that hald.
He and his men did them addres,
Richt haiſtelie in thair harnes,
Sum with bow, and ſum with ſpeir.
And he like MARS the God of weir,

Ver. 207. He is afterwards repeatedly called Macfarlane.

Come

Come to the ladie and tuke his leif;
And ſcho gaif him hir richt hand gluif:
The quhilk he on his baſnet bure,
And ſaid, " Madame I yow aſſure,
" That worthie LANCELOT DU LAIK,
" Did never mair for his ladies ſaik,
" Nor I ſall do, or ellis de,
" Without that ye revengit be."
Than in hir armes ſcho him braiſt,
And he his leif did take in haiſt:
And raid that day and all the nicht,
Till on the morne he gat ane ſicht
Of that caſtell, baith fair and ſtrang.
Than in the middis his men amang:
To michtie MARS his vow he maid,
That he ſuld never in hart be glaid,
Nor yit returne furth of that land,
Quhill that ſtrenth were at his command.
All the tennentis of that ladie
Come to the ſquyer haiſtelie,
And maid aith of fidelitie,
That they ſuld never fra him flie.
Quhen to MAKFARLAND, wicht and bauld,
The veritie all haill wes tauld,
How the young ſquyer MELDRUM,
Wes now into the cuntrie cum;
Purpoiſand to ſiege that place.
Than vittallit he that fortres,

Ver. 218. A common cuſtom of chivalry.

And

And ſwoir he ſuld that place defend,
Bauldlie untill his lyfis end.
Be this the ſquyer wes arrayit,
With his baner bricht diſplayit;
With culvering, hakbut, bow and ſpeir,
Of MAKFARLAND he tuke na feir.
And like ane campioun courageous,
He cryit and ſaid, "Gif ovir the houſe!
The capitane anſwerit heichly,
And ſaid, "Tratour we the defy.
"We ſall remane this hous within,
"Into deſpyte of all thy kyn."
With that the archeris bauld and wicht,
Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht
Amang the ſquyeris companie;
And thay agane richt manfullie,
With hakbute, bow, and culveryne.
Quhilk put MAKFARLANDIS men to pyne.
And on their colleris laid full ſikker;
And thair began ane bailfull bikker.
Thair was bot ſchot and ſchot agane,
Till on ilk ſide thair wes men ſlane.
Than cryit the ſquyer courageous,
"Swyith lay the ledderis to the hous!"
And ſa thay did, and clam belyfe,
As buſie beis dois to thair hyfe.
Howbeit thair wes ſlane monie man,
Yit wichtlie ovir the wallis thay wan.
The ſquyer formeſt of them all,
Plantit the banir ovir the wall:

And

And than began the mortall fray,
Thair wes not ellis bot tak and flay.
Than MAKFARLAND that maid the prais,
From time he faw the fquyeris face:
Upon his kneis he did him yeild,
Deliverand him baith fpeir and fcheild,
The fquyer hartilie him refavit,
Commandand that he fuld be favit:
And fa did flaik that mortall feid,
Sa that na man wes put to deid.
In fre waird was MAKFARLAND feifit,
And leit the laif gang quhair thay plaifit.
And fa this fquyer amorous,
Seigit and wan the ladies hous.
And left thairin ane capitane,
Syne to *Strathern* returnit agane:
Quhair that he with his fair ladie,
Reffavit wes full plefantlie.
And to tak reft did him convoy,
Judge ye gif thair wes mirth and joy.
Howbeit the chalmer dure wes cloifit,
They did bot kis, as I fuppoifit.
Gif uther thing wes them betwene,
Let them difcover that luiferis bene:
For I am not in lufe expart,
And never ftudyit in that art.
Thus they remainit in merines,
Beleifand never to have diftreis.
In that meine time this ladie fair,
Ane douchter to the fquyer bair:

Ver. 314. She bore another child to him. Lindfay, ib.

Nane

Nane fund wes fairer of viſage.
Than tuke the ſquyer ſic courage
Agane the merrie time of May,
Threttie he put in his luſeray,
In ſcarlot fyne, and of hew grene;
Quhilk wes ane ſemelie ſicht to ſene.
The gentilmen in all that land,
Wer glaid with him to mak ane band;
And he wald plainelie tak thair partis,
And not deſyring bot thair hartis.
Thus levit the ſquyer pleſandlie,
With muſick and with menſtralie.
Of this ladie he wes ſa glaid,
Thair micht na ſorrow mak him ſad.
Ilk ane did uther conſolatioun,
Taryand upon diſpenſatioun.
Had it cum hame, he had hir bruikit,
Bot or it come, it was miſcuikit;
And all this game he bocht full deir,
As ye at lenth ſall efter heir.
Of warldlie joy it wes well kend,
That ſorrow bene the fatall end;
For jelouſie and fals invie,
Did him purſew richt cruellie.
I mervell not thocht it be ſo,
For they wer ever Luiferis ſo.

Ver. 330. He intended to marry her as ſoon as the pope's licence arrived. Lindſay, ib.

Quhairthrow

Quhairthrow he ſtude in monie ane ſtour,
And ay defendit his honour.
Ane cruell knicht dwelt neir hand by,
Quhilk at this ſquyer had invy.
Imaginand intill his hart,
How he thir luiferis micht depart,
And wald have had hir maryand,
Ane gentilman within his land,
The quhilk to him wes neir in blude,
Bot finallie for to conclude,
Thairto ſcho wald never aſſent.
Quhairfoir the knicht ſet his intent,
This nobill ſquyer for to deſtroy;
And ſwore, he ſuld never have joy
In till his hart without remeid,
Till ane of thame wer left for deid.
This vailyand ſquyer manfully,
In erniſt or play did him defy.
Offerand himſelf for to aſſaill,
Bodie for bodie in battaill.
The knicht thairto not condiſcendit,
Bot to betrais him ay intendit.
Sa it fell anis upon ane day,
In *Edinburgh*, as I hard ſay,
This ſquyer and the ladie trew,
Was thair juſt matteris to perſew.
That cruell knicht full of invy,
Gart hald on thame ane ſecreit ſpy,

Ver. 343. Stirling of Keir, ib.
Ver. 348. Luke Stirling, uncle of the former, ib.

Quhen

Quhen thai ſuld pas furth of the toun,
For this ſquyeris confuſioun;
Quhilk traiſtit no man ſuld him greive,
Nor of treſſoun had no beleive.
And tuik his licence from his oiſt,
And liberallie did pay his coiſt.
And ſa departit blyith and mirrie,
With purpois to pas ovir the ferrie.
He wes bot auchtſum in his rout,
For of danger he had no dout.
The ſpy came to the knicht anone,
And him informit how thay wer gone.
Than gadderit he his men in hy,
With thrie ſcoir in his company;
Accowterit weill in feir of weir,
Sum with bow, and ſum with ſpeir.
And on the ſquyer followit faſt,
Till thay did ſee him at the laſt;
With all his men richt weill arrayit,
With cruell men nathing effrayit.
And quhen the ladie ſaw the rout,
God wait gif ſcho ſtude in greit dout.
(Quod ſcho) "Your enemies I ſee,
"Thairfoir, ſweit hart, I reid yow flé;
"In the cuntrey I will be kend,
"Ye ar na partie to defend.
"Ye knaw yone knichtis crueltie,
"That in his hart hes no mercie.

Ver. 376. At Leith, lb. The affair happened beneath Holy Rood chapel, ib.

"It

"It is bot ane that thay wald have,
"Thairfoir, deir hart, yourſelf ye ſave.
"(Howbeit thay tak me with this trane,
"I ſal be ſone at yow agane.)
"For ye war never ſa hard ſtaid."
"Madame" (quod he) "be ye not raid:
"For be the halie Trinitie,
"This day ane fute I will not fle."
And be he had endit this word,
He drew ane lang twa handit ſword:
And put his aucht men in array,
And bad that thay ſuld tak na fray.
Than to the ſquyer cryit the knicht,
And ſaid, "Send me the ladie bricht:
"Do ye not ſa, be Goddis croce,
"I ſall hir tak away perforce."
The ſquyer ſaid, "Be thow ane knicht,
"Cum furth to me and ſhaw the richt,
"Bot hand for hand without redding,
"That thair be na mair blude ſhedding.
"And gif thow winnis me in the field,
"I ſall my ladie to the yeild."
The knicht durſt not for all his land,
Fecht with this ſquyer hand for hand.
The ſquyer than ſaw no remeid,
But outher to fecht, or to be deid.
To hevin he liftit up his viſage,
Cryand to God with hie courage.
"To the my quarrell I do recommend!"
Syne bowtit fordwart with ane bend:

With countenance baith bauld and ſtout,
He rudelie ruſhit in that rout.
With him his litill companie,
Quhilk them defendit manfullie.
The ſquyer with his birneiſt brand,
Amang his ſa men maid ſic hand:
That GAUDEFER, as ſays the letter,
At *Gadderis Ferrie* faucht no better.
His ſword he ſwappit ſa about,
That he greit roum maid in the rout:
And lyke ane man that was diſpairit,
His wapoun ſa on thame he wairit,
Quhome ever he hit, as I hard ſay,
Thay did him na mair deir that day.
Quha ever come within his boundis,
He chaipit not but mortall woundis.
Sum mutilate wer, and ſum wer ſlane,
Sum fled, and come not yit agane.
He hat the knicht above the breis,
That he fell fordwart on his kneis.
Wer not THOME GIFFARD did him ſave,
The knicht had ſone bene in his grave.
Bot than the ſquyer with his brand,
Hat THOMAS GIFFARD on the hand:
From that time furth during his lyfe,
He never weildit ſword nor knyfe.
Than come ane ſort as brim as beiris,
And in him feſtnit ſyſtene ſpeiris,
In purpois to have borne him doun:
Bot he as forcie campioun

Amang

thai wicht men wrocht greit wounder,
hai ſpeiris he ſchure in ſunder.
irſt cum neir him hand for hand,
he boundis of his brand.
worthie ſquyer courageous,
e compairit to TYDEUS:
aucht for to defend his richtis,
of *Thebes* fyftie knichtis.
D with *Brandwell* his bricht brand,
ever better hand for hand;
WIN aganis GOLIBRAS;
YVER with PHARAMBRAS.
e faucht that day als weill,
ir GRYME aganis GRAYSTEILL.
ar ſay, he was als abill,
knicht of the round tabill:
his honour mair avance,
e of thay knichtis perchance.
ilk I offer me to preif,
ye pleis, ſirs, with your leif.
g thay knichts wes maid ane band,
ey ſuld fecht bot hand for hand:
hat thair ſuld come no mo;
s Squyer it ſtude not ſo.
vart ſtour quha wald diſcryſe,
ane man their come ay fyſe.
n that this cruell tyrane Knicht
Squyer ſa wounder wicht:
l no micht him to deſtroy,
hart thair grew ſic noy;
was abill for to rage,
man micht his ire aſſwage.

" Fy on us!" ſaid he to his men,
" Ay aganis ane ſen we ar ten.
" Chaip he away, we are eſchamit,
" Like cowartis we ſal be deſamit.
" I had rather be in hellis pane,
" Or he ſuld chaip fra us unſlane."
And callit thrie of his companie,
Said, " pas behind him quyetlie,"
And ſa thay did richt ſecretlie;
And came behind him cowartlie,
And hackit on his hochis and theis,
Till that he fell upon his kneis.
Yit quhen his ſchankis wer ſchorne in ſunder,
Upon his kneis he wrocht greit wounder.
Sweipand his ſword round about,
Not haifand of the deith na dout.
Durſt nane approche within his boundis,
Till that his cruell mortall woundis
Bled ſa, that he did ſwap in ſwoun;
Perforce behuifit him than fall doun.
And quhen he lay upon the ground,
They gaif him monie cruell wound;
That men on far micht heir the knokkis,
Like boucheouris hakkand on thair ſtokks.
And finallie without remeid,
They left him lyand thair for deid.
With ma woundis of ſword and knyfe,
Nor ever had man that keipit lyfe.
Quhat ſuld I of thir traitouris ſay?
Quhen thay had done thay fled away.
Bot than this luſtie ladie fair,
With dolent hart ſcho maid ſic cair;

Quhilk wes greit pietie for to reheirs,
And langſum for to put in vers.
With teiris ſcho wuiſche his bludie face,
Sichand with manie loud allace.
" Allace!" quod ſcho, " that I was borne!
" In my querrell thow art forlorne.
" Sall never man efter this hour,
" Of my bodie have meir pleſour.
" For thow was gem of gentilnes,
" And werie well of worthines."
Than to the eirth ſcho ruſhit doun,
And lay intill ane deidlie ſwoun.
Be that the regent of the land,
Fra *Edinburgh* come faſt rydand:
Sir ANTHONIE DARSIE wes his name,
Ane knicht of *France* and man of fame,
Quhilk had the guiding haillilie,
Under JOHNE duke of *Albanie*;
Quhilk wes to our young king Tutour,
And of all *Scotland* Governour.
(Our king was bot fyve yeiris of age,
That time quhen done wes the outrage.)
Quhen this gude knicht the ſquyer ſaw,
Thus lyand in till his deid thraw.
" Wo is me!" (quod he) " to ſee this ſicht,
" On the, quhilk worthie wes and wicht.
" Wald God that I had bene with the,
" As thow in *France* was anis with me.

Ver. 535. De la Baſtie. Lindſay's Hiſt.—Darcy Dominus de la Baſty. Epiſt. Reg. Sc.

Ver. 541. James V. was born in May 1511. Hence the date 1516 omitted in Lindſay's Hiſt.

" Into the land of *Picardy*,
" Quhair *Inglis* men had greit invy
" To have me ſlane, ſa they intendit;
" Bot manfullie thow me defendit:
" And vailyeandlie did ſave my lyfe.
" Was never man with ſword nor knyfe,
" Nocht HERCULES, I dar weill ſay,
" That ever faucht better for ane day.
" Defendand me within ane ſtound,
" Thow dang ſeir *Sutherǫun* to the ground.
" I may the mak no help, allace;
" Bot I ſall follow on the chace,
" Richt ſpedilie baith day and nicht,
" Till I may get that cruell knicht.
" I mak ane vow, gif I may get him,
" Intill ane preſoun I ſall ſet him.
" And quhen I heir that thow beis deid,
" Than ſall my handis ſtraik of his head."
With that he gave his hors the ſpurris,
And ſpedelie flaw ovir the furris.
He and his gaird with all thair micht,
They ran till thai ovirtuik the knicht.
Quhen he approchit he lichtit doun,
And like ane vailyeand campioun:
He tuik the tyrane preſonar,
And ſend him backward to *Dumbar*.
And thair remainit in preſoun,
Ane certane time in that dungeoun.
Let him ly thair with mekil cair,
And ſpeik we of our heynd ſquyar;

Of

Of quhome we cannot ſpeik bot gude;
Quhen he lay bathand in his blude,
His freindis and his ladie fair,
They maid for him ſic dule and cair;
Quhilk wer greit pietie to deploir,
Of that matter I ſpeik no moir.
Thay ſend for leiches haiſtelie,
Syne buir his bodie tenderlie:
To ludge into ane fair ludgyne,
Quhair he reſſavit medicyne.
The greiteſt Leichis of the land,
Come all to him without command.
And all practikis on him provit,
Becaus he was ſa weill belovit.
Thay tuik on hand his life to ſave,
And he thame gaif quhat they wald have.
Bot he ſa lang lay into pane,
He turnit to be ane Chirurgiane:
And als be his naturall ingyne,
He lernit the Art of Medicyne.
He ſaw thame on his bodie wrocht,
Quhairfoir the Science wes deir bocht.
Bot efterward quhen he was haill,
He ſpairit na coiſt nor yit travaill,
To preif his practikis on the pure;
And on thame previt monie ane cure:
On his expenſis without rewaird,
Of money he tuik na regaird.

Ver. 600. He lived fifty years after. Lindſay, *ib.* or till 1566: but this is ſurely a miſtake of Pitscotie.

Yit ſum thing will we commoun mair
Of this Ladie, quhilk maid greit cair,
Quhilk to the Squyer wes mair pane,
Nor all his woundis in certane.
And than his freindis did conclude,
Becaus ſcho micht do him na gude,
That ſcho ſuld tak her leif and go,
Till hir cuntrie, and ſcho did ſo:
Bot thir luiferis met never agane,
Quhilk wes to thame ane leſtand pane.
For ſcho aganis hir will wes maryit,
Quhairthrow hir weird ſcho daylie waryit.
Howbeit hir bodie wes abſent,
Hir tender hart wes ay preſent:
Baith nicht and day with hir Squyar,
Wes never Creature that maid ſic cair,
PENELOPE for ULISSES,
I wait, had never mair diſtres,
Nor CRESSEID for trew TROYLUS,
Wes not tent part ſa dolorous.
I wait it wes aganis hir hart,
That ſcho did from hir Luſe depart.
HELENE had not ſa mekill noy,
Quhen ſcho perforce wes brocht to Troy.
I leif hir than with hart full ſore,
And ſpeik now of this Squyer more.
Quken this Squyer wes haill and ſound,
And ſoftlie micht gang on the ground:
To the regent he did complane;
Bot he allace wes richt ſone ſlane

Ver. 635. In 1517.

Be DAVID HUME of *Wedderburne*:
The quhilk gart monie Frenchemen murne.
For thair was nane mair nobill Knicht,
Mair vailyeand, mair wyſe, mair wicht.
And ſone efter that crueltie,
The Knicht was put to libertie,
The quhilk the Squyer had oppreſt:
Sa wes his matter left undreſt.
Becaus the King was young of age,
Than tyrannis rang into thair rage.
Bot efterward, as I hard ſay,
On *Striviling* brig upon ane day:
This Knicht was ſlane with crueltie,
And that day gate na mair mercie,
Nor he gaif to the young Squyar,
I ſay na mair, let him ly thair.
For cruell men ye may weill ſee,
They end oft times with crueltie.
For Chriſt to Peter ſaid this word,
Quha ever ſtraikis with ane ſword:
That man ſal be with ane ſword ſlane,
That ſaw is ſuith, I tell you plane.
He menis quha ſtraikis cruellie,
Aganis the Law without mercie.
Bot this Squyer to nane offendit,
Bot manfullie him ſelf defendit.
Wes never man with ſword nor knyfe,
Mickt ſaif thair honour and thair lyfe,
As did the Squyer all his dayis,
With monie terribill effrayis.

Wald

Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
I micht weill writ ane uther quair.
Bot at this time I may not mend it,
Bot ſhaw you how the Squyer endit.
Thair dwelt in *Fyfe* ane agit Lord,
That of this Squyer hard record:
And did deſire richt hartfullie,
To have him in his companie.
And ſend for him with diligence,
And he come with obedience.
And lang time did with him remane,
Of quhome this agit Lord was fane.
Wyſe men deſiris commounlie
Wyſe men into thair companie.
For he had bene in monie ane Land,
In *Flanderis*, *France*, and in *Ingland*;
Quhairfoir the Lord gaif him the cure,
Of his houſehold I yow aſſure.
And in his Hall cheif Merſchall
And auditour of his comptis all.
He was ane richt Courticiane,
And in the Law ane Practiciane.
Quhairfoir during this Lordis lyfe,
Schyref depute he wes in *Fyfe*,
To everie man ane equall Judge;
And of the pure he wes refuge.
And with Juſtice did thame ſupport,
And curit their ſairis with greit comfort.

Ver. 670. Lord Lindſay?

For

For as I did reheirs before,
Of medicine he tuke the Lore,
Quhen he ſaw the Chirurgience
Upon him do thair diligence.
Experience maid him perfyte
And of the Science tuke ſic delyte
That he did monie thriftie cure,
And ſpeciallie upon the pure.
Without rewaird for his expenſis,
Without regaird or recompenſis.
To gold, to ſilver, or to rent,
This nobill Squyer tuke litill tent.
Of all this warld na mair he craifit,
Sa that his honour micht be ſaifit.
And ilk yeir for his Ladie's ſaik,
Ane Banket Royall wald he maik.
And that he maid on the Sonday,
Precedand to Aſchwedniſday.
With wyld foull, veniſoun and wyne:
With tairt, and flam, and frutage fyne:
Of Bran and Geill thair wes na ſkant,
And Ipocras he wald not want.
I have ſene ſittand at his Tabill,
Lordis and Lairdis honorabill,
With Knichtis and monie ane gay Squyar,
Quhilk wer to lang for to declair:
With mirth, muſick, and menſtrallie.
All this he did for his Ladie.
And for hir ſaik during his lyfe,
Wald never be weddit to ane wyfe.

And

And quhen he did declyne to age,
He faillit never of his courage.
Of ancient ſtoryis for to tell,
Above all uther he did precell.
Sa that everilk Creature,
To heir him ſpeik thay tuke pleſure.
Bot all his deidis honorabill,
For to deſcryve I am not abill.
Of everie man he was commendit,
And as he leivit, ſa he endit.
Pleſandlie till he micht indure,
Till dolent deith come to his dure:
And cruellie with his mortall dart,
He ſtraik the Squyer throw the hart.
His ſaull with Joy Angelicall,
Paſt to the Hevin Imperiall.
Thus at the *Struther* into *Fyfe*,
This nobill Squyer loiſt his lyfe.
I pray to Chriſt for to convoy,
All ſic trew Luiferis to his Joy.
Say ye Amen for Cheritie.
Adew, ye get na mair of me.

The

The Teſtament of the nobill and vailyeand Squyer Williame Meldrū of the Bynnis. Compylit be Sir David Lyndeſay of the Mont. &c.

I.

The Holie man Job, ground of pacience,
In his greit trubill trewlie did report,
Quhilk I perſave now be Experience,
That mennis lyfe in eirth bene wounder ſhort.
My youth is gane, and eild now dois reſort:
My time is gane, I think it bot ane dreame,
Yit efter deith remane ſall my gude fame.

II.

I perſave ſhortlie, that I man pay my det,
To me in eirth no place ben permanent:
My hart on it no mair now will I ſet,
Bot with the help of God omnipotent,
With reſolute mind go mak my Teſtament:
And tak my leif at cuntriemen, and kyn,
And all the warld, and thus I will begyn.

III.

Thrie Lordis to me ſal be Executouris,
Lindesayis all thrie in ſurname of renoun:
Of my Teſtament thay ſall have hail the curis,
To put my mind till executioun.

That

That Surname failyeit never to the Croun;
Na mair will thay to me I am richt ſure,
Quhilk is the eaus that I give them the cure.

IV.

Firſt DAVID Erll of CRAUFUIRD wiſe and wicht,
And JOHNE Lord LINDESAY my maiſter ſpecial,
The thrid ſal be ane nobill travellit Knicht,
Quhilk knawis the coiſtis of Feiſtis funeral:
The wiſe Sir WALTER LINDESAY they him cal.
Lord of *S. Johne*, and Knicht of *Forfichane*,
Be ſey and land ane vailyeand Capitane.

V.

Thocht age hes maid my bodie impotent,
Yet in my hart hie courage doeth precell:
Quhairfoir I leif to God with gude intent,
My ſpreit, the quhilk he hes maid immortall;
Intill his Court perpetuallie to dwell:
And nevir moir to ſteir furth of that ſteid
Till Chriſt deſcend and judge baith quick and deid.

VI.

I yow beſeik my Lordis Executouris,
My geir geve till the nixt of my Kynrent:
It is well kend, I never tuik na cures,
Of conqueſſing of riches nor of Rent;
Diſpone as ye think maiſt expedient:
I never taik cure of gold more than of glas;
Without honour, fy fy upon Riches.

IV. 6. See Pitſcottie. p. 263.

VII.

I yow requeiſt my friendis ane and all,
And nobill men, of quhome I am deſcendit:
Faill not to be at my ſeiſt funerall,
uhilk throw the warld I traiſt ſal be commendit,
Ye knaw how that my fame I have defendit
During my life unto this latter hour,
Quhilk ſuld to yow be infinit pleſour.

VIII.

Firſt of my Bowellis clenge my bodie clene,
Within and out, ſyne weſche it weill with wyne:
Bot honeſtie ſee that nothing be ſene,
Syne cloís it in ane cõiſtlie carvit ſchryne,
Of Ceder treis, or of Cyper ſyne:
Anoynt my corpes with Balme delicious,
With Cynamome and Spycis precious.

IX.

In twa caiſſis of gold and precious ſtanis,
Inclois my hart and toung richt craftelie;
My ſepulture ſyne gar mak for my banis,
Into the Tempell of MARS triumphandlie,
Of marvill ſtanis carvit richt curiouſlie;
Quhairin my Kiſt and banis ye ſall cloís
In that triumphand Tempill to repois.

X.

MARS, VENUS, and MERCURIUS, all thre,
Gave me my natural inclinatiounis;
Quhilk rang the day of my nativitie,

St. viii. This part is merely poetical.

And

And ſa their hevinlie conſtellatiounis,
Did me ſupport in monie Natiounis,
MARS maid me hardie like ane feirs lyoun,
Quhairthrow I conqueiſt honour and renoun.

XI.

Quho liſt to knaw the actis Bellical,
Let thame ga reid the legend of my life;
Thair ſall thai find the deidis martiall
How I have ſtand in monie ſtalwart ſtrife:
Victoriouſlie with ſpeir, ſheild, ſword and knife,
Quhairfoir to MARS the God Armipotent
My corps incloiſit ye do till him preſent.

XII.

Mak offering of my toung Rhetoricall,
Till MERCURIUS quhilk gaif me eloquence,
In his Tempill to hing perpetuall,
I can mak him na better recompence;
For quhen I was brocht to the preſence,
Of Kings in *Scotland*, *Ingland*, and in *France*,
My ornate toung my honour did avance.

XIII.

To freſche VENUS my hart ye ſall preſent,
Quhilk hes to me bene ay comfortabill;
And in my face ſic grace ſcho did imprent,
All creatures did think me amiabill.
Wemen to me ſcho maid ſa favorabill;
Wes never Ladie that luikit in my face,
But honeſtlie I did obtene hir grace.

XIV. My

XIV.

My friend Sir DAVID LYNDSAY of the *Mont*
Sall put in ordour my Proceſſioun;
I will that thair pas formeſt in the front
To beir my penſeil ane wicht Campioun,
With him ane band of MARS his Religioun,
That is to ſay, in ſteid of Monkis and Freiris,
In gude ordour ane thowſand hagbutteris.

XV.

Nixt them ane thowſand futemen in ane rout,
With ſpeir and ſheild, with buckler, bow and brand,
In ane luferay young ſtalwart men and ſtout.
Thridlie in ordour thair ſall cum ane band,
Of nobill men, abill to wraik thair harmes;
Thair Capitane with my ſtandart in his hand
On bairdit hors ane hundreth men of armes.

XVI.

Amang that band my baner ſal be borne,
Of ſilver ſchene, thrie otteris into ſabill:
With tabroun, trumpet, clarioun, and horne,
For men of armes veri convenabill,
Nixt efter them ane campioun honorabill;
Sall beir my baſnet with my funerall,
Syne efter him in ordour triumphall,

XVII.

My arming ſword, my gluifis of plait, and ſheild
Borne be ane forcie campioun or ane knicht;
Quhilk did me ſerve in monie dangerous feild.
Nixt efter him ane man in armour bricht,

Upon ane Jonet or ane curſour wicht;
The quhilk ſal be ane man of greit honour,
Upon ane ſpeir to beir my coit armour.

XVIII.

Syne nixt my beir ſall cum my cors-preſent
My bairdit hors, my harnes, and my ſpeir;
With ſum greit man of my awin kynrent,
As I wes wont on my bodie to beir:
During my time quhen I went to the weir,
Quhilk ſal be offerit with ane gay garment,
To MARS his Preiſt at my Interrement.

XIX.

Duill weidis I think hypocriſie and ſcorne,
With huidis heklit doun ovirthort thair ene,
With men of armes my bodie ſal be borne,
Into that band ſee that no blak be ſene.
My luferay ſal be reid, blew, and grene,
The reid for MARS, the grene for freſhe VENUS,
The blew for luſe of God MERCURIUS.

XX.

About my beir ſall ryde ane multitude
All of ane luiferay of my cullouris thrie,
Erles and Lordis, Knichtis, and men of gude;
Ilk Barroun beirand in his hand on hie,
Ane Lawrer branche inſigne of victorie,
Becaus I fled never out of the feild,
Nor yit as preſoner unto my fois me yeild.

XXI. Agane

XXI.

Agane that day faill not to warne and call
All men of muſick, and of menſtrallie;
About my beir with mirthis muſicall,
To dance and ſing with hevinlie harmonie,
Quhais pleſant ſound redound ſall in the ſky;
My ſpreit I wait ſal be with mirth and joy.
Quhairfoir with mirth my corpes ye ſal convoy.

XXII.

This beand done and all thing reulit richt.
Than pleſantlie mak your progreſſioun:
Quhilk I beleif ſal be ane pleſant ſicht,
Se that ye thoill na Preiſt in my proceſſioun,
Without he be of VENUS profeſſioun:
Quhairfoir gar warne al VENUS chapel clarks,
Quhilk hes bene moſt exercit in hir warkis.

XXIII.

With ane Biſchop of that religioun,
Solemnitlie gar thame ſing my faull mes,
With organe, timpane, trumpet and clarion,
To ſhaw thair Muſick, dewlie them addres,
I will that day be hard no hevines:
I will na ſervice of the requiem,
Bot alleluya with melodie and game.

XXIV.

Efter the Evangell and the Offertour,
Throw all the tempill gar proclame ſilence:
Than to the pulpet gar ane Oratour,
Pas up and ſchaw in oppin audience,

Solempnitlie with ornate eloquence;
At greit laſer the legend of my life,
How I have ſtand in monie ſtalwart ſtrife.

XXV.

Quhen he hes red my buik fra end till end,
And of my life maid trew narratioun;
All creature I wait will me commend,
And pray to God for my ſalvatioun;
Than efter this ſolempnizatioun;
Of ſervice trew, and all brocht to ane end;
With gravitie than with my bodie wend.

XXVI.

And clois it up into my ſepulture,
Thair to repois till the greit judgement;
The quhilk may not corrupt I yow aſſure,
Be vertew of the precious oyntment,
Of balme, and uther ſpyces redolent.
Let not be rung for me that day ſaull knellis
Bot greit cannounis gar them crank for bellis.

XXVII.

Ane thouſand hakbuttis gar ſchute al at anis
With ſweſche, talburnis, and trumpettis awfullie;
Lat never ſpair the poulder nor the ſtanis,
Quhais thundring ſound redound ſall in the ſky,
That MARS may heir quhair he triumphandlie
Above PHEBUS is ſituate full evin,
Maiſt awfull God under the ſternie hevin.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

And syne hing up above my sepulture,
My bricht harnes, my scheild and als my speir;
Togidder with my courtlie coit armour,
Quhilk I wes wont upon my bodie beir,
In *France*, in *Ingland*, being at the weir;
My baner, basnet, with my temperall,
As bene the use of feistis funerall.

XXIX.

This beand done, I pray yow tak the pane,
My epitaphe to writ upon this wyis,
Above my grave in goldin letteris fyne:
THE MAIST INVINCIBILL WEIRIOUR HEIR LYIS,
DURING HIS TIME, QUHILK WAN SIC LAUDAND PRYIS,
THAT THROW THE HEVINIS SPRANG HIS NOBIL FAME:
VICTORIOUS WILLIAM MELDRUM WAS HIS NAME.

XXX.

Adew, my Lordis, I may na langer tarie,
My Lord LINDESAY, adew above all uther:
I pray to God, and to the Virgine Marie,
With your Lady to leif lang in the *Struther*;
Maister PATRIK, with young NORMOND your brother;
With my ladeis, your sisteris, all adew!
My departing I wait weill ye will rew.

XXXI.

Bot maist of all the fair Ladies of *France*,
Quhen thai heir tell but dout that I am deid;
Extreme dolour will change thair countenance,
And for my saik will weir the murning weid;
Quhen thir novellis dois into *Ingland* spreid;

Of *Londoun* than the luſtie ladies cleir,
Will for my ſaik mak dule and drerie cheir.

XXXII.

Of *Craigfergus* my dayis darling adew,
In all *Ireland* of feminine the flour;
In your querrell twa men of weir I ſlew,
Quhilk purpoſit to do yow diſhonour,
Ye ſuld have bene my ſpous and paramour,
With rent and riches for my recompence,
Quhilk I refuſit throw youth and inſolence.

XXXIII.

Fair weill ye lemant lampis of luſtines
Of fair *Scotland* adew my Ladies all,
During my youth with ardent beſines,
Ye knaw how I was in your ſervice thrall,
Ten thowſand times adew above thame all;
Sterne of *Stratherne* my Ladie Soverane,
For quhom I ſched my blud with mekill pane.

XXXIV.

Yit wald my Ladie luke at evin and morrow
On my legend at lenth ſcho wald not mis,
How for hir ſaik I ſufferit mekill ſorrow,
Yit give I micht at this time get my wis,
Of hir ſweit mouth deir God I had ane kis;
I wis in vane, allace we will diſſever,
I ſay na mair, ſweit hart adew for ever.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Brether in Armes, adew in generall,
For me I wait your hartis bene full ſoir:
All trew companyeounis into ſpeciall.
I ſay to yow, adew for evermoir.
Till that we meit agane with God in gloir;
Sir Curat now gif me incontinent,
My Cryſme with the holie Sacrament.

XXXVI.

My ſpreit hartlie I recommend
In manus tuas, Domine.
My hoip to the is till aſcend;
Rex, quia redemiſti me;
Fra ſyn *reſurrexiſti me;*
Or ellis my ſaull had bene forlorne;
With ſapience *docuiſti me.*
Bliſt be the hour that thow wes borne.

END OF VOL. I.

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